July 22, 1961

THE NEW YORKER

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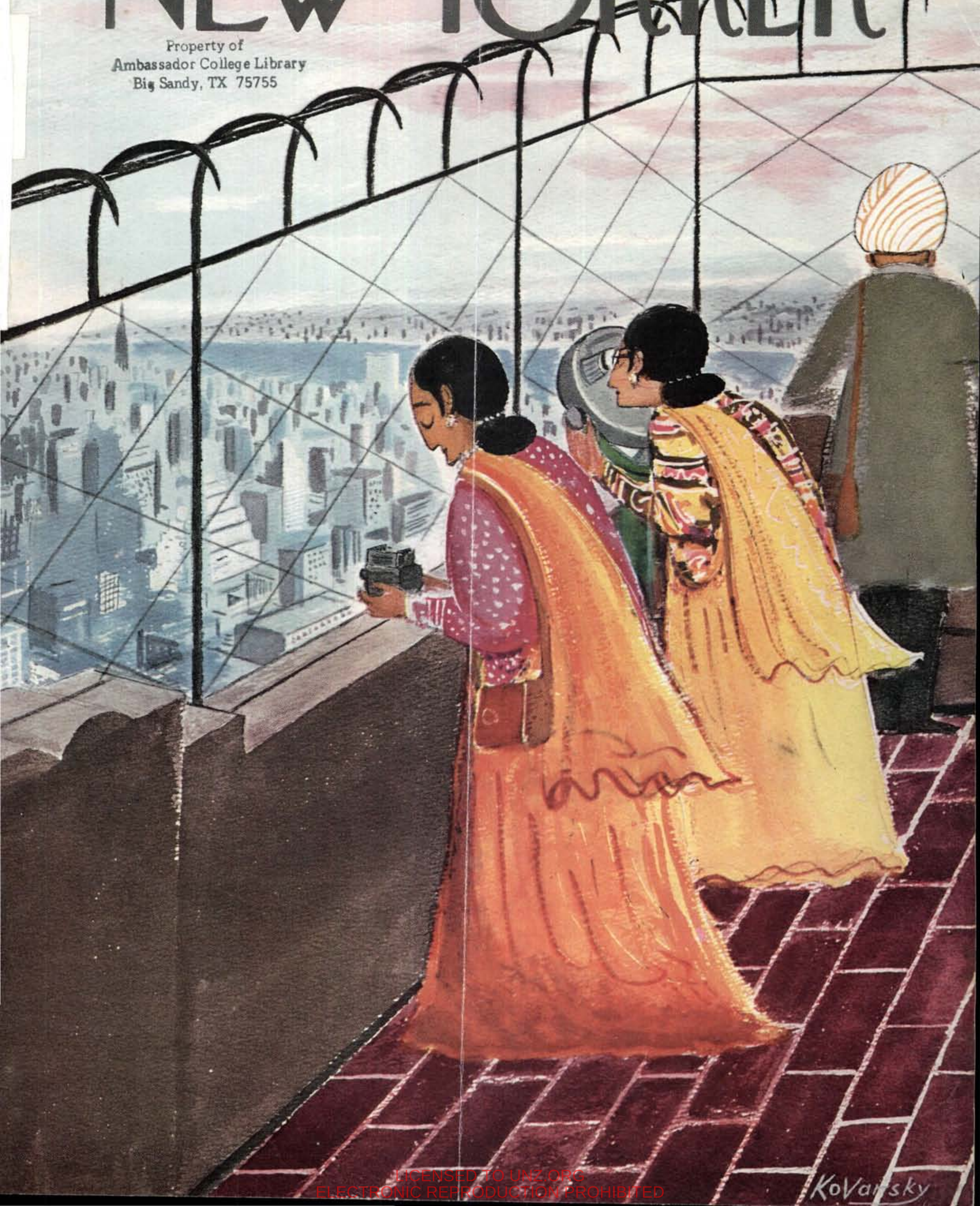

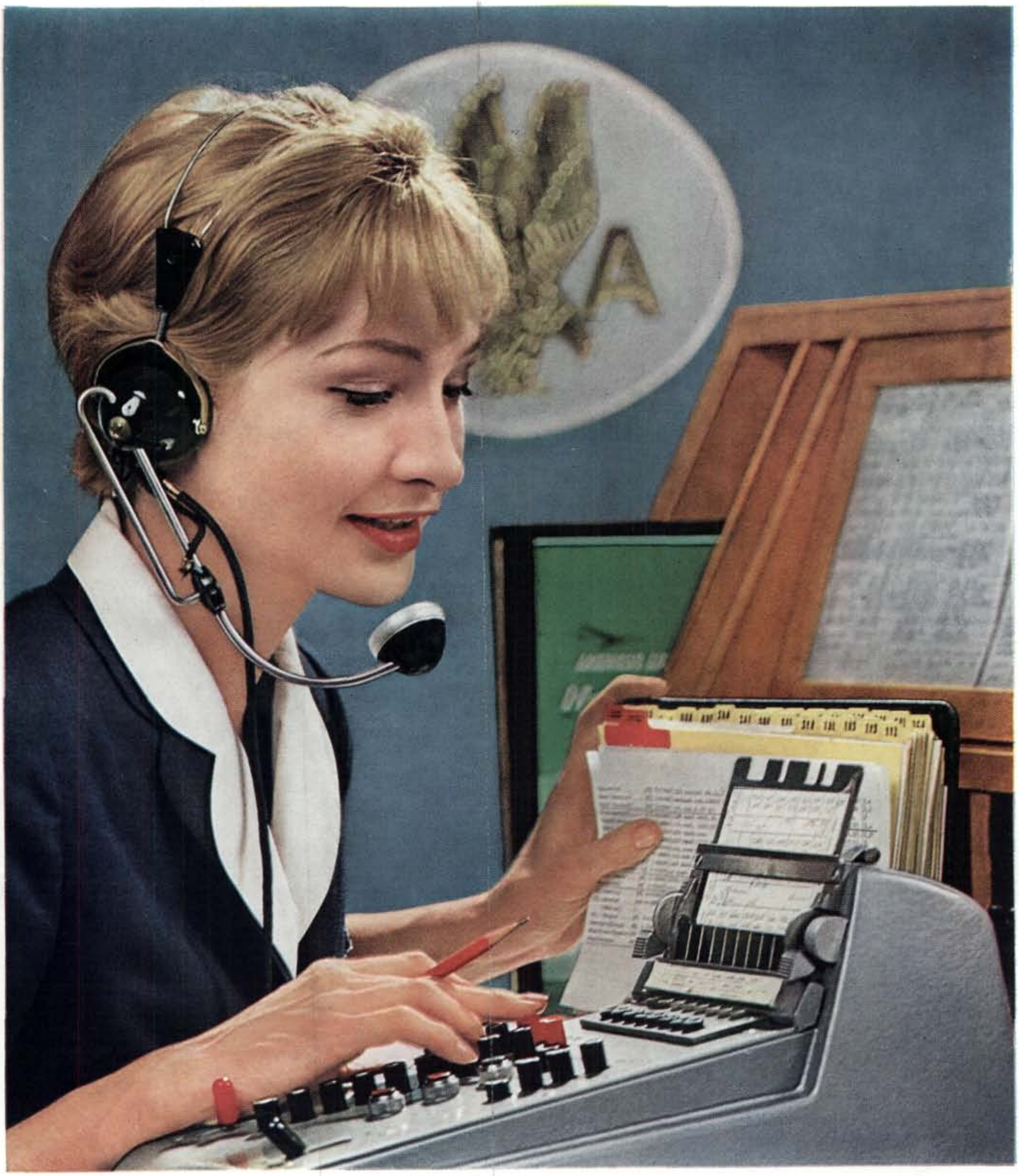

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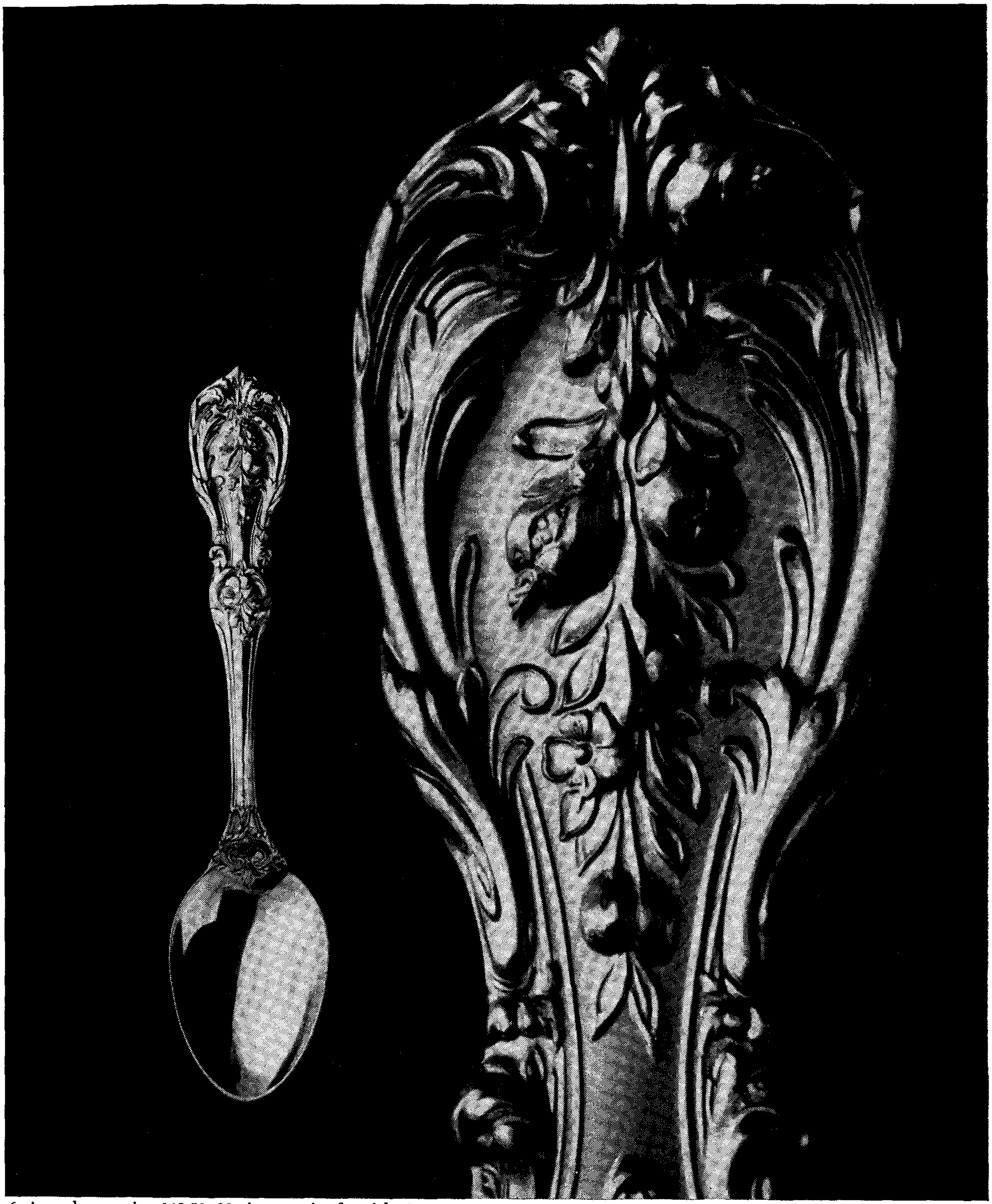

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ALL THE WAY HOME—A tender and touching adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Tad Mosel wrote it, and Lenka Peterson, Arthur Hill, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley are notably effective in it. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

COME BLOW YOUR HORN—Neil Simon's comedy about the gay doings of a pair of youths in revolt against their father, who wants them to forget about girls and get busy in the artificial-fruit business. The humor is very limited, and Hal March, Warren Berlinger, and Lou Jacobi, playing the sons and father, respectively, are only sporadically amusing. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A FAR COUNTRY—Freud doing his first work as an analyst. Since it is quite evident from the outset that he is going to solve the psychosomatic situation of a young lady who can barely walk because of a traumatic experience, the piece has no suspense, but the actors, particularly Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, and Sam Wanamaker, are interesting to watch. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MARY, MARY—A lot of good jokes are sprinkled through this comedy by Jean Kerr, and the acting—by Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Wilding, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell—is top-drawer. The plot, though, which concerns the vicissitudes of an estranged couple making their way back to the old nest, isn't long on originality. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

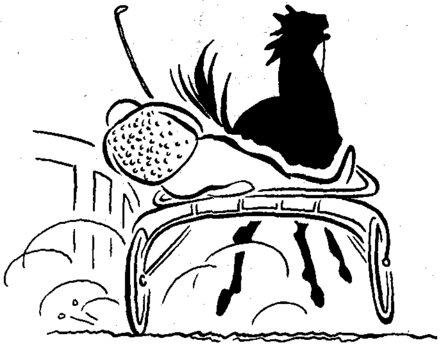
RHINOCEROS—All kinds of droll and perceptive observations about the human race by Eugene Ionesco, who doesn't approve of conformity of any kind and establishes his case with enormous ingenuity. Zero Mostel and Ralph Meeker stand out in a remarkable cast, and Joseph Anthony, who directed the show, and Derek Prouse, who translated it from the French, are also to be highly commended. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—**A TASTE OF HONEY:** A drama by Shelagh Delaney. The cast of five contains a prostitute, her protector, her daughter, her daughter's colored seducer, and the girl's sympathetic homosexual pal. With Frances Cuka and Hermione Baddeley. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

CAMELOT—If it's scenic beauty you're after, you'll find plenty of it in this account of King Arthur and his court, but the play itself is rather slow-moving. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet head the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)

CARNIVAL—Anna Maria Alberghetti plays a young orphan girl who falls in love with a group of puppets she encounters while wandering in southern Europe. She and her associates—James Mitchell, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, and Kaye Ballard—are first-rate, and the whole thing has all the unsophisticated charm of the tent shows you saw in your youth. The music and lyrics are by Bob Merrill, the book is by Michael Stewart, and the light-footed direction is by Gower Champion. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

DO RE MI—Jukebox entrepreneurs at work and at play. Not very stimulating, despite the best efforts of Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker. The book was written by Garson Kanin, the music by Jule Styne, and the lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 22, for four weeks.)

THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN—A jolly account of the ups and downs of a backwoods Colorado girl who strikes it rich by marrying a man with a silver thumb, goes on to crash Denver and French society with a hell of a bang, and eventually survives the sinking of the Titanic. As played by Tammy Grimes, the lady is a delight, and so, on the whole, is the show. It has agreeable tunes by Meredith Willson, colorful sets by Oliver Smith, and ingenious choreography by Peter Gennaro, and has been lovingly directed by Dore Schary. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**BYE BYE BIRDIE:** Gretchen Wyler and Gene Rayburn in a musical having to do with some people in the orbit of rock 'n' roll. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FIORELLO!:** A period show about Manhattan politics, based on the events leading up to the election of LaGuardia. Howard Da Silva and Tom Bosley keep the Little Flower blooming. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **IRMA LA DOUCE:** This importation—from France via England—describes the capers of a Parisian tart and her innumerable clients. Elizabeth Seal is the girl about whom the males in the cast keep buzzing. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Allinson now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Margot Moser that of Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us about the Trapp family, who fled Austria in 1938 to evade the Nazis and became well known as singers in the United States. With Mary Martin and Theodore Bikel. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

THE AMERICAN DREAM and **THE DEATH OF BESSIE SMITH**—The first of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is a masterly horror-comedy about a typical well-to-do American middle-aged couple (Mommy and Daddy), a grandma, and a pair of mysterious visitors, all of whom say exactly what comes into their heads, printable or not. The second play, however, is an out-of-whack contest between some Southern racists and the celebrated blues singer, who is never seen—and never felt, either. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

AMERICAN SAVOYARDS—"The Student Prince," the final offering of the season. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Nightly, except Friday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 4. Closes Sunday, July 23.)

THE BALCONY—Life in a gaudy bordello as seen through the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 10:30.)

THE BLACKS—Jean Genêt again, with a sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be, but the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is superb. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

THE FANTASTICKS—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

41ST STREET THEATRE SUMMER COMEDY FESTIVAL—Through Sunday, July 23: "Susan Slept Here," with Alan Dale and Joy Harmon.... ¶ Starting Tuesday, July 25: Denise Darcel in "The Little Hut." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

HEDDA GABLER—Anne Meacham, as Hedda, expresses pure bitchery by looking beautiful and snakelike, and by moving as if her part were the prey and she the huntress. Fred-

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10 BECOMING SHADES

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

erick Rolf and Mark Lenard are invaluable, too. David Ross, who loves the days when plays were plays, produced and directed. A superior evening. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

King of the Dark Chamber—An excellent, if occasionally flawed, production of Rabindranath Tagore's 1910 fusion of classic and folk Indian drama, in which we are told, *through stylized speech, dance, chanting, and* pantomime, how a symbolic king and queen eventually achieve oneness. The cast is both Indian and American, and has been directed by Krishna Shah. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

Leave It to Jane—A musical period piece, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, which first appeared in 1917 and to which the years have been more than kind. The setting is Atwater College, and among the artists in residence are Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Red Eye of Love—A play by Arnold Weinstein, with Jane Romano. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

The Threepenny Opera—Ancient of days. In the cast are David Atkinson and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Under Milk Wood—A strenuous and only partially successful attempt to supply Thomas's celebrated radio play with faces and forms, which, as before, merely get in the way of the poetry. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Sundays at 3.)

Note—A revue without music (partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting) is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Much Ado About Nothing," with Nan Martin and J. D. Cannon. (Wollman Rink, Central Park. Nightly at 8:30. Closes Saturday, July 22.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Paradise Island," a Hawaiian musical fantasy by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. Elaine Malbin, together with two young sprouts named Arthur Treacher and William Gaxton, head a cast of two hundred. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The stars don't all come out at night in July, but there are enough to make the cameraman click. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra play the appropriate fashion notes all night. Closed Sundays.

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Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A sort of Regency rectitude is the guiding spirit of the Café Pierre, where the sound of *music, usually Stanley Worth's little dance* band, goes on from apéritifs to curfew night after night. Renato Rossini's lyric guitar, a solo instrument, gets to work in the evening, and takes Sundays off.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The stately *pied-à-terre* known as the Rendez-Vous is under the benign eye of Charles Columbus, man-about-the-world, whose activities as host give it a lawn-party air. The other airs are offered up by the good-natured bands of Charles Holden and Mark Monte. Closed Sundays.

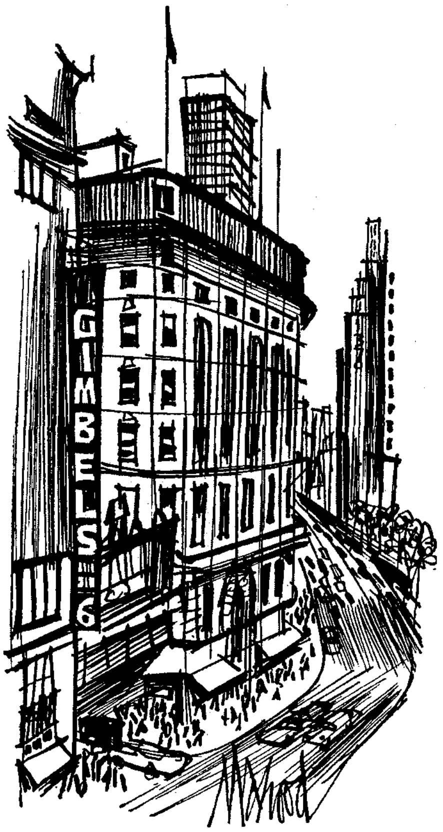
Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The summer-replacement program of the mighty Grill calls for Milton Saunders and his dance band. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A hill station of rare salubriousness, far above the city's roar. Milt Shaw's and Walter Kay's tiny dance bands go on and on all evening. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Ray Hartley, the young Australian who spends his evenings (five to ten) in the leisured Savoy Room, does piano that, no matter how casual, is pièce de résistance, too. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The décor of the Walldorfkeller, which is the peak of the Waldorf's midyear night life, is *Alpenhütte;* the cuisine is Wien, Wien; the music (Josef Seidl's) is zithery in just the right manner. The music runs from six-thirty to ten every evening but Sunday.

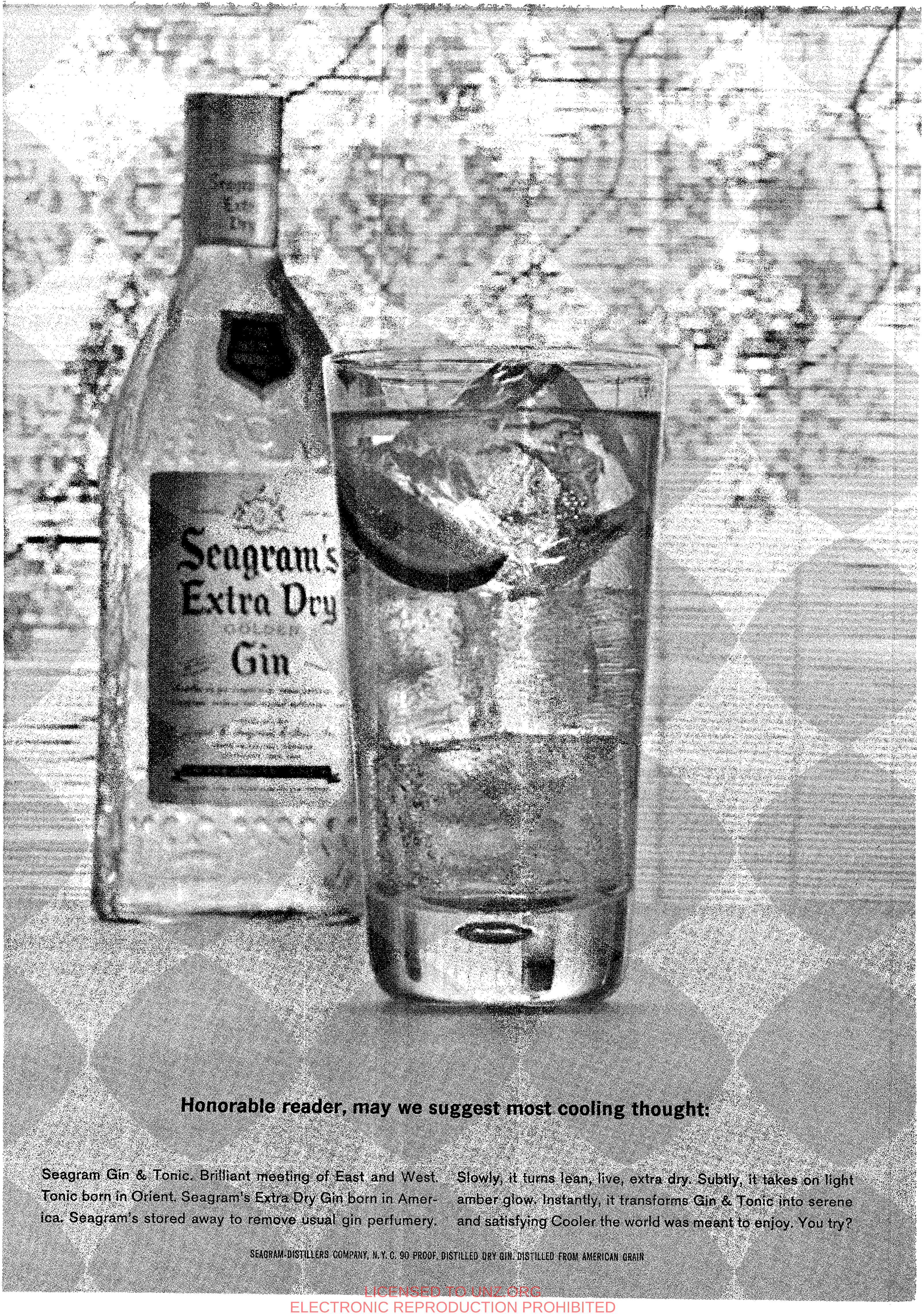
Note—The Rainbow Room, the summit of the 30 Rockefeller Plaza anthill, provides—from its window seats—a panorama of un-air-conditioned ants, far below, seeking that summer festival. Meat and drink and an intermittent non-dance trio and piano are the other rewards, available from four-thirty through the dinner hour. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.



SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): "*J'y suis, j'y reste*" is the motto, possibly expressed not quite so succinctly, of the inmates of this distinctly Manhattan inglenook. Marty Berns, whose piano has enhanced a number of New York little clubs in his time, reports for duty at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **Goldie's New York**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The children's hour may run as late as two or three in the morning, now that school's out for the summer. To speed them on their merry way, Bob Printz patrols his piano from five-thirty to eight, after which Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders take to *their* pianos. Around midnight, these two get around to real double-or-nothing piano. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, lord of the manor and of the Steinway, presides on a slight eminence at the west end of as fine a sweep of greenery as the town affords. He's there from cocktails until one in the morning. Wayne Sanders is now the Sunday administrator. . . . **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman holiday that has been going on, daily except Sundays, for years. No one is more expert at threading the mass of celebrants than Herman Honigsberg's élite corps of ambulatory violinists, who are on the move until all hours. Whenever they cool out, a pair of ambulatory guitarists fills the breach. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): An amiable Florentine pension in which practically everyone wants to go on the stage. The head of the household is Aldo Bruschi, operator of piano, oboe, concertina, and basso profundo. From Tuesday through Saturday, he puts on, in miniature, the full-blown murder mysteries for which the likes of Leoncavallo used to write the scores. Additionally, from Thursday through Sunday, he runs a dance group and accompanies the succession of singers who wander in and out of the spotlight. Closed Mondays. . . . **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): King Henri, the original occupant of the premises, was obviously a merry old soul, to judge by the toy drawbridge, moat, and armor he left behind. The only one of his fiddlers three still extant is Norbert Faconi, whose tableside manner is par excellence. No music Sundays. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish influence on the culture of Argentina is evidenced by the ballet and ballad troupes that now make this their stamping and chanting ground. Closed Sundays. . . . **Malmaison**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar of this banqueting hall, Jules Kuti makes modest passes at the piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Carlyle**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): *Concours d'élégance*, in the middle of which Rack Godwin, an inaugurator of ideas, addresses the piano from eight-thirty through suppertime. Closed Sundays. . . . **Waverly Lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bouncing Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **Luau 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): The mood is South Seas shopping center. A trio clad in Polynesian resort clothes and music twangs away every night in the refectory; Lew Wolfe, an old Stan Kenton hand, bats the piano in the bar every night but Sunday. . . . **Left Bank**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): A pleasantry that concerns itself partly with an array of spoof paintings on the walls and partly with songs of the heart, which (after ten) a newcomer called Andy Hamon does in true troubadour style. Closed Sundays. . . . **Roma di Notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A Roman army that loves to travel on its stomach. Strolling among the viands and *vini* are a group of street musicians and, toward midnight, a group of singers. Closed Sundays. . . . **La Zambra**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A slice of life after dark in Madrid. The illusion is assisted no



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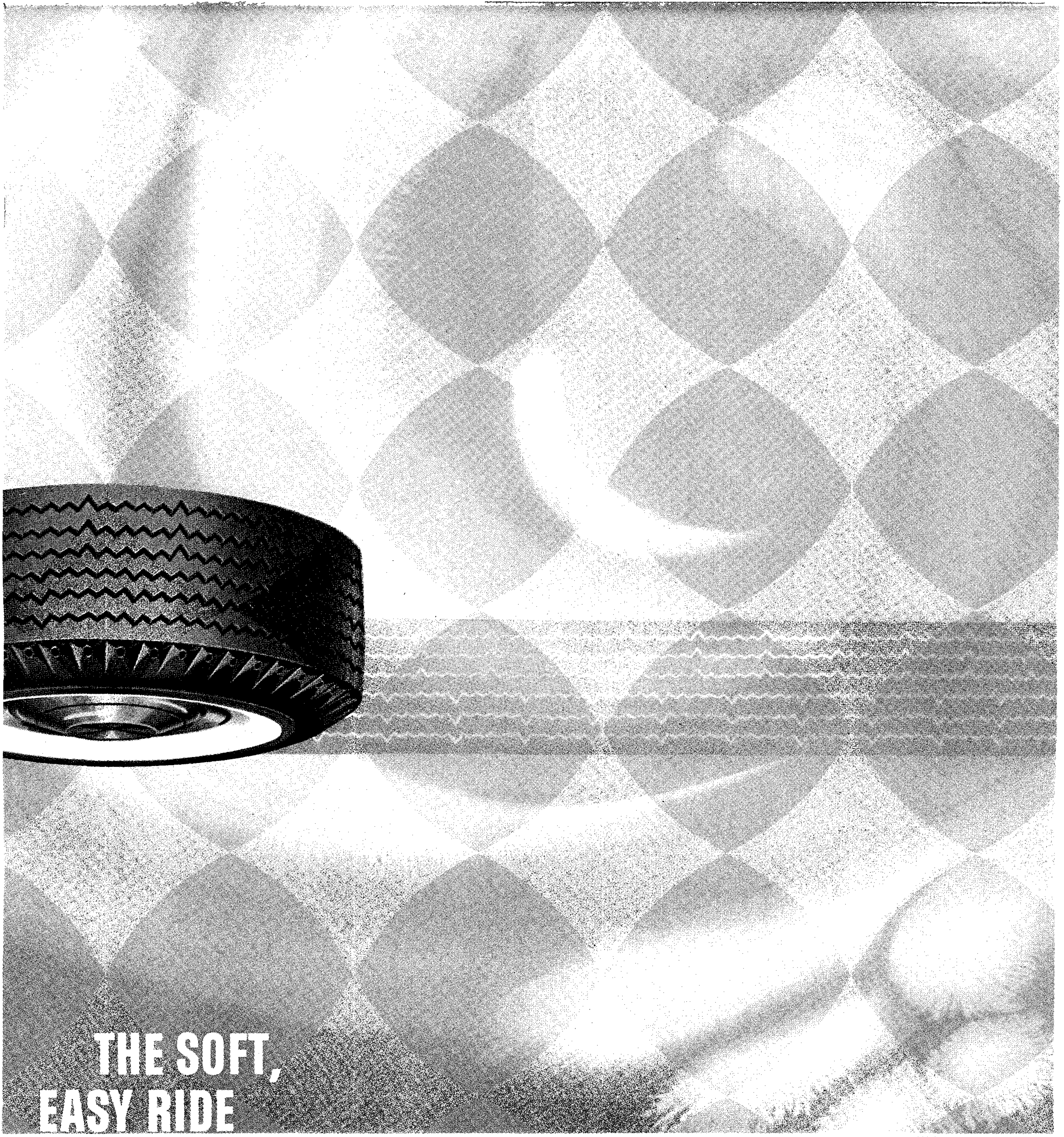

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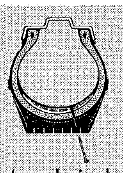

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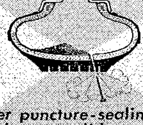

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end by the guitar, soprano, and piano that lurk within. Closes Saturday, July 22, for its annual vacation.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A big, wide, wonderful world replete with nine-foot seraphs who do their vigorous setting-up exercises as unassumingly garbed as Susanna on her way to meet the Elders. They're in the charge of Gloria Le Roy, the most laissez-faire housemother you ever saw, and they're supplemented by a couple of real good offshore variety turns and a couple of inshore turns—a songfest by Lonnie Sattin, who declaims with clarity if not great originality (his last night is Tuesday, July 25) and the team of Patti Moore and Ben Lessey, the first of whom is perpetual-motion and the second of whom is wistfully funny. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Julius La Rosa, who believes that there is safety in numbers that are on the Hit Parade, is applying his special brand of diathermy to them. His background is a set of eight noticeable new ballerinas, all prettily engrossed in discovering which is their right foot. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

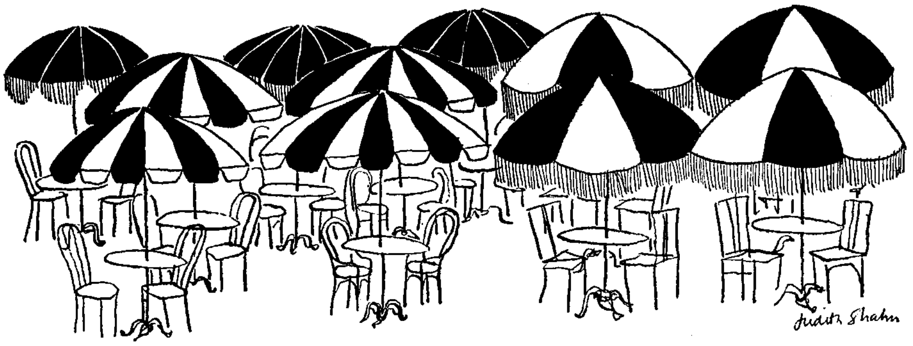
(No dancing, unless noted.)

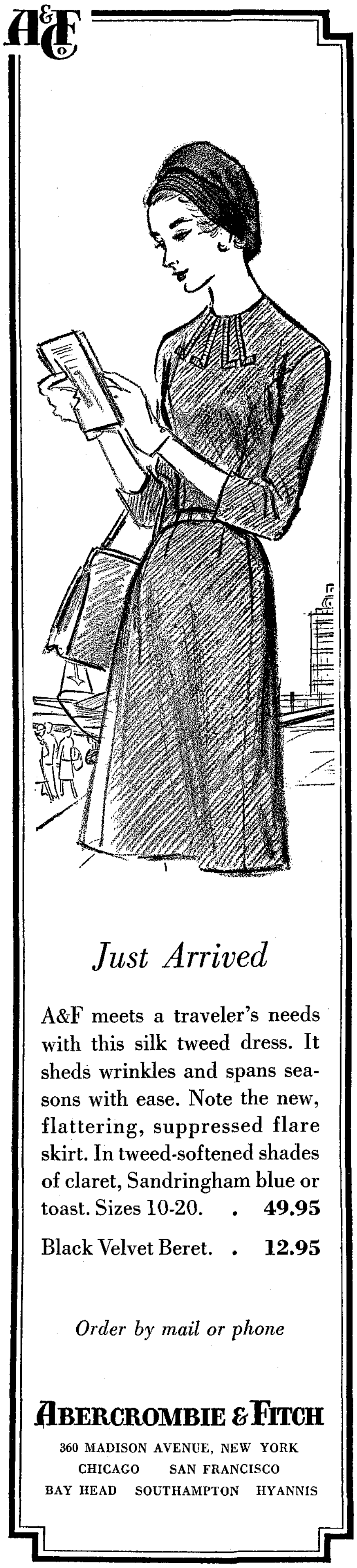
DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The small revue—which Julius Monk, the local entrepreneur, has elevated from formula to art form—at its best. Its inhabitants are (1) Freddie Webber, a blond stampede, (2) the dark lady of the sonnets named Lovey Powell, and (3) their amiable playmates—Jim Sheridan and Bill McCutcheon. The keyboard work of Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston, whose variations on themes by Gershwin, Kern, et al., are seventeen-jewel, are also available. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A miniature revue that has its growing pains, despite the diligence of two extroverts named Burke McHugh and Del Hanley, is the main event. Don Evans and Loumel Morgan administer the interlude piano. The tried-and-true family retainers—Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, musicians to whom every night is Halloween, and Jimmie Daniels, *padrone* and tenor—remain imperishable and irrepressible. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Some of the floor show is designed for those whose Basic Spanish consists of "*¡Ole!*" The rest is bright, bitter flamenco foot-and-mouth work. Quintero's band, full of burning desire, plays for the show and for the customers. Sundays, the sole event is a tea trot, three-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Around ten in a fine little den next door to the bar, the eerie flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the ardent flamenco songs of Domingo Alvarado often persuade the clients to join in. . . . **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): A new revue, boiled down to the minimum (two players), is on its trial run. The players: R. G. Brown, a sardonic young man, and Marian Mercer, a *farceuse* also visible in "Little Mary Sunshine." Performances at 11 P.M. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The clarinet of Pee Wee Russell, though attached to Mr. Condon's new band (in which such men as Ruby Braff and Marshall Brown are concerned), at times withdraws into splendid isolation and meditation, and these are the high spots of a splendid all-out and clattering evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Carmen McRae, a cool customer indeed when she applies her terse voice to the New Wave ballads, has a trio as background. A fivesome run by Gene Quill and Phil Woods, both of them clarinet and saxophone men, does the rest of the music. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, who chooses to devote his vast technical proficiency on the keyboard to the sweet rustlings of spring, plays (with the help of two sidemen) very pretty for the people. Frances Thompson, who takes care of the solo turns at the piano, is just barely on the sweet side of progression. No sounds on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): American history and a dash of jaunty American hysteria. The uproar commences at three in the afternoon, and even at one-thirty on Saturdays and Sundays. The trios owned by Tony Parenti and Marty Napoleon handle the day trick; the night job is handled by Gene Krupa's quintet (off duty Mondays) and Cozy Cole's quintet (off duty Tuesdays), with Monday, Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday assists by Sol Yaged's fivesome. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Art Farmer and Benny Golson, good men and true, are working out their present Jazztet, which is devoted to making the future promising. Olatunji's set of African drummer boys accomplishes the other noise. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular chaps are home. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Lennie Tristano, *il penseroso*, broods at the piano of his new-school quartet. Come as you are is O.K. with the owners. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Usually there are a couple of conventions down front, but Red Allen's horn defies them as best it can. His quartet of traditionalists and Peter Nero's threesome, which produces impassioned chamber music, are at work the whole evening. Sundays are ceded to visiting minstrels from every sidewalk of New York. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Some veteran veterans—Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk—are thumping away, perhaps a bit matter-of-factly, in tribute to yesteryear. Don Frye is the interlude pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye to form a Loyal Opposition. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The pages of time are enthusiastically turned back by Kenny Davern and his Washington Squares, among whom are Cutty Cutshall, Johnny Windhurst, and Buzzy Drootin. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): Chico Hamilton's quintet, chockablock with fettle, is now in residence; Walter Bishop's trio is the alternative. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Whether the sounds and the fragmented phrases induced by Ornette Coleman are a form of splitting atoms, or just splitting headaches, can be decided here, where Mr. C. and his three partners are performing, more or less in unison. Walter Dickerson's quartet is likewise on deck. The Dickersons vanish every Monday, the Colemans every Tuesday. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): John Coltrane's blow-by-blow account of the sombre aspects of modern music is accompanied by his foursome; the arias are contributed by a new girl, Aretha Franklin. Ray Bryant's trio will replace the Coltranes on Tuesday, July 25. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Charles Camoin—Paintings by one of the elder figures of the Paris School; through Aug. 18. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Drawings and Water Colors—Works from six centuries, ranging from Rubens to Motherwell, lent by Vassar College alumnae and their families. For the benefit of the Agnes Rindge Claflin Purchase Fund for the Vassar Art Gallery. Through Sept. 9. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Sculptures—Nudes by Degas, Kolbe, Lehmbruck, Maillol, Rodin, and others; through Friday, July 28. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Philip Evergood, William Gropper, Nat Werner, and others; through Aug. 3. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 19 E. 71st St.: A group of paintings (by Margit Beck, Emma Ehrenreich, Jacob Drachler, and other artists sponsored by the gallery) recently returned from a Brazilian good-will exhibition; through Aug. 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL,** 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: "From Inness to Today" offers paintings by George Bellows, Robert Henri, Robert Brackman, and others; through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Priscilla Roberts, John Pike, and Vincent Glinsky are three of the participants in the summer showing of paintings and sculptures; through Sept. 1. . . . **KENNEDY,** 13 E. 58th St.: "The Civil War" in paintings, drawings, and prints, by such artists as Eastman Johnson, Adolf Metzner, and Thomas Hovendon; through Aug. 25. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 17 E. 57th St.: A summer group show of paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Henry Koerner, Robert Vickrey, and Raimondo Puccinelli; through July 31. . . . **MILCH,** 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, Hobson Pittman, and Leon Kroll are among the nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists represented in a display of oils and water colors; through Friday, July 28. . . . **NORDNESS,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibit of works in various mediums by contemporary painters and sculptors, including Alfred Blaustein, Karl Zerbe, and Milton Hebald; through Sept. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 10.) . . . **WISE,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by John Grillo, Lee Krasner, David Weinrib, and others; through Friday, July 21. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **KNAPIK,** 1470 First Ave., at 77th St.: The gallery's introductory show, composed of small paintings, gouaches, and drawings by George L. K. Morris, Miró, and Man Ray, to mention a few; through Aug. 15. (Closed Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.) . . . **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Courtin, Martin Barre, and Kurt Sonderberg are among the artists who have works (mainly paintings) on view; through Friday, July 28. . . . **WORLD HOUSE,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Such painters and sculptors as Giacometti, Vieira da Silva, Earl Kerkam, Arp, and Bernard Reder; through Aug. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit in memory of Electra Havemeyer Webb, containing twenty-six European paintings (by Rembrandt, Manet, Corot, and so on) that she inherited from her parents, the H. O. Havemeyers; through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ More than a hundred paintings, principally by Impressionist and Post-Impressionist artists (including Monet, Cézanne, and Pissarro), on loan from private collections in the New York City area; through Aug. 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"America Seen—Between the Wars," forty paintings from the twenties and thirties (by Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Thomas Hart Benton, O. Louis Guglielmi, and others) *chosen from the Museum's collection*; through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A survey commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Italian Futurist movement, with paintings, sculptures, drawings, and collages by, among others, Umberto Boccioni, Carlo Carrà, and Gino Severini; through Sept. 12. A supplementary exhibit of more than a hundred drawings and etchings by Boccioni (1882-1916); through Aug. 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Drawings from three centuries (eighteenth to twentieth), from the Museum's collection, by Toulouse-Lautrec, van Gogh, Gabor Peterdi, Chaim Gross, and others; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—The Romanesque apse of the twelfth-century Church of San Martín de Fuentidueña, on long-term loan from the Spanish government. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—American drawings (Benjamin West to the present) from the Paul Magriel collection; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred paintings from the collection of G. David Thompson, of Pittsburgh, including works by Miró, Mondrian, Picasso, and Wols; *through Aug. 27.* (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Semi-abstract and figural sculptures (in wood, marble, bronze, and granite), together with graphic art, by Peter Lipman-Wulf; through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Israel London. Some of the artists are de Chirico, Epstein, and Gris. Through Aug. 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Special Treasures," an exhibition of cylinder seals, clay tablets, papyri, illuminated manuscripts, illustrated books, and embroidered bindings; through Friday, July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Artist-Craftsmen of Western Europe," an exhibit of three hundred objects (stoneware, glassware, wood and metal furniture, enamels, stained-glass windows, mosaics, ceramic sculpture, church vestments, rugs, and the like) from Austria, France, Spain, and other countries; through Sept. 10. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Traditional Arts of Africa's New Nations," a display of sculptures, ivory carvings, ceremonial masks, and ornamental goldwork from more than twenty nations and covering four *hundred years; through Sept. 10. (Tuesdays* through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Retrospectives of metal sculptures by José de Rivera and paintings by Balcomb Greene; through Sunday, July 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 20: Josef Krips directing a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Theresa Coleman, soprano; Shirley Verrett-Carter, mezzo-soprano; Rudolf Petrak, tenor; Norman Farrow, bass; and the American Concert Choir. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22: Julius Rudel conducting a concert version of Puccini's opera "Madame Butterfly," with Camilla Williams, soprano; Barry Morell, tenor; Richard Torigi, baritone; and others. . . . ¶ Josef Krips conducting a Brahms festival. Tuesday, July 25: With Henryk Szeryng, violin. Wednesday, July 26: With Maureen Forrester, contralto, and the *male chorus from the Schola Cantorum of* New York. Thursday, July 27: With Hans Richter-Haaser, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29: The Stadium will be given over to a jazz program by Louis Armstrong and his All-

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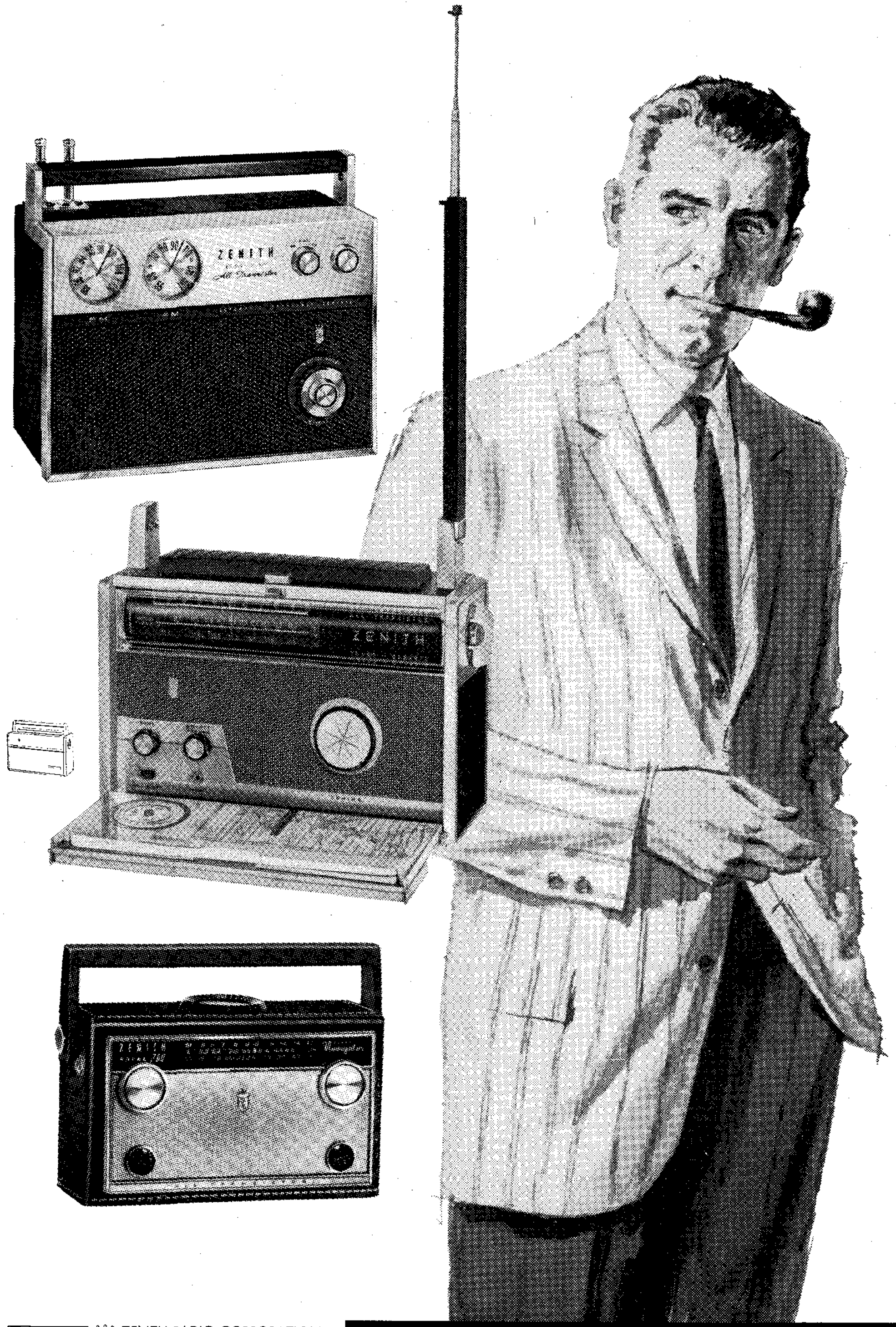

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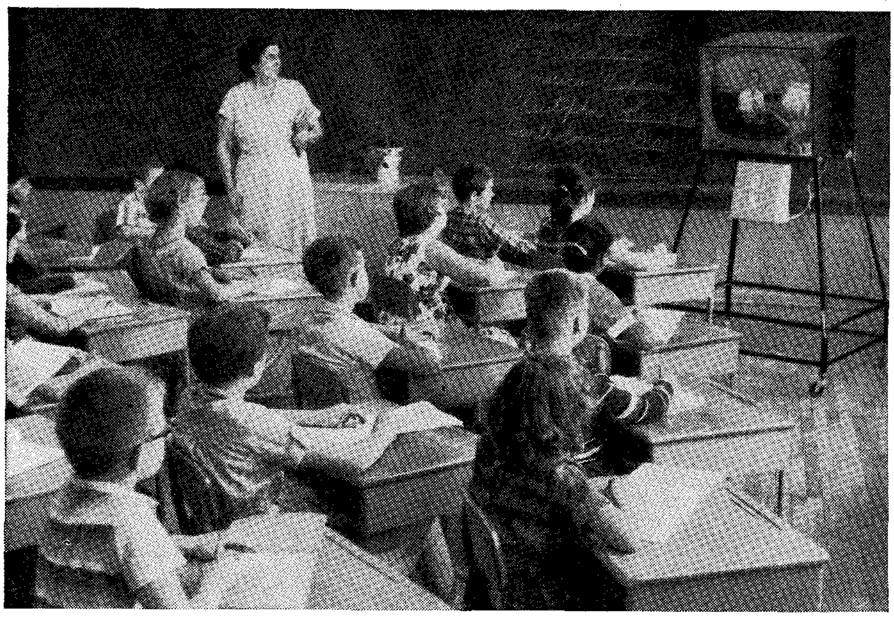

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Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 18.) . . . ¶ Franz Bibo conducting the City Symphony Orchestra, with Murray Adler, violin. The last in a series of concerts. (Saturday, July 22, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concerts—Thursday, July 20: The Stars of Faith, with Marion Williams. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 27: Horace Parlan and the Playhouse Four. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Evenings at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 21, at 8:30: Charles Munch directing the Boston Symphony, with Adele Addison, soprano, and the Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 23, at 2:30: Pierre Monteux conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 26, at 8:30: The New York Pro Musica in a program of early Renaissance music. . . . ¶ Friday, July 28, at 8:30: Charles Munch directing the Boston Symphony (Aaron Copland will conduct two of his own works), with the Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 30, at 2:30: Charles Munch conducting, with Byron Janis, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 20.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, July 22, at 3:30: The Weavers. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 23, at 8:30: Cannonball Adderley's quintet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29, at 3:30: Richard Dyer-Bennet. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 30, at 8:30: Dave Brubeck's quartet. (Lenox, Mass.)

Castle Hill Concerts—Friday and Saturday, July 21-22: Ferrante and Teicher, duo piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 28: Pete Seeger, folk singer. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29: Josh White and the Weavers, folk singers. (Ipswich, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

Empire State Music Festival—The Empire State Festival Symphony Orchestra—Friday, July 21: A staged production of Bizet's opera "The Pearl Fishers," conducted by Laszlo Halasz and with Lee Venora, soprano; Giuseppe Campora, tenor; Hugh Thompson, baritone; and Ara Berberian, bass-baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22: Eugene Goosens conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 23: A staged production of Puccini's opera "La Bohème," conducted by D. Marzollo and with Licia Albanese, soprano; Frank Valentino, baritone; William Wildermann and Salvatore Baccaloni, basses; and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 27: A staged production of Verdi's opera "La Traviata," conducted by Wilfrid Pelletier and with Eleanor Steber, soprano; Igor Gorin, baritone; and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 28: Eugene Goosens conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29: A staged production of Puccini's opera "Madame Butterfly," conducted by Laszlo Halasz and with Camilla Williams, soprano; Rudolf Petrak, tenor; Frank Valentino, baritone; and others. (Anthony Wayne Recreation Area, Bear Mountain-Harriman State Park. Evenings at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 6. For tickets, call OX 7-0490.)

Music Mountain—The Berkshire Quartet, with Keith Wilson, clarinet. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, July 23, at 4.)

Silvermine Guild Chamber-Music Concerts—The Silvermine String Quartet, with Joan Brainerd, soprano. (New Canaan, Conn. Friday, July 28, at 8:30.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is

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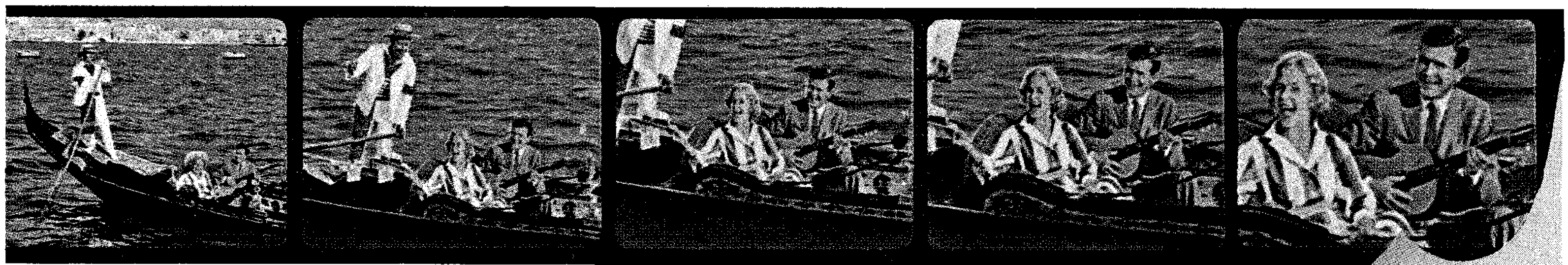

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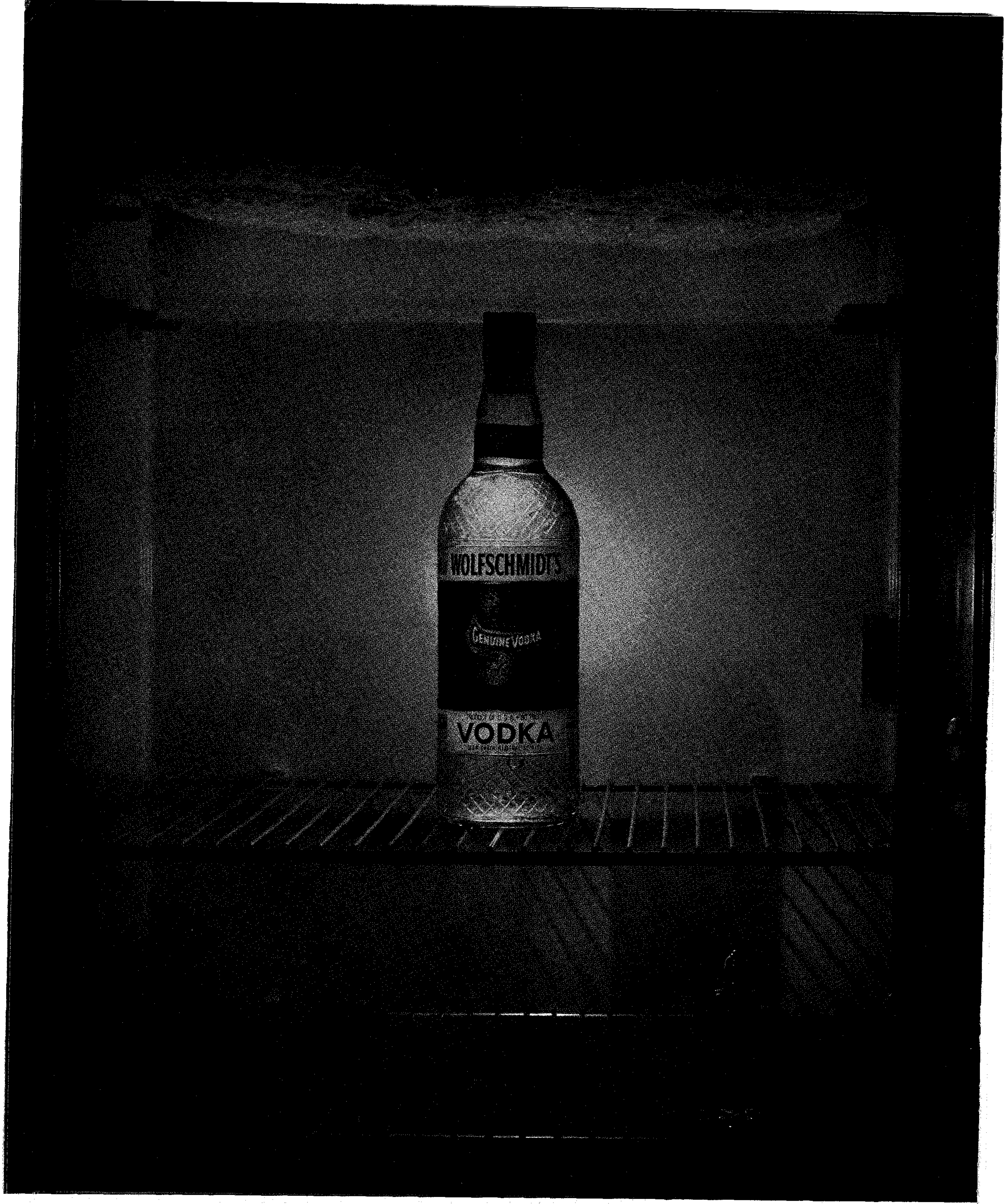

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SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Giants, Monday, July 24, at 8 (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sand-lot baseball). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Tuesday, July 25, at 8; Wednesday, July 26, at 2; and Thursday, July 27, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, July 28, at 8, and Saturday, July 29, at about 2:30 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1, and will include a couple of innings between former stars of the Yankees, Giants, and Dodgers, among them Pee Wee Reese, Jackie Robinson, Joe Dugan, and Irish Meusel).

Boxing—Emile Griffith vs. Yama Bahama, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Saturday, July 29. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Golf—New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Onondaga Golf and Country Club, Syracuse. Through Sunday, July 23.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (North Shore Country Club, Glen Head. Thursday through Sunday, July 20-23.)

Horse Show—Sunnyfield Farm Horse Show. (Bedford. Friday through Sunday, July 28-30.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Jericho. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 29. The Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 22, and the Man o' War Handicap, Saturday, July 29. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 5. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 22, and the Sorority, Saturday, July 29. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:50. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Soccer—International Soccer League at the Polo Grounds: Sunday, July 23, at 2:30: Petah Tikva (Israel) vs. Monaco and Rapid (Austria) vs. Español (Spain). . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 26, at 7:30: Rapid (Austria) vs. Red Star (Yugoslavia) and Español (Spain) vs. Petah Tikva (Israel).

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Monday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:51, and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 14.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 22.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn Friday, July 28), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

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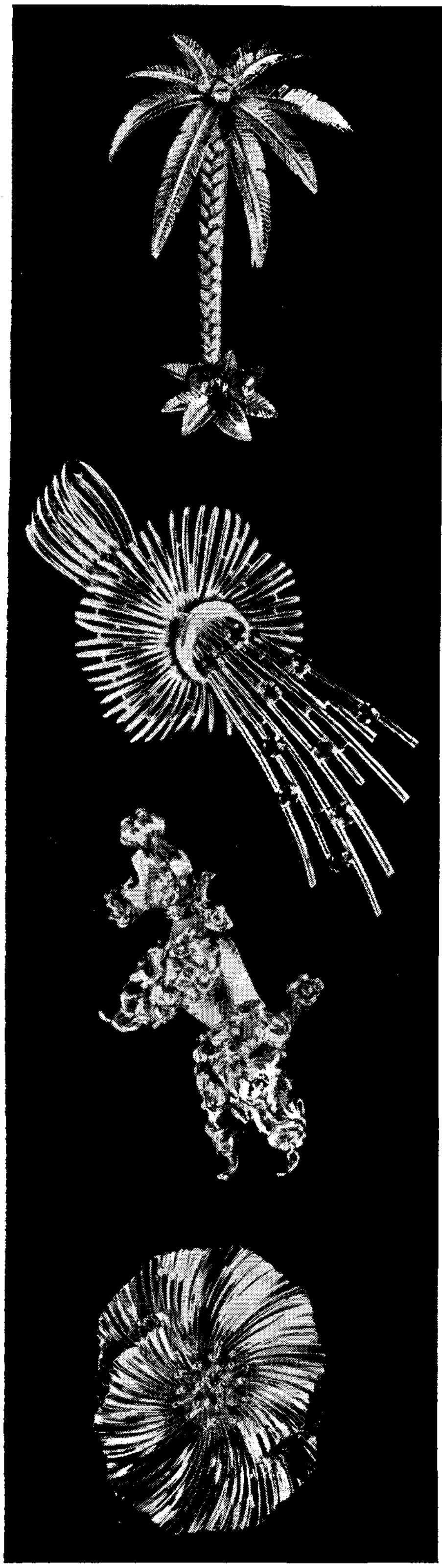

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Ballad of a Soldier—This Soviet film tells the simplest of tales about a young soldier on leave from the front, but Grigori Chukhrai's direction and brilliant camera work, coupled with the lovely youthfulness of his two principals, Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko, supply a procession of memorable and sometimes heartbreaking visual delights. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through July 26, tentative.)

Ben-Hur—This winning entry in the 1959 Oscar Stakes cost a lot of money to condition, and it certainly covers a lot of Near Eastern ground. Time: three hours and thirty-two minutes. Charlton Heston is up in the climactic chariot heat. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; starting July 26.)

La Dolce Vita—Modern Rome is the lively, if somewhat jaded, heroine of this beautiful picture, and Federico Fellini, who wrote and directed it, doubles as her doting impresario and severest critic. Marcello Mastroianni, a wonderful young actor, heads a pretty wonderful cast that includes Annibale Ninchi, Alain Cuny, Anouk Aimée, and Yvonne Furneaux. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily, except Wednesdays, at 2:30; Wednesdays at 2. Extra performances Saturdays at midnight. Reserved seats only.)

Exodus—Time moves slowly in the Middle East, and Otto Preminger has made no attempt to hurry it along in his almost everlasting film about the founding of Israel. Occasional gunfire fails to interrupt the gabfest among Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, Lee J. Cobb, and several dozen other chatterboxes. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Fanny—A brightly spinning pinwheel of life among the passionate Marseillais, as seen through the eyes of Josh Logan. Nothing here is to be believed, but nearly all of it is to be enjoyed. Maurice Chevalier and Charles Boyer ham it up with elderly, boyish high spirits, and Leslie Caron and Horst Buchholz play the not very star-crossed lovers. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

General della Rovere—Roberto Rossellini here makes his so-called "comeback" with a picture noble in intent and noble in execution. A melodrama laid in Italy during the Second World War, it depicts the transformation of a cowardly bootlicker into a true hero. Vittorio De Sica is magnificent in the starring role, and Hannes Messemer plays to perfection an honorable, pitiless Nazi superman. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting July 25.)

Rocco and His Brothers—A long, scrupulously detailed, never very cheerful, and immensely impressive study of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good and, the temptations of city life being what they are, loses far more than it gains. Luchino Visconti produced and directed this formidable work, which readily bears comparison with "La Dolce Vita." (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—In his first leading role, Albert Finney is very promising as a rambunctious young Englishman who is determined not to let his job in a factory or his dreary surroundings outside of it get him down. The cast includes, among other good actors, Norman Rossington, Rachel Roberts, and Hylda Baker. Mr. Sillitoe has adapted his own lively novel for the screen. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Secrets of Women—An early Ingmar Bergman, well worth resurrecting. Three sisters-in-law start spilling the beans about their love lives, and, thanks to Mr. Bergman's wit and tact, the revelations are, by turns, harsh, touching, and funny. The cast includes Anita Björk, Eva Dahlbeck, and Gunnar Björnstrand. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Truth—Henri-Georges Clouzot's study of life among the beatniks of Paris. A beautiful young amoralist, who was thinking of shooting herself but has shot her lover instead, is on trial for his murder, and M. Clouzot's purpose is to show what got her into that terrible fix. Despite its subject matter, a film of almost classical elegance of style, superbly acted by, of all people, Brigitte Bardot. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Tunes of Glory—Sir Alec Guinness wins the actor's Victoria Cross for his daring and endlessly subtle performance as an alcoholic colonel who destroys his enemy and himself in a frightening struggle for the command of a peacetime Highland regiment. John Mills is almost as fine as Sir Alec, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson also flash their tartans. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting July 26. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting July 26, tentative.)

Two Women—An Italian movie about a young widow who takes her daughter out of wartime Rome to her native village in the mountains and meets there an anti-Fascist, who falls in love with her. Although much that happens in the movie is sad, and even shattering, its effect is anything but depressing. Jean-Paul Belmondo, Sophia Loren, and Eleanora Brown are quite exceptional as the anti-Fascist, the mother, and the daughter, and Vittorio De Sica's direction is perfection itself. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

Aparajito (1959)—A sequel to the Indian film "Pather Panchali," accompanying the family through further trials and misadventures. Directed by Satyajit Ray. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Ask Any Girl (1959)—Shirley MacLaine as a girl who comes to New York in pursuit of a career but would rather get married. With David Niven. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 25.)

Damn Yankees (1958)—A musical having to do with a man who sells his soul to the Devil for a guarantee that the Washington Senators will beat the Yankees to the pennant. With Gwen Verdon and Ray Walston. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting July 21.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—A Japanese film dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 25.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

The Green Man (1957)—Alastair Sim as a whimsical chap who is crazy about blowing people up. An English picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 22.)

He Who Must Die (1958)—A French picture about some Greek villagers who, in the course of staging a Passion play, unwittingly revert to the original roles. With Pierre Vaneck and Melina Mercouri. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 23.)

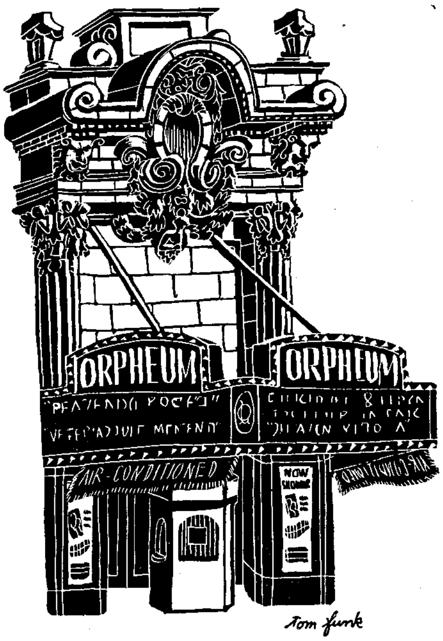
Pather Panchali (1958)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Private's Progress (1956)—An English comedy dealing with some military incompetents in the Second World War. Ian Carmichael, Richard Attenborough, and Dennis Price. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 22.)

Tiger Bay (1959)—Hayley Mills as a chirpy small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 25, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Orson Welles"—Through July 22: "Macbeth" (1948), with Jeanette Nolan. . . . ¶ Starting July 23: "Othello" (1955), with Micheál MacLiammóir. (Showings every afternoon at 3 and 5:30, and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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23	24	25	26			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Goodbye Again," Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"By Love Possessed," Lana Turner, Jason Robards, Jr.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
THE TRUTH.

Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
FANNY.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through July 25: "Rebellion in Cuba," a documentary.
From July 26: To be announced.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through July 25: "The Last Sunset," Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas.
From July 26: "Tammy, Tell Me True," Sandra Dee, John Gavin.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea," Walter Pidgeon, Joan Fontaine.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through July 26: "Two Loves," Shirley MacLaine, Laurence Harvey.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Naked Edge," Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 26 (tentative): **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through July 25: "Parrish," Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert; and "Carry On Sergeant," revival, William Hartnell, Dora Bryan.
From July 26: "Homicidal," Glenn Corbett, Patricia Breslin; and "Queen of the Pirates," Gianna Maria Canale.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 25 (tentative): "Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey.
From July 26 (tentative): **TUNES OF GLORY.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through July 25: "Man in the Moon," Kenneth More, Shirley Anne Field.
From July 26: "A Cold Wind in August," Lola Albright, Scott Marlowe.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
TWO WOMEN (in Italian).

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 22: "Parrish," Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert; and "Carry On Sergeant," revival, William Hartnell, Dora Bryan.
July 23-25: "Morgan the Pirate," Steve Reeves, Valerie LaGrange; and "The Green Helmet," Bill Travers, Ed Begley.
From July 26: "Homicidal," Glenn Corbett, Patricia Breslin; and "Queen of the Pirates," Gianna Maria Canale.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Goodbye Again," Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Fate of a Man" (in Russian).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 25 (tentative): **TIGER BAY,** revival.
From July 26 (tentative): "The Pleasure of His Company," Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Naked Edge," Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 25: "Parrish," Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert; and "Carry On Sergeant," revival, William Hartnell, Dora Bryan.
From July 26: "Homicidal," Glenn Corbett, Patricia Breslin; and "Queen of the Pirates," Gianna Maria Canale.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 25: "Morgan the Pirate," Steve Reeves, Valerie LaGrange; and "The Green Helmet," Bill Travers, Ed Begley.
From July 26: **BEN-HUR.**

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
July 20: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," revival, Jane Russell, Marilyn Monroe; and "The Goddess," revival, Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.
From July 21: **DAMN YANKEES,** revival; and "Psycho," revival, Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through July 22: "The Angry Silence," Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli; and "The Hoodlum Priest," Don Murray.
July 23-24: "Operation Petticoat," revival, Cary Grant, Tony Curtis; and "Imitation of Life," revival, Lana Turner, John Gavin.
From July 25: **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** (in Italian); and "Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Bridge" (in German).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
SECRETS OF WOMEN (in Swedish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 25: "Morgan the Pirate," Steve Reeves, Valerie LaGrange; and "The Green Helmet," Bill Travers, Ed Begley.
From July 26: "Two Rode Together," James Stewart, Richard Widmark; and "Hand in Hand," John Gregson, Sybil Thorndike.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 25: "The Young and the Passionate" (in Italian; formerly called "Vitelloni"), revival, Alberto Sordi, Franco Fabrizi; and "The White Sheik" (in Italian), revival, Alberto Sordi.
From July 26: **TUNES OF GLORY.**

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Romanoff and Juliet," Peter Ustinov, Sandra Dee.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Fate of a Man" (in Russian).

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Misty," David Ladd, Arthur O'Connell.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Leda" (in French), Madeleine Robinson, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
APARAJITO, PATHER PANCHALI, and "The World of Apu" (all in Bengali and all revivals).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE TRUTH (in French).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 22: "The Pleasure of His Company," Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds; and "Trouble in the Sky," Michael Craig, Peter Cushing.
July 23-25: "Who Was That Lady?," revival, Tony Curtis, Dean Martin; and "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad," revival, Kerwin Mathews, Kathryn Grant.
From July 26: "Two Rode Together," James Stewart, Richard Widmark; and "Hand in Hand," John Gregson, Sybil Thorndike.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 26: "Le Beau Serge" (in French), revival, Gérard Blain, Jean-Claude Brialy; and "Killer's Kiss," revival, Frank Silvera, Jamie Smith. (On Monday, July 24, only, the last showing will begin at 2:45. At 7 and 9:30, there will be showings of "The Golem" (silent), Paul Wegener.)

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 25: **ASK ANY GIRL,** revival; and "High Society," revival, Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly.
From July 26: "Homicidal," Glenn Corbett, Patricia Breslin; and "Queen of the Pirates," Gianna Maria Canale.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 20: "Pagliacci" (in Italian), revival, Beniamino Gigli, Gina Lollobrigida; and "La Forza del Destino" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi, Nelli Corradi.
July 21: "Pot Bouille" (in French), revival, Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux; and "Intimate Relations," revival, Harold Warrender, Marian Spencer.
July 22: **PRIVATE'S PROGRESS,** revival; and **THE GREEN MAN,** revival.
July 23: **HE WHO MUST DIE** and "Passion for Life" (both in French and both revivals).
July 24: "Springtime in Paris," and two other short films; plus ten U.P.A. cartoons.
July 25: **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival; and "Brink of Life" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin.
July 26: A program of seven short films of the dance—"Ballet of the Paris Opera," "Ballet Tales," and others.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through July 26: "Parrish," Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert; and "Carry On Sergeant," revival, William Hartnell, Dora Bryan.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 25: "Confess, Dr. Corda!" (in German), Hardy Kruger; and "Stars of the Russian Ballet" (in Russian), revival, Galina Ulanova.
From July 26: **TUNES OF GLORY.**

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
July 20: "The Pleasure of His Company," Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds; and "Trouble in the Sky," Michael Craig, Peter Cushing.
July 21-22: "House of Usher," revival, Vincent Price; and "Circus of Horrors," revival, Anton Diffring.
July 23-25: "Who Was That Lady?," revival, Tony Curtis, Dean Martin; and "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad," revival, Kerwin Mathews, Kathryn Grant.
From July 26: "Two Rode Together," James Stewart, Richard Widmark; and "Hand in Hand," John Gregson, Sybil Thorndike.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through July 25: "Parrish," Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert; and "Carry On Sergeant," revival, William Hartnell, Dora Bryan.
From July 26: "Homicidal," Glenn Corbett, Patricia Breslin; and "Queen of the Pirates," Gianna Maria Canale.

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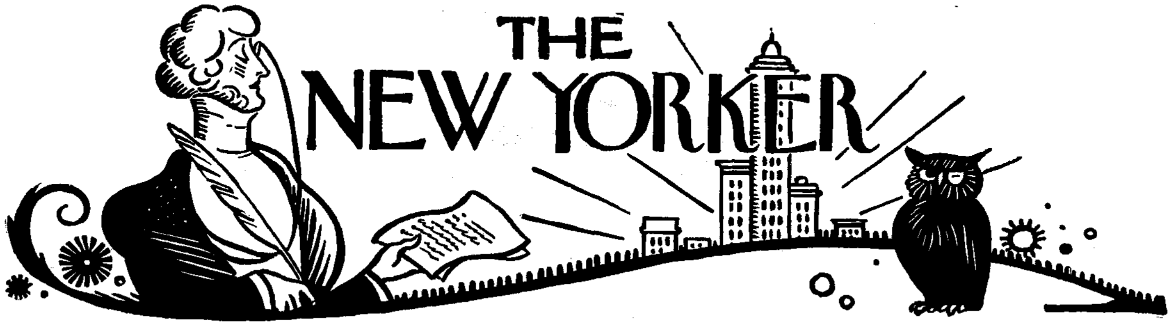
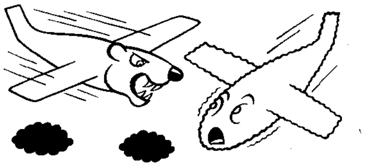


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

We have detected a small, but encouraging, trend in military nomenclature. In the past, as the reader doubtless is aware, it was the custom to provide major aerial weapons with fierce and imposing names, such as Banshee, Hellcat, Lightning, and Marauder. These designations were intended, evidently, to rouse the fighting spirit of the warriors who wielded the machines, and possibly to strike dread into the hearts of the enemy. But now that weapons have achieved that ultimate state of perfection in which it becomes difficult even to brandish the sword without cutting off one's own head, names of a violent and predatory cast are distinctly out of place. We were heartened, therefore, when the Air Force provided one of its sleekest bombers with the singularly unwarlike, to say nothing of ungallant, name The Hustler. And now we are pleased to observe that the Russians also are pursuing a less romantic line of nomenclature. In keeping with their art, their architecture, and their political dogma, the Soviets have sounded a rather fusty Victorian note in their new title, but the fundamental idea is the same. The large bomber that was unveiled at the celebration of U.S.S.R. Aviation Day turned out to be named The Bounder. We urge the Russians to press on in the venture. The Cad, The Bully, and The Blackguard all strike us as splendid names for instruments of war. Our own Air Force, in turn, might helpfully continue as it has begun, and call its succeeding creations The Grifter, The Mugger, and The Pusher. Then it will remain only to find a suitable pet name for the awful nuclear explosive that is the source of all the world's dismay. Boomerang will serve, perhaps, until a better comes along.



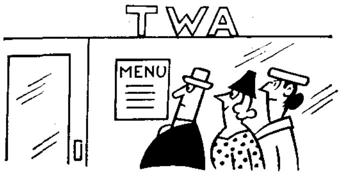
Dining Up

A Commercial airplane is a winged cylinder off a standard assembly line, containing people whom it conveys at various speeds to a given goal. It is piloted by a clear-eyed, lean-limbed, quick-thinking young man, aided by a crew of equal merit. This uniformity makes it almost impossible for any airline to toot its horn about its planes or the men who run them. Hence, we have an emphasis in airline advertising on such peripheral matters as cuisine. We've been mulling over some of the culinary boasts of the airlines, which range from KLM's declaration that it serves no pea soup in the tropics to Air France's guarantee that it will feed an elk properly if you happen to be shipping one to New York. In the course of our mulling, we were interrupted by Hugo Mayr, the manager of Swissair in the United States, who called us to tell us that he had a poem to recite. "Go ahead," we said.

"What is a sandwich—that's the question
[said Mr. Mayr]
Which worries aviation brains.
It haunts them like a mad obsession,
And leads to quarrels and complaints."

It turned out that Mr. Mayr's uneasy prosody had to do with the International Sandwich War, declared in 1958 by Pan American on three European airlines—Swissair, KLM, and Air France. Since four out of five transatlantic sky travellers then took to the heavens either in economy or in tourist class, Pan American got miffed because its European rivals were serving up such magnificent spreads as to make the word "economy" ridiculous. What the American outfit, a frugal enterprise, feared was that a prospective passenger might say the hell with its economy ham sandwiches and choose an airline that gave him a sort of *smörgåsbord*, consisting of cold meat, sausage, herring, olives, oysters, cheese, caviar, and plum jam. The conflict was settled by representatives of the world's lines, who came from all corners of the earth to meet at the Washington Hotel, in London, under the auspices of the International Air Transport Association, the high court of international commercial aviation. After two days of hearings, Sir William P. Hildred, director general of I.A.T.A., explained what henceforth would be an economy-class sandwich. He listed six dreary restrictions, and said that any airline serving a garnished or luxurious sandwich was subject to a twenty-five-thousand-dollar fine. Just a couple of months ago, Sir William's bull was given the toss by the I.A.T.A., and the economy class—the tourist class had been dropped by then—was permitted hot meals.

Prompted by the I.A.T.A. ruling, we got around to looking up some of the meals you might ingest reasonably on assorted airlines. TWA, for instance, offers Yankee pot roast and country fried chicken, a far cry from Air France's *coq au vin d'Arbois* and *le carré d'agneau du Mont-Saint-Michel rôti.* Pan American takes its comestibles from recipes based on the cooking of Maxim's, of Paris. The other carriers aren't having too good a time of it. Sabena would like to serve Belgian specialties, especially *carbonnades à la flamande*—a beef stew with carrots, peas, and onions—but doesn't, on the ground that people on a plane might not like carrots, peas, or onions. (Sabena's reasoning is hard to follow



here.) Then there is Scandinavian Airlines, which would like to serve Scandinavian specialties but can't because they are very complicated and not suitable for the types of vessel it would have to serve them in. (Scandinavian Airlines' reasoning is also hard to follow.) Swissair, one of the big three in the Sandwich War, also has a problem. "We'd like," says Mr. Mayr, the line's poet laureate, "to serve cheese fondue and *fondue bourguignonne*, but they must be cooked in front of the passengers over a flame, which would be a fire hazard, especially when going through air pockets."

Well, everybody has his troubles. Lufthansa won't serve fish, because the odor permeates its planes, to the annoyance of one and all; El Al can't serve Israeli cooking because there is no definitive Israeli cuisine as yet; and Iberia can't be Spanish in the airborne kitchen because people in Madrid eat *à la française*. Air India gets its curry from the Brass Rail when it's setting out from Idlewild. After we'd garnered all this information, Mr. Mayr phoned us again. "You want to hear more of my poem?" he inquired.

We said we had to rush off.

He must not have heard us, for he went on:

"The chef's sound thinking is sublime,
And thus he keeps advising:
'Let's fill them planes,
Let's not lose time
With sandwich analyzing.' "

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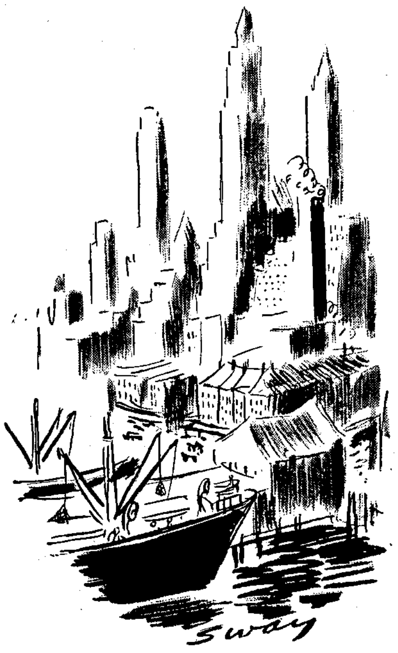
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Department of Corrections of the State of California has issued a mimeographed form with the heading "Arrata Sheet," and the first "A" has been changed to an "E" with pen and ink.

Chad

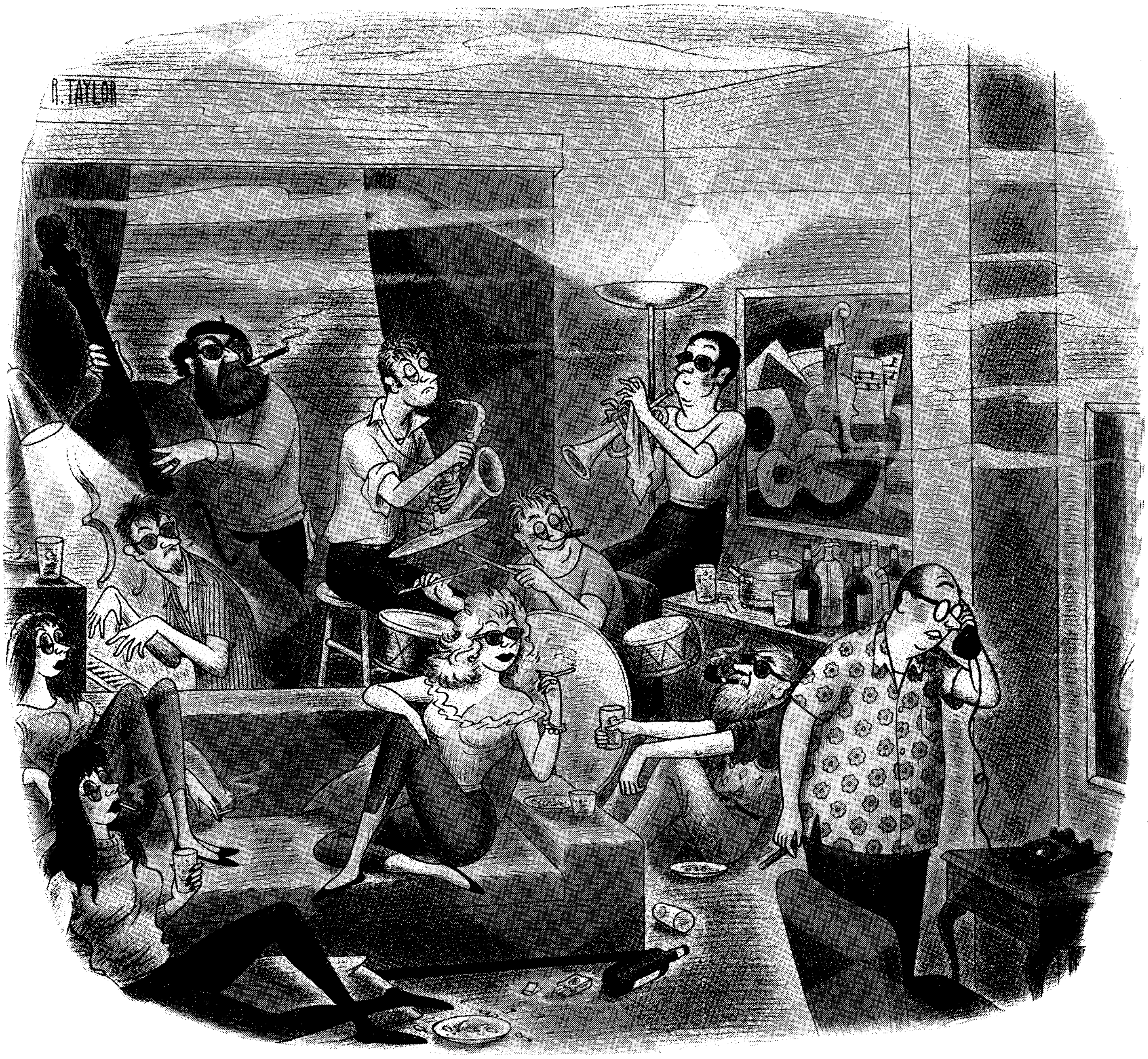
WE should like to take up the subject of one more of the new African nations. Containing over twice as many square miles (four hundred and ninety-five thousand) as France but fewer people (two million six hundred thousand) than Paris, the Republic of Chad lies exactly in the middle of Africa, directly above the Central African Republic and a good thousand miles from the nearest seacoast. Until the coming of the airplane, it was one of the most isolated areas in the world. France, which conquered the territory, in the usual unpalatable fashion, late in the nineteenth century and early in the twentieth, and granted it complete independence a year ago this August, was able to do comparatively little about developing its material and human resources; the country has no railroads, no all-weather roads, and no rivers that are navigable the year round. As recently as 1925, it took four or five months to make the journey from Paris to Fort Lamy, the capital city of Chad; today you can make the trip by jet in seven hours. Fort Lamy, which has a population of seventy thousand, boasts the second-largest freight depot in the entire French Community but still lacks decent overland communication during the rainy season, all roads to the city being more or less regularly flooded from July 15th to November 30th. (Thanks to an accidentally benign balancing of assets and liabilities by Mother Nature, this is the only time of year when the rivers are navigable.)

Chad tilts up from the lowlands bordering Lake Chad, eight hundred feet above sea level, to the five-thousand-foot Ennedi Plateau, along its eastern frontier, and the volcanic Tibesti range, to the north, which rises to over ten thousand feet. Chad's immediate neighbors include Libya, to the north; Sudan, to the east; the Central African Republic, to the south; and Lake Chad, to the west, the lake serving as a common meeting point for the boundaries of Chad, Niger, Nigeria, and Cameroun. Chad is a native word meaning "body of water," and what a vast and peculiar body Lake Chad is! Its surface area, which is only three to nineteen feet deep, may cover anywhere from five thousand to ten thousand square miles, according to season and year. "The lake dries up, moves about, fills up, empties, swells, lengthens, overflows, and diminishes in the most mysterious manner," wrote a French governor of Chad some years ago, summing up a capriciousness that still has scientists buffaloed. Fed by four rivers, the lake has no visible outlets, though its water keeps fresh, and therefore must circulate somehow, perhaps by way of the Chad Netherlands, an enormous basin three hundred feet lower than the lake and over four hundred miles to the northeast of it.



Chad has remarkable extremes of climate—hot and humid river valleys to the southwest, where the temperature often goes above a hundred and twenty degrees, and bone-dry desert and bleak, craggy mountains to the north, where the temperature may drop from a hundred and twenty-two degrees to ten in a few hours' time. Violent winds and tornadoes mark the changing seasons in the south, and sandstorms sweep the northern deserts. In 1935, a tornado delivered one of the world's champion hailstorms to the outskirts of the village of Koukouba, in eastern Chad; when it was over, the inhabitants dug out of the ground, from the fringes of the fall, hailstones as big as a man's fist and, from the center of the fall, huge cylinders of ice, some of them up to five feet high and a couple of feet in diameter. The economy of Chad is overwhelmingly rural, the two age-old sources of wealth being cotton and cattle. Southern Chadians are Negroes in race, fetishists in religion, and farmers or fishermen by occupation; northern Chadians are predominantly Arabized Negroes, and either raise or trade cattle. The largest tribe in the republic is the Saras, a tall, handsome, dark-skinned people noted for their intelligence and industry. Saras are politically and economically more advanced than their fellow-Chadians. They have produced a number of able leaders, among them the current President and Prime Minister of the Republic, François Tombalbaye. (His name may be freely translated as He Who Does Not Tell a Secret, and who could ask for a better name for a politician?) M. Tombalbaye is an immensely energetic man of about forty—he doesn't know the exact date of his birth—and bears on his cheeks and forehead the scars of a tribal initiation ceremony. He saw his first white man when he was five or six. "I was astonished," he has since recalled. "He arrived in a chair carried by porters, and we took him for a dead animal."

Anthropologically speaking, the most



"It's kind of you and Martha to offer me a meal while Erma's away, but, frankly, I'm a little pooped."

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interesting people in Chad are the nine thousand-odd Toubou nomads living in the Tibesti Mountains. Negroid in features and coloring, they have blood types similar to the Berbers, a Caucasian tribe living more than a thousand miles to the northwest. Herodotus probably knew of the Toubous (literally "rock people"); at any rate, he wrote of a group of swift-footed troglodytes, or cave dwellers, who lived in the southern Sahara and spoke "a language like nothing upon earth—it might be bats screeching." Toubous are still famously fleet and speak a whole passel of curious dialects. Toubou women retain title to their own property after marriage, wear arm daggers, and often engage in pitched battles among themselves.

Ptolemy, writing in the second century A.D., appears to have known Lake Chad; the lake has also been identified as the Lake Kura familiar to Arab traders in the Middle Ages, but the first authentic account of it is to be found in a geography compiled for Pope Leo X, around 1523, by a Spanish Moor named al-Hasan ibn-Muhammad al-Wazzan, or Leo Africanus, for short. Leo Africanus described a certain "lake of the desert of Gaoga," which he believed to be one of the sources of the Niger River. The next recorded visitors to the lake were three doughty English explorers, who discovered it in 1824, on their way to conclude a trade agreement between Britain and Bornu, a feudal empire then controlling much of the Chad region. One of the three Englishmen—Major Dixon Denham—was a veteran of the Battle of Waterloo and promptly christened the lake for the battle. It may be just as well that the French eventually took over the lake and gave it back its native name; the Republic of Waterloo is hardly a name to conjure with.

The main tourist attraction in Chad is hunting. Southern Chad is among the richest game regions in Africa, being plentifully supplied with elephants, giraffes, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, buffaloes, panthers, ostriches, gazelles, antelopes, lions, and cheetahs. Chad's lions are especially noted for their ferocity and Chad's cheetahs for their velocity; cheetah speeds of up to seventy miles an hour have been clocked. Chad's rarer fauna include the manatee and the white rhinoceros, which has two horns, weighs up to four tons, and is actually of a sombre slate-gray hue. Another tourist attraction is a desert pool on the Ennedi Plateau that contains dwarf crocodiles, but if you're the sort of tourist who complains that if you've seen one dwarf crocodile you've seen them all, push on to the famous Trou au Natron, a volcanic crater that is ten miles in circumference and is entirely lined with snow-white soda.

Midtown Drama

ONE of our operatives, who has access to a journal called Front Office Log, which is kept behind the desk at the Hotel New Weston, in the wilds of midtown Manhattan—and whose right to have such access we wouldn't think of questioning—has turned in the following excerpt from a recent evening's entry:

> Harry ——, the Doorman, reported that a young woman wearing a mink coat approached him in front of the 50th Street Entrance and grabbed his whistle out of his hand. When he asked for it back she slapped him and bit his finger. She then left, taking the whistle with her. This happened about 5:45 P.M. Called Dr. Gilbert's office and the Doctor came over. He told Harry to come to his office tomorrow morning for an anti-tetanus shot. The bite is on Harry's right forefinger.

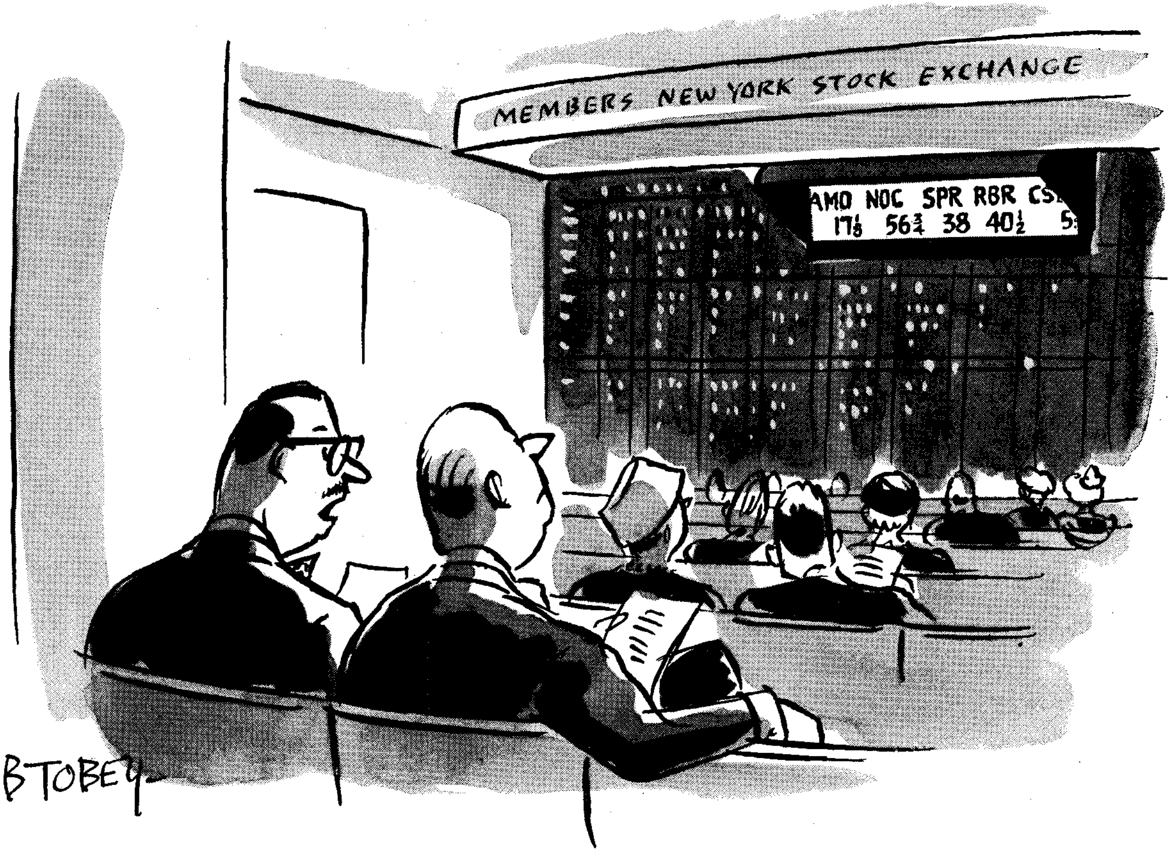
Coffee with Coward

NOËL COWARD is in town these sultry days, directing "Sail Away," his first musical show—book, music, and lyrics written by himself—since "Set to Music," which was produced in 1939. As he prepared to start rehearsals last week, we heard a typist in our office named Miss Rogers, who has been sitting around here in her muumuus and Mr. Kenneth hairdos, hinting hoarsely, "I'll *see* yoo-oo-oo a*gayne*." Miss Rogers, who has learned a few things from our man Stanley, occasionally volunteers to leave her typewriter for a reporting assignment, so we told her all right, *go* to the Coward flat, in the East Fifties, and see what Mr. Coward is doing. A couple of hours later, she strolled back, languorously humming a new song, which she said was called "Something Very Strange," and, before wandering away, dropped the following notes, scribbled on music paper, on our desk:

"Who wants vacation? Who needs Saint-Jean-de-Luz? Who cares about Cape, Adirondacks, Las Vegas, Locarno, Grossinger's, Lake Tahoe, anyplace? Everybody who matters in everything that matters stays in good old N.Y.C. in July-Aug., getting ready for big season. Big productions. Big themes. Big money. Second-Act-Curtain Crises. Terrif. Costume conferences. Billing crises. Script run-throughs. Song run-throughs. Reprise run-throughs. Dance routines down at Central Plaza. Onion rolls at Ratner's. Terrif. Everybody nervous, pale, sticky, worried, living on credit, dreaming of first full pay check. Hits. *Big* hits. No bombs. Lots of sweating. Losing weight. Stomach aches. Worse. No time to watch 'Open End' repeats. *Live* theatre. Everybody alive. Fingers crossed. No time to read *Times* obits. Everybody gathered around piano. Everybody getting smacked in back with iced blasts from air-conditioner. Black coffee—hot, bitter, boiled—on tap around clock. Everybody awake. Everybody on Cape asleep. Saint-Jean-de-Luz, asleep. Grossinger's, asleep. In N.Y.C., everybody awake around clock. In Adirondacks, everybody fat. In N.Y.C., everybody drinking black coffee, thin.

"Arrived Noël Coward's digs at 11 A.M. First get-together before rehearsals. Smoky. Iced. Everybody according to blueprint. *Two* pianos—back to back. One producer. Eighteen cups black coffee. One star. Two featured players. Two photographers, one with cute avant-garde beard. 'Bitter Sweet' man himself presiding, with lordly calm, eyes narrowed, Jamaica-Bermuda tan fading by minute. Madras jacket. Crisp beige slacks. Brown suède shoes. Hair wet. 'Press on! Press on!' he saying smoothly to photographers. Terrif.

"Sidled up to Coward humming 'I'll *see* yoo-oo-oo a*gayne*.' He gave Noël Coward wink and showed beautiful teeth in Noël Coward laugh. 'What is *that*?' he asked. 'Have a cup of coffee? Charles will get you a cup of coffee.' Charles offered coffee. Charles one of three producers. *Very* thin. 'At the age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"Like they say, 'The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ, moves on.'"

of sixty-one, Noël could be spending the summer in one of his three cool houses,' Charles said. 'But he loves doing this. It's his first musical conceived, cast, and produced in America. He writes fiction and poetry, too.' 'Man! All that bread!' avant-garde photographer said.

"Coward introduced me to co-star—Jean Fenn, attractive blonde who plays lady-taking-cruise-away-from-her-husband in 'Sail Away.' 'I knew there was going to be a mob, but I didn't know it would be *such* a mob,' Coward said, throwing another wink. Coward wink winks sort of whole side of face, down to chin. Terrif. 'The photographers arrived while I was in the shower. Ow!' Coward said as telephone rang sharply. 'That's supposed to be unplugged. I suppose I shall have to answer it.' Answered it. Said into telephone, 'Hello, Stritchie, dear. . . . Absolutely wonderful. . . . *Au revoir, ma chérie.*' Authentic Coward lines. Terrif. Hung up, said to me, 'I'll see what's going on about the photographers. I must get them out of the way. I've been up since seven-thirty. What I did was bash my brain to find a sort of recitative lead-in for the finale of the second act. Now the thing's ready. All that's left really is deciding about the reprise of this number or that.' 'He's a man of thorough preparation,' Charles said to Miss Fenn. 'He's checked on every costume, every color and every material of every costume. He's listened to the orchestrations. He's polished off conferences to get the billing just right. He's designed the show's poster himself. He's travelled all the way down to Central Plaza to inspect the dancers.' 'Press on!' Coward said merrily. 'Must get the photographers out of the way. I have to concentrate. One doesn't want to have to drag one's mind away once we start. Press on!'

"Non-avant-garde photographer urged Coward and Miss Fenn to sit at piano with James Hurst—*very* tall, *very* thin young man; plays Miss Fenn's romantic interest on cruise—and with Margalo Gillmore, who plays young man's mother. All on cruise. Elaine Stritch, co-star, plays cruise hostess—runs amusements, shuffleboard; learning Italian phrases, reading up on ruins. Was still on Cape. Non-avant-garde photographer said he wanted romantic head-and-shoulders photo of Coward with Miss Fenn. 'We shall simulate a duet,' Coward said. 'Press on!' Avant-garde photographer looked cranky. 'Can't you play the piano?' he asked. Played a few bars of 'Something Very Strange.' Terrif. Avant-garde photographer looked crankier. 'Got a waltz?' he asked Coward. 'Like in "Bitter Sweet"?' 'Only one waltz,' Coward said. 'I used to use a lot of waltzes, but now it's the good old four-four. One or two of the twenty-two numbers in the show are nostalgic. The rest are modern.' Other photographer asked Coward to keep hands on piano, smiling face turned to other smiling faces, everybody singing. Avant-garde gave awful scowl. 'You look sad,' Coward said to him. 'Is the light wrong?' Started playing waltz, 'This Is a Changing World.' Light, gay. Avant-garde unfurled brow.

"Charles handed me second cup coffee. 'We open in the air-conditioned Colonial Theatre in Boston on Wednesday, August 9th,' Charles said. Coward came over, said, 'Clear the props away, chaps. Jimmy and Jean and I might have a read-through.' 'He started writing this show last Christmas,' Charles said. 'Jean Fenn flew here from the West Coast last February, sang four bars of "Vissi d'arte," that great aria from "Tosca," for him, and that settled it. She was in.' 'Once I knew that I had two beautiful voices to work for, I pressed on and simply wrote music for their range,' Coward said.

"Took third cup coffee. Coward told me he was glad doing musical here, instead of in England. 'There's more *expertise* here, in choreography, orchestration, and so on,' he said. 'The show is rather nice. It's free, romantic, very gay.' Then he turned to Charles. 'Press on!' he said to Charles, ushering photographers out. 'Press on!' Winked. Terrif."

Dusty Answer

SCENE: East Fifty-eighth Street, just west of the Plaza Theatre, where "Never on Sunday" is playing.

Time: Sunday afternoon, July 9th.

Cast: A young matron and her daughter, a child of nine or ten.

Child: " 'Never on Sunday.' Oh, I've heard of that. What's it about, Mummy?"

Mother: "Greece."

A & P

IN walks these three girls in nothing but bathing suits. I'm in the third checkout slot, with my back to the door, so I don't see them until they're over by the bread. The one that caught my eye first was the one in the plaid green two-piece. She was a chunky kid, with a good tan and a sweet broad backside with those two crescents of white just under it, where the sun never seems to hit, at the top of the backs of her legs. I stood there with my hand on a box of HiHo crackers trying to remember if I rang it up or not. I ring it up again and the customer starts giving me hell. She's one of these cash-register-watchers, a witch about fifty with rouge on her cheekbones and no eyebrows, and I know it made her day to trip me up. She'd been watching cash registers for fifty years and probably never seen a mistake before.

By the time I got her feathers smoothed and her goodies into a bag—she gives me a little snort in passing, if she'd been born at the right time they would have burned her over in Salem—by the time I get her on her way the girls had circled around the bread and were coming back, without a pushcart, back my way along the counters, in the aisle between the checkouts and the Special bins. They didn't even have shoes on. There was this chunky one, with the two-piece—it was bright green and the seams on the bra were still sharp and her belly was still pretty pale so I guessed she just got it (the suit)—there was this one, with one of those chubby berry-faces, the lips all bunched together under her nose, this one, and a tall one, with black hair that hadn't quite frizzed right, and one of these sunburns right across under the eyes, and a chin that was too long—you know, the kind of girl other girls think is very "striking" and "attractive" but never quite makes it, as they very well know, which is why they like her so much—and then the third one, that wasn't quite so tall. She was the queen. She kind of led them, the other two peeking around and making their shoulders round. She didn't look around, not this queen, she just walked straight on slowly, on these long white prima-donna legs. She came down a little hard on her heels, as if she didn't walk in her bare feet that much, putting down her heels and then letting the weight move along to her toes as if she was testing the floor with every step, putting a little deliberate extra action into it. You never know for sure how girls' minds work (do you really think it's a mind in there or just a little buzz like a bee in a glass jar?) but you got the idea she had talked the other two into coming in here with her, and now she was showing them how to do it, walk slow and hold yourself straight.

She had on a kind of dirty-pink—beige maybe, I don't know—bathing suit with a little nubble all over it and, what got me, the straps were down. They were off her shoulders looped loose around the cool tops of her arms, and I guess as a result the suit had slipped a little on her, so all around the top of the cloth there was this shining rim. If it hadn't been there you wouldn't have known there could have been anything whiter than those shoulders. With the straps pushed off, there was nothing between the top of the suit and the top of her head except just *her*, this clean bare plane of the top of her chest down from the shoulder bones like a dented sheet of metal hanging in the light. I mean, it was more than pretty.

She had sort of oaky hair that the sun and salt had bleached, done up in a bun that was unravelling, and a kind of prim face. Walking into the A & P with your straps down, I suppose it's the only kind of face you *can* have. She held her head so high her neck, coming up out of those white shoulders, looked kind of stretched, but I didn't mind. The longer her neck was, the more of her there was.

She must have felt in the corner of her eye me and over my shoulder Stokesie in the second slot watching, but she didn't tip. Not this queen. She kept her eyes moving across the racks, and stopped, and turned so slow it made my stomach rub the inside of my apron, and buzzed to the other two, who kind of huddled against her for relief, and then they all three of them went up the cat-and-dog-food-breakfast-cereal-macaroni-rice-raisins-seasonings-spreads-spaghetti-soft-drinks-crackers-and-cookies aisle. From the third slot I look straight up this aisle to the meat counter, and I watched them all the way. The fat one with the tan sort of fumbled with the cookies, but on second thought she put the package back. The sheep pushing their carts down the aisle—the girls were walking against the usual traffic (not that we have one-way signs or anything)—were pretty hilarious. You could see them, when Queenie's white shoulders dawned on them, kind of jerk, or hop, or hiccup, but their eyes snapped back to their own baskets and on they pushed. I bet you could set off dynamite in an A & P and the people would by and large keep reaching and checking oatmeal off their lists and muttering "Let me see, there was a third thing, began with A, asparagus, no, ah, yes, applesauce!" or whatever it is they do mutter. But there was no doubt, this jiggled them. A few houseslaves in pin curlers even looked around after pushing their carts past to make sure what they had seen was correct.

You know, it's one thing to have a girl in a bathing suit down on the beach, where what with the glare nobody can look at each other much anyway, and another thing in the cool of the A & P, under the fluorescent lights, against all those stacked packages, with her feet paddling along naked over our checkerboard green-and-cream rubber-tile floor.

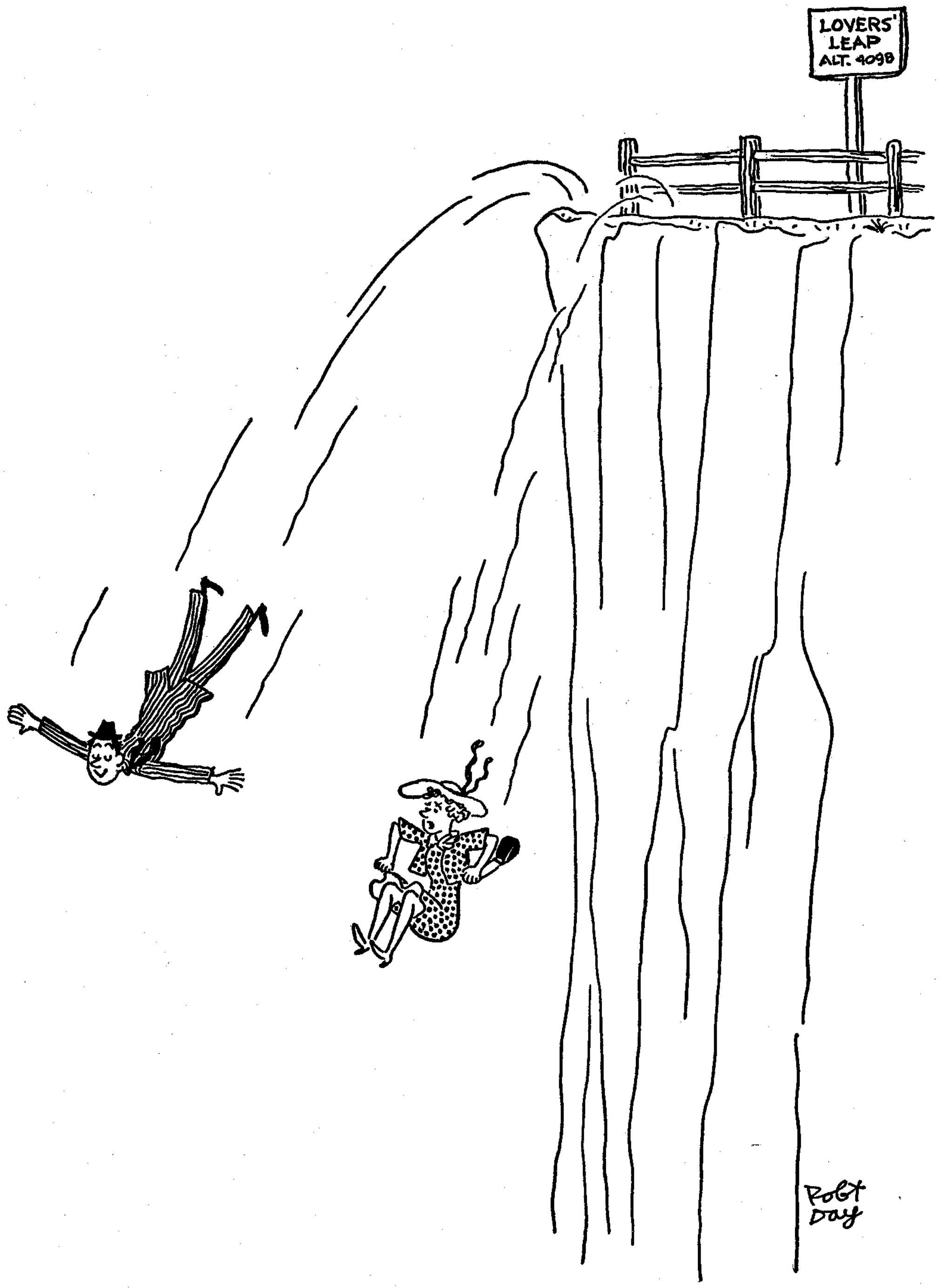
"Oh, Daddy," Stokesie said beside me. "I feel so faint."

"Darling," I said. "Hold me tight." Stokesie's married, with two babies chalked up on his fuselage already, but as far as I can tell that's the only difference. He's twenty-two, and I was nineteen this April.

"Is it done?" he asks, the responsible married man finding his voice. I forgot to say he thinks he's going to be manager some sunny day, maybe in 1990 when it's called the Great Alexandrov and Petrooshki Tea Company or something.

What he meant was, our town is five miles from a beach, with a big summer colony out on the Point, but we're right in the middle of town, and the women generally put on a shirt or shorts or something before they get out of the car into the street. And anyway these are usually women with six children and varicose veins mapping their legs and nobody, including them, could care less. As I say, we're right in the middle of town, and if you stand at our front doors you can see two banks and the Congregational Church and the newspaper store and three real-estate offices and about twenty-seven old freeloaders tearing up the main street because the sewer broke again. It's not as if we're on the Cape; we're north of Boston and there's people in this town haven't seen the ocean for twenty years.

The girls had reached the meat counter and were asking McMahon something. He pointed, they pointed, and they shuffled out of sight behind a pyramid of Diet Delight peaches. All



"I might have known you'd make a production of it."

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that was left for us to see was old McMahon patting his mouth and looking after them sizing up their joints. Poor kids, I began to feel sorry for them, they couldn't help it.

NOW here comes the sad part of the story, at least my family says it's sad, but I don't think it's so sad myself. The store's pretty empty, it being Thursday afternoon, so there was nothing much to do except lean on the register and wait for the girls to show up again. The whole store was like a pinball machine and I didn't know which tunnel they'd come out of. After a while they come around out of the far aisle, around the light bulbs, records at discount of the Caribbean Six or Tony Martin Sings or some such gunk you wonder they waste the wax on, sixpacks of candy bars, and plastic toys done up in cellophane that fall apart when a kid looks at them anyway. Around they come, Queenie still leading the way, and holding a little gray jar in her hand. Slots Three through Seven are unmanned and I could see her wondering between Stokes and me, but Stokesie with his usual luck draws an old party in baggy gray pants who stumbles up with four giant cans of pineapple juice (what do these bums *do* with all that pineapple juice? I've often asked myself) so the girls come to me. Queenie puts down the jar and I take it into my fingers icy cold. Kingfish Fancy Herring Snacks in Pure Sour Cream: 49¢. Now her hands are empty, not a ring or a bracelet, bare as God made them, and I wonder where the money's coming from. Still with that prim look she lifts a folded dollar bill out of the hollow at the center of her nubbled pink top. The jar went heavy in my hand. Really, I thought that was so cute.

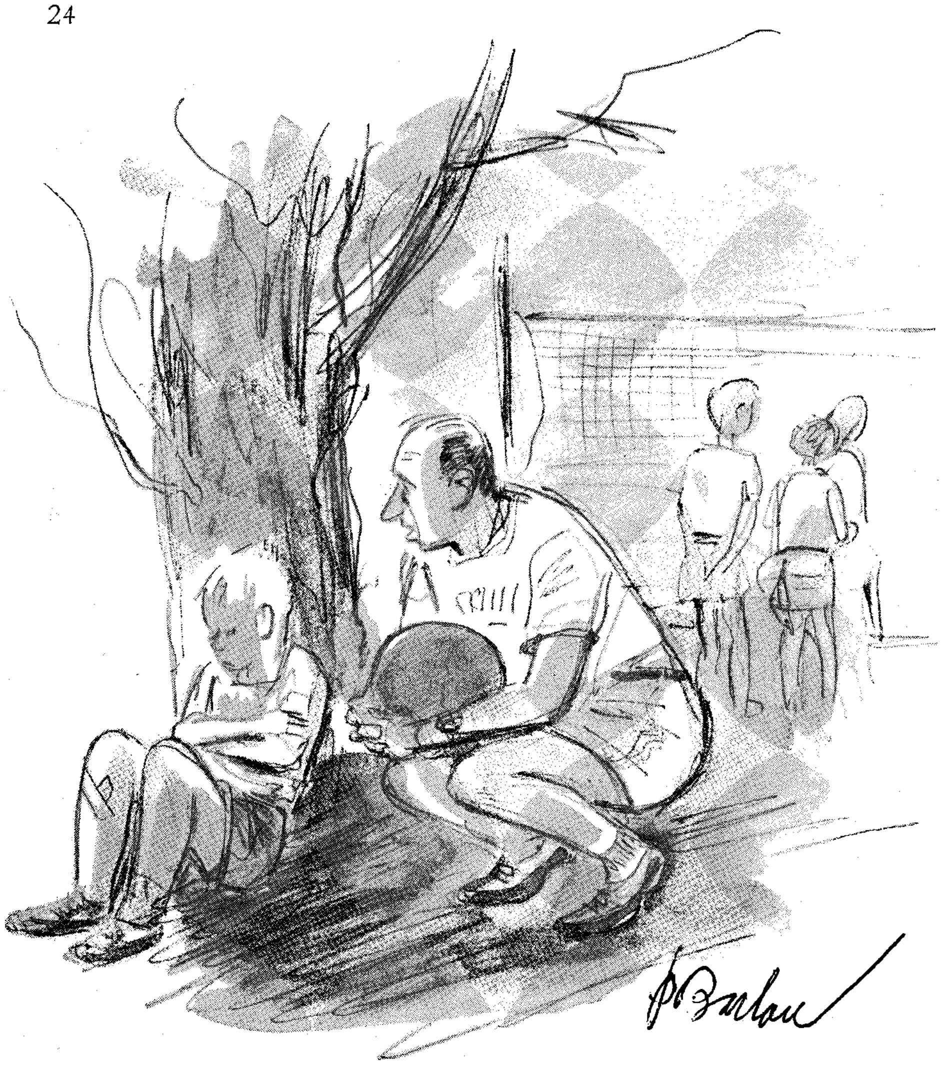
Then everybody's luck begins to run out. Lengel comes in from haggling with a truck full of cabbages on the lot and is about to scuttle into that door marked MANAGER behind which he hides all day, when the girls touch his eye. Lengel's pretty dreary, teaches Sunday school and the rest, but he doesn't miss that much. He comes over and says, "Girls, this isn't the beach."

Queenie blushes, though maybe it's just a brush of sunburn I was noticing for the first time, now that she was so close. "My mother asked me to pick up a jar of herring snacks." Her voice kind of startled me, the way voices do when you see the people first, coming out so flat and dumb yet kind of toney, too, the way it ticked over "pick up" and "snacks." All of a sudden I slid right down her voice into her living room. Her father and the other men were standing around in ice-cream coats and bow ties and the women were in sandals picking up herring snacks on toothpicks off a big glass plate and they were all holding drinks the color of water with olives and sprigs of mint in them. When my parents have somebody over they get lemonade and if it's a real racy affair Schlitz in tall glasses with "They'll Do It Every Time" cartoons stencilled on.

"That's all right," Lengel said. "But this isn't the beach." His repeating this struck me as funny, as if it had just occurred to him, and he had been thinking all these years the A & P was a great big dune and he was the head lifeguard. He didn't like my smiling—as I say, he doesn't miss much—but he concentrates on giving the girls that sad Sunday-school-superintendent stare.

Queenie's blush is no sunburn now, and the plump one in plaid, that I liked better from the back—a really sweet backside—pipes up, "We weren't doing any shopping. We just came in for the one thing."

"That makes no difference," Lengel tells her, and I could see from the way his eyes went that he hadn't noticed she was wearing a two-piece be-



"All right, you hate volley ball. But you want your parents to get their six hundred and twenty dollars' worth, don't you?"

* * *

fore. "We want you decently dressed when you come in here."

"We *are* decent," Queenie says suddenly, her lower lip pushing, getting sore now that she remembers her place, a place from which the crowd that runs the A & P must look pretty crummy. Fancy Herring Snacks flashed in her very blue eyes.

"Girls, I don't want to argue with you. After this come in here with your shoulders covered. It's our policy." He turns his back. That's policy for you. Policy is what the kingpins want. What the others want is juvenile delinquency.

All this while, the customers had been showing up with their carts but, you know, sheep, seeing a scene, they had all bunched up on Stokesie, who shook open a paper bag as gently as peeling a peach, not wanting to miss a word. I could feel in the silence everybody getting nervous, most of all Lengel, who asks me, "Sammy, have you rung up their purchase?"

I thought and said "No" but it wasn't about that I was thinking. I go through the punches, 4, 9, GROC, TOT—it's more complicated than you think, and after you do it often enough, it begins to make a little song, that you hear words to, in my case "Hello (*bing*) there, you (*gung*) hap-py *pee*-pul (*splat*)!" the *splat* being the drawer flying out. I uncrease the bill, tenderly as you may imagine, it just having come from between the two smoothest scoops of vanilla I had ever known were there, and pass a half and a penny into her narrow pink palm, and nestle the herrings in a bag and twist its neck and hand it over, all the time thinking.

The girls, and who'd blame them, are in a hurry to get out, so I say "I quit" to Lengel quick enough for them to hear, hoping they'll stop and watch me, their unsuspected hero. They keep right on going, into the electric eye; the door flies open and they flicker across the lot to their car, Queenie and Plaid and Big Tall Goony-Goony (not that as raw material she was so bad), leaving me with Lengel and a kink in his eyebrow.

"Did you say something, Sammy?"

"I said I quit."

"I thought you did."

"You didn't have to embarrass them."

"It was they who were embarrassing us."

I started to say something that came out "Fiddle-de-doo." It's a saying of my grandmother's, and I know she would have been pleased.

"I don't think you know what you're saying," Lengel said.

"I know you don't," I said. "But I do." I pull the bow at the back of my apron and start shrugging it off my shoulders. A couple customers that had been heading for my slot begin to knock against each other, like scared pigs in a chute.

Lengel sighs and begins to look very patient and old and gray. He's been a friend of my parents for years. "Sammy, you don't want to do this to your Mom and Dad," he tells me. It's true, I don't. But it seems to me that once you begin a gesture it's fatal not to go through with it. I fold the apron, "Sammy" stitched in red on the pocket, and put it on the counter, and drop the bow tie on it. "You'll feel this for the rest of your life," Lengel says, and I know that's true, too, but remembering how he made that pretty girl blush makes me so scrunchy inside I punch the No Sale tab and the machine whirs "pee-pul" and the drawer splats out. One advantage to this scene taking place in summer, I can follow this up with a clean exit, there's no fumbling around getting your coat and ear muffs, I just saunter into the electric eye in my white shirt that my mother ironed the night before, and the door heaves itself open, and outside the sunshine is skating around on the asphalt.

I look around for my girls, but they're gone, of course. There wasn't anybody but some young married screaming with her children about some candy they didn't get by the door of a powder-blue Falcon station wagon. Looking back in the big windows, over the bags of peat moss and aluminum furniture stacked on the pavement, I could see Lengel in my place in the slot, checking the sheep through. His face was dark gray and his back stiff, as if he'd just had an injection of iron, and my stomach kind of fell as I felt how hard the world was going to be to me hereafter. —JOHN UPDIKE

* * *

THE UNCLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From "Romance," by Joseph Conrad and Ford Madox Hueffer, 1903*]

"I tell you," he said violently, "it's the most accursed business! That Castro, with his Cuba, is nothing but a blasted buccaneer."

OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES

THE MARRIED COUPLE

WHEN I came to London for my first autumn term at the university, I went to visit the rich cousins who had got to England in the early Hitler days and had later brought my parents out of Austria. They showed me the letter I had written them in December, 1938, when I was ten years old. I had been staying in a camp on England's east coast with five hundred refugee children waiting to be distributed among English foster parents. The letter was full of roses, and snows, and tears, and I was embarrassed for the cousins who had been taken in by my propaganda. It had been sent around among the refugee committees and had moved a family whom I shall call Willoughby to sponsor my parents' immigration on a married-couple visa. ("Married couple" was the technical designation for a husband-and-wife team of cook and butler. Domestic visas were the only working visas readily available to foreigners at a time when England needed to replenish its diminishing servant class. The European Jews looking for salvation did not always understand. There was an anecdote, widely circulated at the time, about the young lady of wealthy Viennese stock who came downstairs on her first morning in the house of the English people she believed to be her saviors, at half past ten o'clock, wearing a blue crêpe-de-Chine dressing gown with tassel, looking for her breakfast.)

MY parents disembarked in March, 1939, at Liverpool, where I was living with my first foster parents, the Levines, so called. A conspiracy between the grownups to save me the pain of waiting and possible disappointment had kept me in ignorance of my parents' being expected. I was fetched home from school one day—it happened to be my birthday—and there were my father and mother sitting in the Levines' armchairs, in front of the sitting-room fire.

I was in a delirium of excitement and happiness. The children were arriving for my birthday party, bringing gifts. Crackers exploded. There were paper hats, and little cakes and jellies to eat. I bobbed and leaped and ran and chatted, and all the time I knew that, incredibly, my mother was in the room with me. Her eyes, huge and dilated with the suppressed tears of her exhaustion and the shock of relief, followed me around the room like the eyes of a lover.

The neighbors came in to have a look at the little refugee's parents. The women talked Yiddish to my mother. She smiled and tried to tell them in her stunted school English that she did not understand Yiddish, but they did not believe her and talked louder. She applied to my father, who was the linguist of the family, but he looked merely stunned. As far back as I can remember, my father had been either ill or recovering from illnesses that were variously diagnosed—ulcers, kidney trouble, enlarged heart—and at the time of their coming to England he was a very sick man. I try to recall his presence during the visit to the Levines, and see him sitting in the same armchair, rising when my mother rose, speaking only to echo what she said. Whenever I went over to kiss him, his face would break up and he wept.

My parents stayed at the Levines' for three days. They left in the morning. Mr. Levine was taking them to the station. They stood in the hallway by the front door. They had their coats on. "Come on down and say goodbye nicely to your father and mother," said fat Mrs. Levine, but I sat on a step halfway up the stairs. I didn't know what to do with myself. I had one arm twisted around the banister, and I waved and wiggled my head.

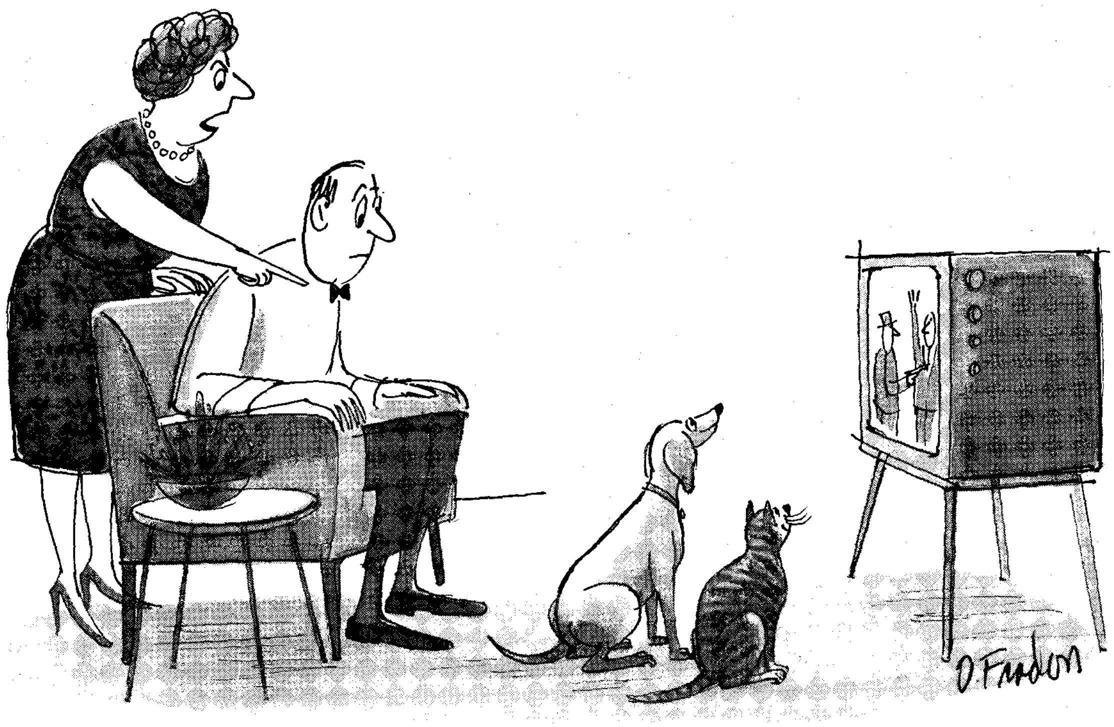
From the letters my mother wrote me then, and the stories she has told since, I have an idea of my parents' life at that time. They travelled a day's journey to the South of England. Mr. Willoughby fetched them from the Mellbridge station and drove them to the village I shall call Illford, in Kent. It was toward the end of the day. The sky is immense in that part of the country. The round hills of the downs rise softly and nobly. The little bridle paths and the hedges that divide a field from its neighbor trace, lovingly as a Cézanne pencil, the large contours, the little surprises of their curves. Very old clumps of elms stand here and there. The car went along the back country roads. My mother looked through the bare hazelnut hedges on either side of the road, and she was moved by this free and charming land where she had come to live. Mr. Willoughby drove through a wide, open gate up a gravel drive toward a handsome, gentle white house, and around it, and set my parents down at the back door.

Mrs. Willoughby was in the kitchen to meet them with a most kind welcome. They must be tired, she said, and would want to rest. She told my father to bring the bags, and led them along a flagstone passage and up two flights of a narrow wooden back stairs that opened into an attic bedroom. The door was missing, Mrs. Willoughby said, but Groszmann could put up a curtain tomorrow. She would find a piece of stuff, but meanwhile they should just rest and not think of doing any work today, unless Mrs. Groszmann would want to come down later and Mrs. Willoughby could just show her which was the kitchen china and which were the cups for Mrs. Willoughby's early-morning tea, which she liked brought up to her on a tray at seven—but not to worry about anything, just unpack and make themselves at home. My mother said she would come down with Mrs. Willoughby right away.

In the kitchen, my mother looked over Mrs. Willoughby's shoulder into china cupboards and broom closets, at the sinks in the scullery, and the food-filled shelves of the pantry. Mrs. Willoughby said maybe Mrs. Groszmann was hungry and would like a little supper? She would set out an egg for her and Groszmann on the kitchen table. Now, since they were here, Mrs. Willoughby might as well show my mother around the front of the house. They went along the flagstone passage again and through a green baize-covered door into a carpeted hall. Here, Mrs. Willoughby said, was the library. My mother said what a lovely room and there was something she wanted to ask—maybe Mrs. Willoughby could advise her what to read to quickly improve her English. Did Mrs. Willoughby have "The Forsyte Saga," which my mother knew very well in German, and that would help her read it in English? Did Mrs. Willoughby like Galsworthy? Mrs. Willoughby said she didn't know, but my mother could see, later, if there was a copy, and she could borrow it so long as she brought it back when she was finished. "And this is our drawing room." "Ah," my mother cried, "a piano! It is a Bechstein, no?" and she told Mrs. Willoughby that she had studied at the Vienna Music Academy.

"Oh, really?" said Mrs. Willoughby. "In that case you must come in and play sometime when everyone is out."

My mother was dissatisfied. She wanted to let the Englishwoman know that she, too, had once been comfortably circumstanced, had had a well-appointed flat and a *Herrenzimmer*. "My husband," my mother said to Mrs. Wil-



"Look! There's the intellectual level of _that_ program!"

• •

loughby, "was accountant—like your husband, isn't it?"

"Was he?" said Mrs. Willoughby. "Mr. Willoughby, you know, is a civil servant."

"Mr. Groszmann," countered my mother, "was in a bank. Main—what do you call it?—*chef* accountant."

"Chief accountant?" suggested Mrs. Willoughby.

"Chief accountant," said my mother, "and he—how do you say?—*organiziert?*"

"Organized?" said Mrs. Willoughby.

"Yes. Organized all the system of accountants."

"Ah?" said Mrs. Willoughby. Then she gave my mother a paper she had written out to hang on the back of the kitchen door, showing a list of the rooms and on which day each must be turned out, to help my mother organize her work. My mother thanked her earnestly. She had no system of her own, she said, but she would do her very best for Mrs. Willoughby. She thanked Mrs. Willoughby for visa and employment. She asked Mrs. Willoughby to have patience with her.

My parents had been engaged to work at Illford House for one pound a week between them. To be more precise, my mother was engaged to work for one pound a week, with the stipulation that my father could live in the house and receive food in return for his services as butler and handyman. Like all English servants, they were to have Thursday afternoon, and every other Sunday afternoon, off.

In bed that first evening, my father said out of the darkness, "Franzi . . . ? I was thinking. Do you remember that passage behind the kitchen we used for the maid's room?" My mother says she felt very close to him at that moment because she, too, had been trying to remember what sort of mattress poor Poldi, our maid, had slept on. She says there was a trick to lying on the Willoughbys' mattresses. You had to push the lumps of kapok to either side and make a valley between them and then lie still.

My mother was downstairs by six o'clock the next morning, nervous, eager, and wondering where to start. She had taken a course in Vienna. Whenever they were not waiting outside consulates in the hope of visas to leave Germany, Jews had taken courses to learn skills that were supposed to be marketable in foreign countries. My father had studied machine knitting and how to make leather purses. My mother had taken one course in massage and one in large-quantity cooking, and now she was here in Mrs. Willoughby's great empty kitchen. The house was silent. My mother tried to imagine what Poldi at home would do first thing in the morning. She had a single vivid image of Poldi with a long-handled broom—Poldi sweeping. My mother began to open closet doors looking for the broom cupboard, and suddenly she remembered about the early-morning tea. She tried to recall where around the kitchen she had seen a tray. While she hunted, she kept wondering if she was actually supposed to carry it in to Mrs. Willoughby. Would she find Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby lying in bed together? It then came to my mother with a shock that if she was to make tea, water would have to be heated, and that she must light the coal stove. It was already six-thirty. From that moment on, for many years to come, my mother was never again at a loss to find things she was supposed to do.

I had a letter from my mother telling me about that first funny morning. My mother arrived with the tray at exactly seven. Mrs. Willoughby drank her tea, told my mother that they would have scrambled eggs for breakfast, and turned on her side and went back to sleep. My mother hoped my father would know what "scrambled" meant, but he did not. While he went into the library to look for a dictionary, my mother rushed upstairs to unpack her books to find "Mrs. Beeton's English Cookery." Breakfast was late, but Mrs. Willoughby had been nice about it.

Everybody, my mother wrote, was very good to them. Mr. Willoughby was most polite. He had asked questions about Vienna. He was an accountant for the government and went to London every morning after breakfast. Besides him and Mrs. Willoughby, there were two daughters. Miss Elizabeth, the elder, worked in a museum in London and she caught the early train to town. My mother brought her tea to the schoolroom upstairs and Miss Elizabeth toasted bread on a small oil stove. My mother wrote that the smell of toast and tea and oil in the sleeping house, with the dark still outside the windows, was very special and nice. She said that Miss Elizabeth was very nice and spoke gently, though she never said much. The younger daughter was called Joanne. She stayed at home with her mother. She had a pony called Picket. There was a son, Stephen, but he was away at school.

My mother said that she had spoken to Mrs. Willoughby about a sponsor to bring my grandparents to England. She said Mrs. Willoughby often reminded her of her own mother, which was odd because Mrs. Willoughby looked quite different, very thin, with very blue eyes. This morning she had told Mrs. Willoughby about me, and Mrs. Willoughby had said I could come and spend two weeks of the summer holidays with my parents. As soon as my father came down from resting, she would have him write to the Levines about it, but for me not to seem too anxious to get away.

My mother said now she must stop writing and start dinner. She was going to make an *Apfelstrudel* for a surprise. She said she wished she could make me one. She said she loved me and that she and my father lived for the day when they could have me with them.

My father's career as a butler lasted three days. His first job in the morning was to do the front hall, but my mother says that after she had dusted the dining room and lit the fire and set the table for breakfast, she would sneak around after him and wipe away the excess polish he had left on the red tiles. The evening my father served his first dinner, he stayed so long in the dining room that my mother came to the door to see what had happened to him. Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby were sitting at the head and foot of the table, with their daughters on either side. Their four heads were turned toward my father, who stood with a napkin over his arm holding a tureen of cabbage. Mrs. Willoughby was saying, "Now try it again, will you, Groszmann, from the left side." My father looked as if he had stopped listening some while ago. My mother crept back into the kitchen and wept bitterly out of pity for him, he looked so ridiculous.

Two days later, when guests were expected to dinner, my mother asked Mrs. Willoughby if she might do the waiting at table. She thought she could learn pretty quickly. Mrs. Willoughby was discouraged by my father's lack of progress, but she hesitated. "I don't see how you can come into the dining room in your kitchen apron."

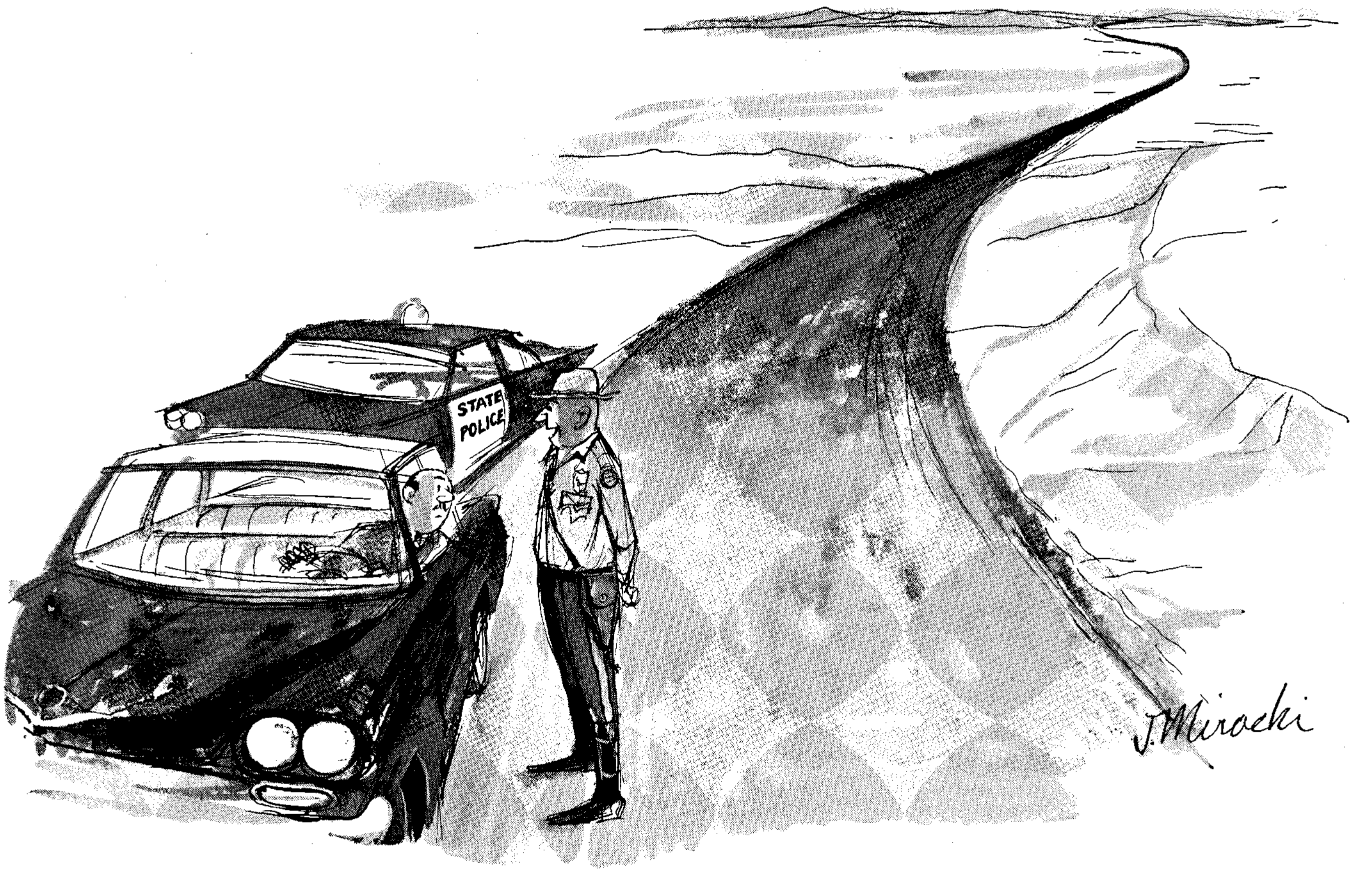
My mother ran upstairs, got out her good afternoon dress, a classic black wool that she had had made the winter before Hitler. "Why," said Mrs. Willoughby, "but you look very nice! I'll go and find you a cap and apron and, yes, I think that will do very nicely."

"This is our Mrs. Groszmann," Mrs. Willoughby said to her dinner guests. "She comes from Vienna." The guests nodded pleasantly to my mother, who smiled and set the soup down in front of each, neatly, from the left, and so she did very well and everyone was pleased.

My father was demoted from butlering to gardening, about which he knew even less. He had a city man's tenderness toward things that grow, and he pottered at his own pace in the kitchen garden among the vegetables.

During those first weeks, my mother developed a small pocket of passive resistance. One evening Mrs. Willoughby noticed that she was not wearing her white cap and apron. My mother said she had forgotten, and when she brought the second course she had put them on. Next day she had forgotten again. Mrs. Willoughby looked at her but said nothing. After that my mother served in her good black dress and the matter was not mentioned again.

My mother had something else on her mind. It took her a few days to translate it into English. One morning as she stood before Mrs. Willoughby, who sat at the dining-room table after breakfast writing out the day's menu, my mother spoke up. She asked Mrs. Willoughby if it would be possible, since she herself was addressed as "Mrs." Groszmann, and since my father was not, technically, in Mrs. Willoughby's employ, for him to be called "Mr." Mrs. Willoughby looked up with her blue, blue eyes and thought a moment. She said that she didn't know how they could do that. She said the cook was always "Mrs." and that the manservant was called by just his last name, and she didn't



"Oh, no! Nothing like that. I just felt lonesome."

see how they could very well change.

My mother, shocked by this refusal of her direct appeal, looked through the window, where, under the sweet, harsh light of the April morning, Mr. Willoughby and my father walked among the flower beds. She watched their backs side by side. Mr. Willoughby was wearing his black town suit and bowler, ready for his train. My father was two heads taller. Despite his stoop and the way his left leg dragged slightly, after his last illness, she thought he looked very well in his tweed knickerbockers. The men were bending to inspect the row of young hyacinths at the end of the path. They turned, and my mother saw that my father was wearing his green gardener's pinafore.

ON weekdays, when Mrs. Willoughby and Miss Joanne were alone, they took their lunch on trays in the drawing room, and after my mother had washed up and tidied the kitchen, the hour and a half till teatime was her own. My mother tells me that all morning she would plan what she might do with it. She wanted to write to me; she wanted to write to her parents, and she must get a letter off to the Committee in London to find a sponsor for them; she wanted to take a bath; she wanted to walk in the fresh air; she wanted very much to read, for she found herself too exhausted at night after cooking, serving, and clearing up from dinner; she needed to sleep an hour, but my father had gone to lie down upstairs and what she needed above all was to be alone. She sat at the kitchen table, aware of her leisure slipping away. She kept looking at the clock, calculating how much time she still had before preparing the tea tray. One afternoon, the door opened and Miss Joanne came through the kitchen, trailing grass and hay from the stables. She dropped a dirty blouse into the scullery sink. She went out again, leaving both doors open, which caused a draft where my mother sat, and my mother lost her temper and got up and slammed the door behind the girl. Then she was sorry. She remembered how she had disliked the ill-natured maids in her mother's house, who fussed over their clean floors. She remembered that she owed these people her life. She went to the sink and washed Miss Joanne's blouse and starched it; then, angry at herself for this servile act, she went to the china closet, took out Mrs. Willoughby's best Minton, and made herself some powerful Viennese coffee. She tasted the delicate fluted china between her lips, half afraid that Mrs. Willoughby might come in and catch her, half wishing that she would. My mother wanted to make herself known to the other woman.

It was becoming increasingly clear to my mother that there was much Mrs. Willoughby did not know. "Why didn't you embark in Austria and come direct?" she asked my mother one day. "Why did you come such an awkward way around?" My father, who had just entered the kitchen, stared in astonishment. "Do you know we had to wait eleven weeks for you and Groszmann?" said Mrs. Willoughby.

My mother tried to tell Mrs. Willoughby some of the things that were happening to Jews in Austria and Germany.

"Tch, tch, isn't that incredible?" Mrs. Willoughby said. "Quite, quite incredible." And her eyes began to wander. Mrs. Willoughby would rather not know what she was being told, and besides, my mother's conversation, in which Mrs. Willoughby had to be active, supplying the missing words, must have been tiring.

My mother had another weapon; she is a great believer in laughter. She laughs readily and with abandon until she looks as if she has been crying. She had always been the comedienne of the family, and her routine of funny faces and gestures had caused the uncles and cousins to say that Franzi's talents were being wasted. She is a true punster and takes equal delight in her cleverest and most terrible wordplays. These she now wanted to share with Mrs. Willoughby by translating them into English. When Mrs. Willoughby looked puzzled, my mother explained them painfully. Mrs. Willoughby would look tired. I can imagine Mrs. Willoughby saying to Mr. Willoughby, "Groszmann, of course, he's hopeless, but she is a nice woman. Really quite a sweet woman, and a very willing worker, though a bit erratic—but, gracious, how she loves to talk!"

One day Mrs. Willoughby told my mother she thought it would be nice for her to meet some English people. My mother was surprised and gratified. Mrs. Willoughby said she had invited the vicar's cook to take her tea with my mother and father on their next Sunday off.

It was a very wet afternoon. Mrs. MacGuire arrived on the dot of four. She was a stout, decent-looking body dressed all in black. She let my father take her coat and galoshes but kept her hat on while my mother gave her tea at the kitchen table. She spoke with a heavy Irish brogue; my parents recognized only an occasional word of her conversation. My mother had baked a Viennese cake for her, which she understood Mrs. MacGuire to say was far too rich. Mrs. MacGuire asked for a piece of paper and pencil, so that she might write down for my mother how to make a good plain sponge. At five o'clock, Mrs. MacGuire put on her coat and galoshes and went home.

After that, my parents took care to be out of the house on their free afternoons.

On a morning late in May, my mother fell down the stairs. She was overworked and sleeping badly, and she came through the curtain onto the landing at the head of the back stairs and went headlong with a tremendous clatter. Mr. Willoughby came rushing from the front of the house to the second-floor landing and ran down after her. My mother had picked herself up and was sitting on a step resting her head on her arms. She heard Mr. Willoughby's trembling voice say, "What happened?" My mother raised her head. Mr. Willoughby, in his pajamas, had turned his avenging eyes up to where my father stood, petrified, at the head of the stairs, looking down. "Tell me the truth!" cried Mr. Willoughby. "Was it a fight?"

My mother explained that the fall had been an accident. She has told me how, through the dizziness and nausea, she wanted to stop talking, as if it were too much trouble—as if it were too late—to explain anything.

And so the Willoughbys had put my parents in their place; the refugees belonged to that unaccountable class of people who eat in the kitchen, don't object to sleeping on cheap mattresses, and throw their wives down the stairs over an argument—which goes to show that people have, after all, an innate sense of justice and cannot with equanimity be served by their fellows when these too closely resemble themselves.

My parents were meanwhile adjusting their image of their masters. "She has no sense of humor," said my mother. "She doesn't know any geography," said my father, "and the naïve questions that he asks me about the Nazis!" "They don't know how to eat," said my mother. "Do you remember the time I made them an *Apfelstrudel* and they asked for custard to put over it?" "They don't understand," said my parents, and so they put the English in *their* place.

But my mother had a difficulty; she

Whitney Darrow, Jr

"One thing we didn't know when we rented this place. We didn't know it was right smack on the Appalachian Trail."

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liked Mrs. Willoughby. She liked to see her on her way into the garden, wearing her blue-green wool kerchief that made her eyes more astonishingly blue, and there was about this thin, trim lady a quiet toughness, a presence, a capability in the firm, easy way she handled the reins of her household that was new to my mother and that she admired.

Even Mrs. Willoughby's obtuseness was incorruptible. She came into the kitchen on a Sunday when it was raining too hard for my parents to leave the house and said, "Oh, Mrs. Groszmann! Since you are here, maybe you wouldn't mind bringing in our tea?"

My mother minded it very much. She acquiesced in silent outrage. At the door, Mrs. Willoughby turned back. "But first why don't you come up and get the linens to make up your little girl's bed," she said. "It's this Thursday she's coming, isn't it?"

My mother followed Mrs. Willoughby to the linen closet, vowing never to think an ungrateful thought about any English person again. "Not these," said the lady, laying some folded sheets in my mother's arms. "These are our good sheets, and *you don't want* to get her used to this kind of thing. Set them down on the tallboy." With my mother's help, Mrs. Willoughby emptied the linen closet till she came to a pile of patched and rust-stained sheets in the back. "There," Mrs. Willoughby said, "and you and Groszmann had better take the morning off, too, and go up to London to fetch the little girl."

"How good you are," said my mother, close to tears.

"Then do you think you could catch the 5:15 down from Waterloo and be back in time to get our dinner? We can just have something quick, don't you know. Maybe cold meat and a nice *green salad and a tomato aspic that you* can prepare in the morning, before you leave?"

ON Thursday morning, my parents fetched me from Paddington Station. We had lunch at the station restaurant and spent a gay afternoon window-shopping. We met our London cousins, who took us to coffee and music at a Lyons Corner House, and we caught the 5:15 and were in Illford a little after six.

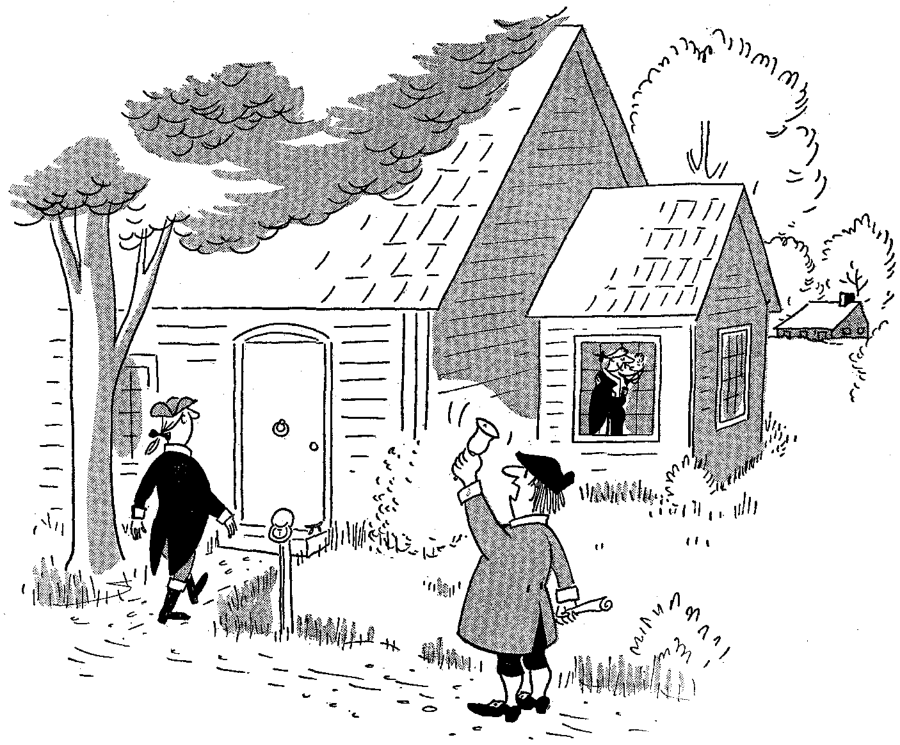
I walked into the kitchen, and looked curiously around. It was big and had a red brick floor. It was papered with bright-green wallpaper. A fire was burning in the black stove.

My mother laid a cloth on the kitchen table and brought out the Continental breads and sausages she had got in London. She cut and spread colorful open-faced sandwiches and urged me to eat. "Eat," said my father, "go on," and they both sat and watched me until a rasping buzz sounded in the quiet. I followed my mother's eye to the wall above the kitchen door. There was a box with a glass front, showing three rows of three round holes. Each hole had a small red tongue. Under the holes it said:

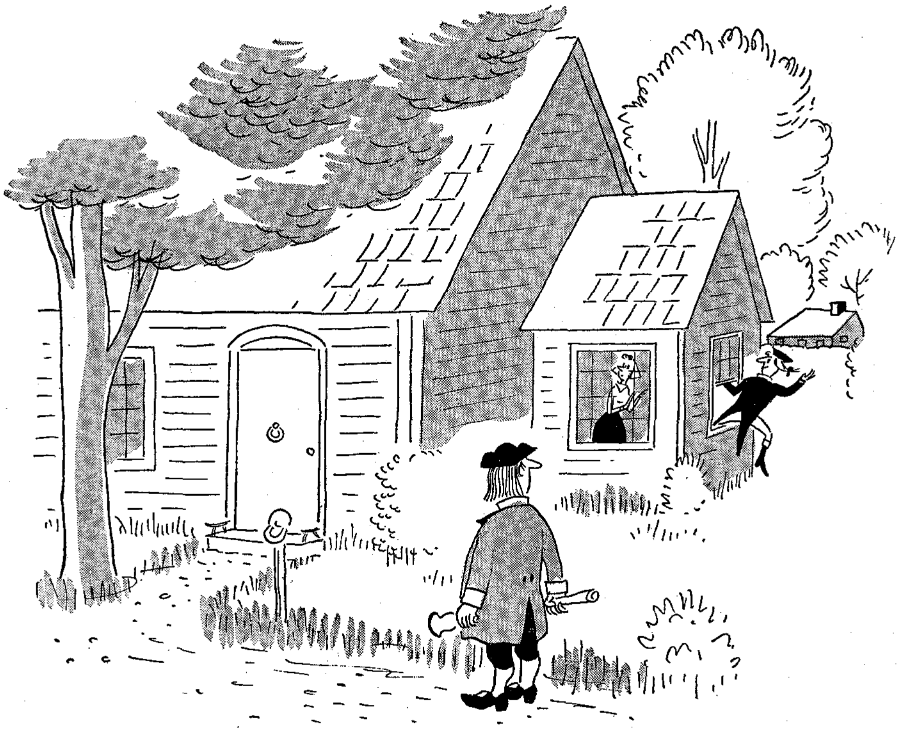
FRONT BEDR. SOUTH BEDR. EAST BEDR.
WEST BEDR. GUEST R. SCHOOLR.
DINING R. DRAWING R. LIBRARY

The drawing-room tongue was waggling frantically.

My mother got up, called me to her, and quickly pulled a comb through my hair, straightened the collar of my cotton frock. "That's Mrs. Willoughby, and I want you to look nice. Remember to thank her for letting you come and stay with us."



"Two o'clock and—"



We walked along the stone floor of the back passage, through the baize door, which closed noiselessly behind us. The front hall was carpeted and hushed. A door stood open. Inside the *drawing room was a profound order, a* still, sweet light. A thin lady in a flowered dress sat in a deep armchair. The lady said, "Mrs. Groszmann, there's a bit of a chill in the air. I thought I might have a little fire."

"I'll light it at once," said my mother. "Mrs. Willoughby, this is my Lore."

"How do you do," said the lady. I saw the blue eyes my mother had written about. The room was full of flowers. The patterned-damask chairs stood on delicate bowlegs on soft, patterned carpet.

I said, "Very well, thank you."

My mother had bent to put a match to the sticks in the fireplace. The polished wood of the mantel reddened with the jumping flames.

I said, "I came by myself all the way from Liverpool. Except the guard of the luggage van was supposed to look after me."

"Isn't that nice," said Mrs. Willoughby. She told my mother that Miss Elizabeth was staying in town, so there would be only three for dinner.

I looked at my mother and said, "Thank you for having me."

Mrs. Willoughby said, "I'm very glad you could come."

Back in the kitchen, my mother cleared the table and said, "Now, before we do anything else you better sit down and write to the Levines."

"Can I tomorrow?"

"Right this moment," said my mother. "You don't want them to think that as soon as you are with your parents you forget all *they* have done for you. You don't want to be ungrateful."

I was not ungrateful. At times I had felt a good deal. (One particular Friday night in Liverpool, during the unfamiliar Orthodox lighting of the ritual candles, I had been struck with the oddness of my being there at all. It seemed wonderful to me that these people should have taken my strange, uncomfortable self into their inmost house. I was moved to tears, which exasperated them. They kept asking me what was the matter *now*, and I couldn't tell them.) But this evening I was moved by other things. "Can I go out and see the chickens?" I asked.

"As soon as you have finished your letter," said my mother.

I squirmed and sighed and complained that I didn't know what to put in the letter, and wrote and blotted and wept to have to do it over. And so passed the first evening.

Next morning, I breakfasted with my father at the kitchen table while my mother cleared the dining room and washed the dishes and collected her brooms, dustpan, and polish. My father invited me to come with him to feed the chickens, but I chose to go with my mother, who was going to "do" the drawing room. I liked the front part of the house.

We were alone in the drawing room. I went and stood in the bow window that looked over the lawn, through the row of damson trees at the rounded hills beyond. A great bowl of roses stood on a small inlaid table. I knelt to see my green-and-golden image elongated and monstrous-nosed in the copper bowl. "Don't touch those flowers," said my mother from the hearth, where she was kneeling to clean out the ashes. I tiptoed away across the carpet and stuck my face among the sweet peas and saw them and myself mirrored, pastel-colored and pretty, in the high polish of the piano top. "Leave the piano alone," said my mother, who was dusting the mantelpiece. I sat in Mrs. Willoughby's armchair, feeling my fingers across the patterned silk and scrolled wood, with my feet in the air so that my mother could sweep underneath me. I dreamed I was Mrs. Willoughby's youngest daughter. "Can I buzz the servants' bell?" I asked. My mother said I certainly could not and why didn't I go into the garden to find my father, but I said, "I want to come upstairs with you."

Upstairs, I stood by Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby's bedroom window and watched my father down below walking through the gate into the field. He was mobbed by chickens. The hysterical brown birds flapped so thickly about his feet that he had to pick his steps carefully, holding the bucket aloft and shooing them gently with his other hand.

"There he is," I said to my mother, who was making up the bed.

"Who?"

"Daddy."

My mother came and looked, and she smiled.

I said, "Why doesn't *he* ever get up when the bell rings?"

My mother said, "Because I always do . . . because I know what they want." Her face seemed to shrink up so that her eyes came to look out of all proportion large. Her lips turned a dark pink, with a rough surface as if they were sore. It was his fault. This was the way my mother had looked during the recurring crises of my father's illnesses, and they had always happened, it seemed to me, in the middle of the afternoons while my mother and I were having our coziest play together. My mother said, "We must have a talk."

I didn't want to talk. I knew whose side I was on, and I didn't want complications.

"I want you to know that I don't mind working. I like to move about and to work; I do really. And your father is not a strong man."

"He's not ill now," I said.

"Not so as to have to go away to the hospital, but he is not strong. There is something hurting him most of the time, and he's always afraid of getting ill again."

I said, "There's Mrs. Willoughby in her straw hat," but now my mother could not stop.

"I keep wondering if I'm doing wrong to take all the responsibility away from him, but I did let him do everything when you left Vienna with the children's transport. It was he who went to the Committee and the consulate and the emigration office and did everything, and I thought he seemed stronger than he'd been in years. Even after you had all gone inside the station and they wouldn't let us in, he wouldn't leave till the early morning, when they told us the train had left. But then we got home and he collapsed, you see, and it was too much for him. And then I start taking over, and when he gets better it still seems easier and quicker for me to do things. I get in the habit,

"—all's well!"

ON DECK

Midnight in the mid-Atlantic. On deck,
Wrapped up in themselves as in thick veiling
And mute as mannequins in a dress shop,
Some few passengers keep track
Of the old star map on the ceiling.
Tiny and far, a single ship

Lit like a two-tiered wedding cake
Carries its candles slowly off.
Now there is nothing much to look at.
Still nobody will move or speak—
The bingo players, the players at love
On a square no bigger than a carpet,

Are hustled over the crests and troughs,
Each stalled in his particular minute
And castled in it like a king.
Small drops spot their coats, their gloves;
They fly too fast to feel the wet.
Anything can happen where they are going.

The untidy lady revivalist,
For whom the good Lord provides (he gave
Her a pocketbook, a pearl hatpin,
And seven winter coats last August),
Prays under her breath that she may save
The art students in West Berlin.

The astrologer at her elbow (a Leo)
Picked his trip date by the stars.
He is gratified by the absence of icecakes.
He'll be rich in a year (and he should know),
Selling the Welsh and English mothers
Nativities at two and six.

And the white-haired jeweller from Denmark is carving
A perfectly faceted wife to wait
On him hand and foot, quiet as a diamond.
Moony balloons tied by a string
To their owners' wrists, the light dreams float
To be let loose at news of land.

—SYLVIA PLATH

• •

and I may be doing him a great wrong."

I watched Mrs. Willoughby with her basket and gardening shears walking among the rose beds.

"Do you think I am wrong telling you all this—but you will be gone soon, and then I will have no one to talk to again, and you are my friend, aren't you?"

I said, "Yes. Can I go upstairs now and read a book?"

"Lore," said my mother, "try and spend a little time with your father. He loves you very much."

But I did not want to hear about my father's love, which so outweighed my light return.

"Ask him to tell you a story."

"Not now," I said. I already knew my father's stories. They really were one story—an endless extension of a Kipling story detailing a fight between a mongoose and a snake, which had lasted throughout my childhood in Vienna. "Later," I said.

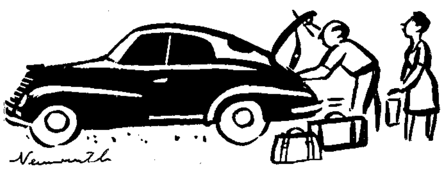
"Yes," said my mother. "You go up now and read. I'll call you down for lunch."

From the attic window I watched my father walking after Mrs. Willoughby, who had called him to put down his bucket and bring the basket full of cut roses and the gardening shears into the house behind her. I felt sorry for him because I did not like him enough. I thought it must be lonely for him outside the friendship that bound my mother and me. I practiced feeling how it would be to have something hurting all the time. I tried remembering the sensation of a stomach ache or a stubbed toe and then imagined it going on all day and the day after. Was *that* how my father went around feeling? I watched, that summer morning, and created a knowledge of my father's walking—circumspectly, his lips slightly parted and his eyes straight before him, concentrating every nerve to avoid a jolt in his own movements or a sudden change in direction, as if he were guarding some fragile moment of well-being against a return of nausea, another attack of weeping.

My father and Mrs. Willoughby disappeared under the veranda roof below me. I promised myself to be loving to my father in the afternoon and to ask him to tell me a story, but by lunchtime he had succumbed to an attack of weakness so profound it operated like a paralysis and he dragged himself up the stairs to bed.

My mother and I were left alone in the sunny kitchen. She was whistling, clearing the table, carrying dishes into the scullery sink. The scullery was full of sunlight. The taps flashed silver. The steam rose over the sinks like a bright mist in which my mother stood, and the Viennese song she whistled sounded so incomparably sweet and gay I stood in the doorway thinking that she really did not mind working.

Afterward, we sat at the table dreaming together; one day we would all be living together again in an apartment of our own. And then my father came back down; he was feeling better. Mrs. Willoughby rang for tea, and after that my mother started dinner.



Sunday was our Sunday off. My father wanted to show me Mellbridge, half an hour's bus ride away. By the time the three of us, in our Viennese best, came down the stairs, it had begun to drizzle.

"And it's a twenty-five-minute walk to the main road, where the bus stops," said my mother. "What do you think?"

My father waited till my mother reached a decision and answered herself.

"We have plenty of time to catch the 3:10, so we can take it easy," my mother said.

We felt ourselves in luck to have only a minute to wait for the bus and that the rain began to pour hard as soon as we were settled. We almost expected it to clear the moment we were to be set down at the bus stop in the center of town; however, it did not. The cinemas were closed on Sundays. My mother said we would walk up the High Street and see if there were any cafés where we might get a hot cup of coffee. The streets were deserted. It poured heavily and steadily. "They all stay at home," I said.

There was a little teashop open, just off the High Street. It was pretty inside. The tables had clean white cloths. A fire burned in the grate. It was quite empty. The waitress wore a black dress and white cap and apron. My mother smiled at her, but she looked sour and long-faced. They did not serve coffee, so we had an English tea of tea and scones and marmalade. We spoke English loudly while the waitress was near.

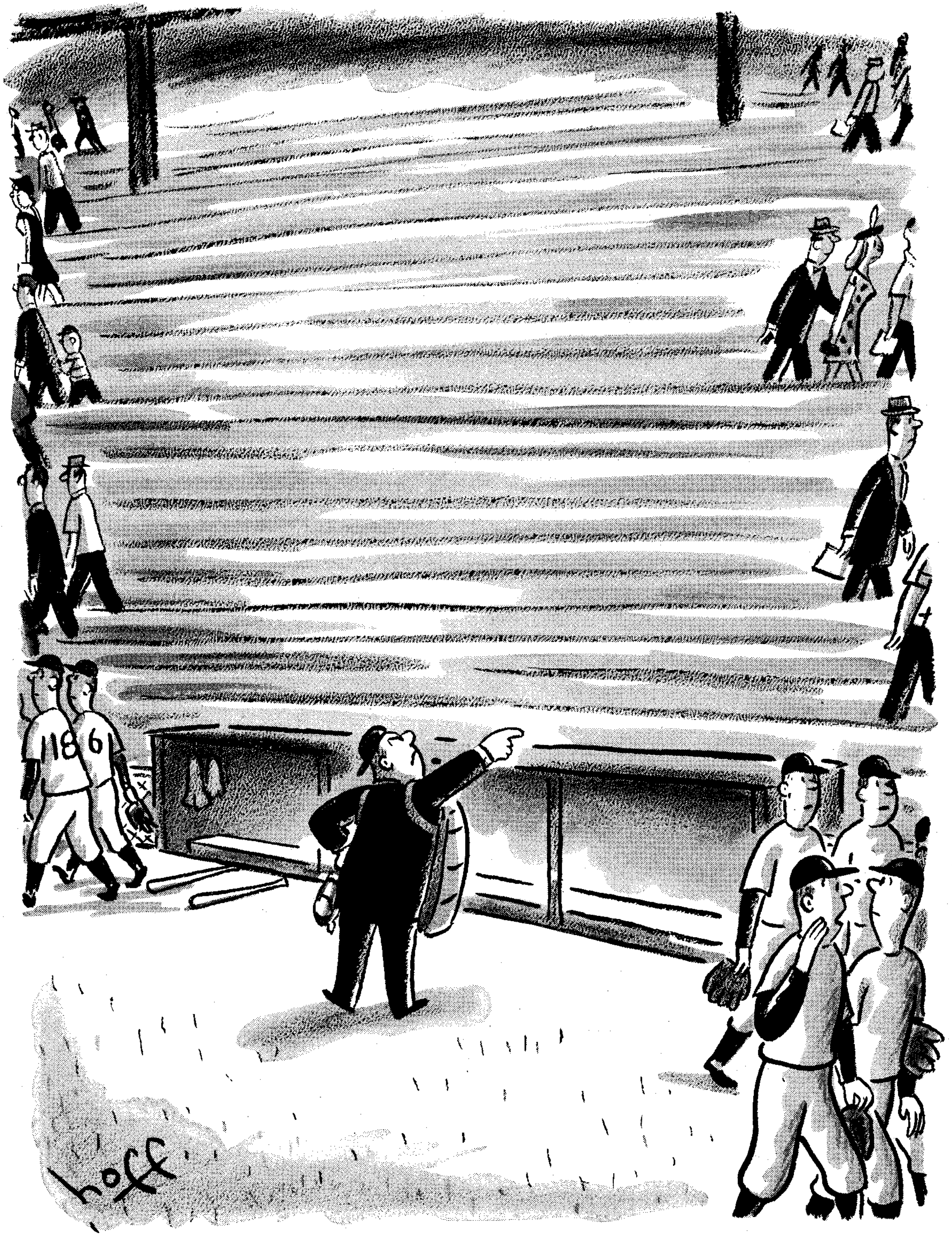
but when she had walked away we whispered in German. The waitress was looking genteelly into space.

My mother kept looking at her. "I think maybe she is not allowed to sit down while there are guests, do you think?" my mother said. We called for our check and got back into our damp coats and left.

"Let's stop in this doorway and think what to do. The next bus back is not till 5:40." My mother asked my father if his feet were wet. He said he couldn't tell. I said that I could tell mine were wet. "And there's the walk at the other end," said my mother. "I suppose a taxi would cost pounds. I know what we can do now. Let's start walking back to the bus stop. There's a waiting place there and it's covered, and we can sit down. We can play twenty questions. Are you tired, Igo?" she asked my father, who was walking along with his left foot dragging badly. He said he thought he was rather tired. "Well," said my mother, "it won't be long. You see, we are already here."

"Where?" my father and I said, looking around us.

"Why, right 'here,'" said my mother. "And soon we'll be 'there.'" She made little jokes all the way and kept looking at my father. I could tell that she was frightened.



"I've never seen him in this bad a mood."

Back at Illford House we went upstairs to our room. It was damp, and we got under the blankets. My father fell asleep almost at once. My mother and I pretended this was all fun. We whispered together—next year perhaps I might move to the South of England and be near my parents and we could spend all the free afternoons together. We wondered if there was a likelihood of finding another home for me as good as the one I had with the Levines in Liverpool.

Miss Joanne opened the curtains at the door. "Oh," she said, "I didn't know there was anyone here," and she stepped into the room and walked on through into the attic storeroom beyond. My father wakened and sat up. She stayed in the storeroom, scrabbling around, for half an hour. A couple of times she came through, carrying boxes. I watched her narrowly. I could not tell if she had noticed me.

On Monday came a letter from the Levines. It seemed that Uncle Reuben might be having to have another of his eye operations. Mrs. Levine was very upset and not feeling well at all, but she was happy, she said, that I was having such a happy time with my parents.

My mother made me write by return mail, with a special message to poor Uncle Reuben. "Don't mention anything about your leaving them," she said. "We can't bother them at such a time."

Another letter came at the end of the week. The crisis with Uncle Reuben's eyes had passed for the moment, but Mrs. Levine herself was still very poorly. She had a terrible pain in her side, and now her eldest daughter had a cold. She was glad to think of me happy with my parents. How happy they must be to have me near them.

Mrs. Levine wrote again the following Monday. A cousin of Mrs. Levine's was down with something very damaging, and Mrs. Levine, despite the pain in her side, went almost every day to nurse her. If my parents would like to have me stay with them longer, this would be all right with Mrs. Levine. Mrs. Levine was sure my parents must be very unhappy to have me living almost the other end of England. The Levines would always think of me with the greatest affection.

Now it came to us that I was not to return to Liverpool and that when my visit at Illford House ended on Thursday I had nowhere to live. My father began to cry. My mother took Mrs. Levine's letter in to Mrs. Willoughby. Mrs. Willoughby called the vicar, who gave her the address of a church ladies' committee in Mellbridge for the assistance of refugees from Europe. The next day the chairman of the committee called; she had found a home for me with a nice family called Hooper, in Mellbridge—if my parents did not mind my living with Christians? My parents did not mind. We kept saying wasn't it lucky and just what we had hoped for; everything was turning out for the best.

In September of that year, war was declared.

I now saw my parents regularly. Every second Sunday I went out to visit them, and every Thursday and every other Sunday they came to Mellbridge. One day we met Kari Gold, a very old friend of the family, walking jauntily down the High Street. We had supposed him lost, possibly dead. He and his wife were working right in Mellbridge, as a "married couple" for a doctor's family. Kari, a handsome, gregarious man, urged us to come over next Sunday.

Kari's wife Gerti was a hospitable woman and the kitchen was full of people. A newspaperman with whom Kari had worked as a sports reporter on a Vienna daily had come down from London. There was a young composer called Hans Frankel and his fiancée, who worked as a nursemaid in the Mellbridge area, and a Viennese attorney and his wife, who were also a "married couple." There was a pleasant haze of smoke and the smell of strong coffee that Gerti kept making all the afternoon.

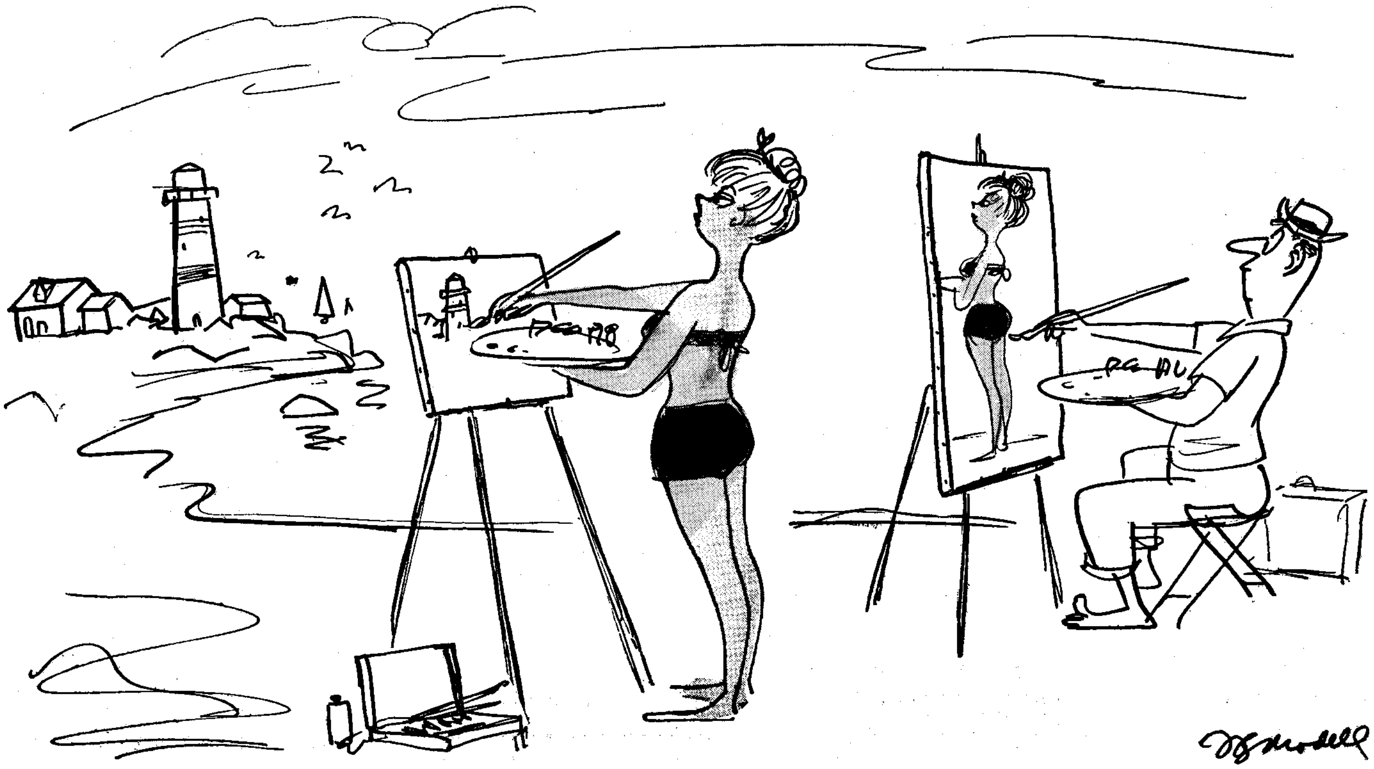
Once the door leading to the front of the house opened, and the doctor's wife stood stock-still to see her kitchen full of relaxed and jabbering foreigners. My eyes met hers for a second; she backed quietly away and closed the door. No one had seen her but me.

The women were sitting around the table talking, telling anecdotes of their preposterous "ladies." They spoke of their lost parents and relatives. There had been no mail since war had closed the frontiers. They cried. The men stood talking politics and discussing the progress of the war. They laughed at the agents who were calling on all the houses where there were "aliens of hostile origin" to find if they were friendly or spying aliens.

Later that year, my father was called before a tribunal, along with all male aliens over sixteen. Mr. Willoughby went with him and swore that my father was friendly, had no explosives, inflammable materials, maps scaled more than one inch to the mile, or vehicles. Then he drove my father home.

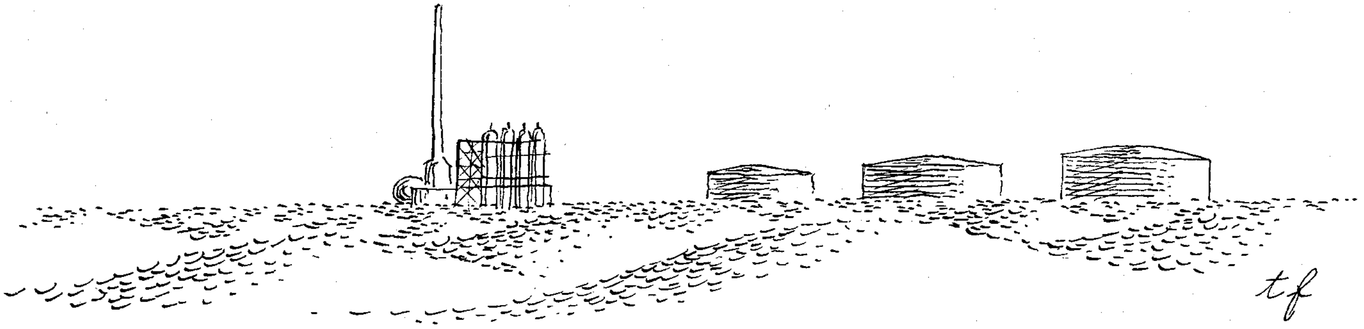
Later on, it turned out that every alien over sixteen, male or female, was an enemy. Specified areas within a certain mileage of the east and south coasts were designated "protected areas" and my parents had to leave the Willoughbys' within twenty-four hours. The Committee offered a shelter farther inland, in which my parents could stay while they looked for another job, and on the way there, they stopped off at Mellbridge for a few moments. I said goodbye to them at the front gate of my new home. My father was crying with a tiny whimpering sound; my mother's face had the familiar shrunken look and great sore eyes and lips. My father said he thought he felt ill, and she walked him away. I remember very well how their backs moved off down the road together—the large, heavy, stooping person of my father propelled by my small, plump mother, who had given him her arm and seemed at once to be holding him up and looking lovingly around into his face as if she were holding on to him.

—Lore Groszmann Segal



OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

KUWAIT



NOT long before the British granted the sheikdom of Kuwait its independence and Iraq began threatening—not very belligerently but persistently—to take its independence away, I spent quite a while there, and it seemed to me that the little country's curious ancient-modern character was most strikingly evoked by a kind of ancient-modern ritual—a ritual that has been acted out every few months for the last eight or ten years. On a stifling afternoon, perhaps, long columns of Cadillacs and Chrysler Imperials speed through the gravelly wasteland to converge on Kuwait's desert airport, where, within sight of the Persian Gulf, they draw up on the edge of the tarmac. The first persons to step from each car are a couple of Negro bodyguards, carrying Mausers and curved Oman daggers, and draped with cartridge-studded double bandoleers. Then, from the curtained recess in the rear of each limousine, there emerges one of the several hundred male members (nobody knows exactly how many there are) of the as-Sabah family, a onetime nomadic clan that owns the most productive oil field in the world. These are the sheiks of Kuwait, and even if there weren't so many of them, it would be hard to tell them apart, what with their close-clipped chin tufts, dark glasses, ample stomachs, gold-embroidered Arab cloaks, and white headdresses, known as kaffiyehs. Each sheik alights to a blare of martial music from a red-uniformed band, standing in formation near the airfield. He gives a careless half salute and begins conferring in whispers with other members of his tribe.

The sheiks are only the most conspicuous members of a band of notable Kuwaitis and foreigners who gather at the airport for these occasions. Everyone is infected by the general air of expectancy. Red-turbaned mullahs, or Moslem church dignitaries, dart from one sheik to another like committeewomen at a church social. Bemedalled Army and police officers fidget with their swagger sticks; the bodyguards finger their rifles nervously. Overdressed Western oil executives mop their brows and count the minutes. The only impassive group on hand is a phalanx of Japanese businessmen. All thoughts are on the man who is about to return to Kuwait from one of his long trips abroad. What will his mood be? Will he give his approval to what the Sheiks' Council—the country's eleven-man governing body—has done in his absence? Has some new oil deal been suggested to him? How is his heart?

The object of all this speculation is His Highness Sheik Sir Abdullah as-Salim as-Sabah, G.C.M.G., K.C.M.G., C.I.E., the ruler of Kuwait, who, as the recipient of an annual oil income that sometimes runs as high as four hundred million dollars, is the richest head of state on earth. Someone spots a white Super Viscount approaching the field, and the tension rises. As soon as the plane comes to a stop on the tarmac, the door is flung open and the sixty-six-year-old tribal patriarch begins a painstaking descent of the ramp. He is a short, rotund figure swathed in flowing brown-and-white Arab dress, and between the folds of his kaffiyeh can be seen a pudgy, florid, slightly mottled face with bushy eyebrows and a wispy silver goatee. This is the monarch who once forbade an emissary of Her Britannic Majesty to speak more than three minutes in his praise, the only orthodox Moslem ruler in modern times who has (for his own unfathomable reasons) committed to memory entire verses of the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer in Arabic. The Sheik of Kuwait is one of the few leaders anywhere, at any time, to whom friends and enemies apply such adjectives as "saintlike" and "shrewd" with equal justice.

Before proceeding to his waiting limousine, the old man stops with evident reluctance at the foot of the ramp. White kaffiyehs swirl around him as members of the family vie to be among the first to greet him. The costly incense-laden robes of the younger sheiks contrast sharply with the ruler's simple brown wool cloak. Brothers, half brothers, sons, uncles, and nephews kiss the sovereign on his face. More distant relatives must make do with pressing their lips to his shoulder. Commoners grab for his well-manicured hand and kiss it greedily. The American consul mumbles a few words of greeting in Arabic. A Texan, the man who runs Kuwait's oil fields, pumps the ruler's hand convulsively. A Japanese oilman bows nearly to the ground. Except for an occasional withdrawal of his hand, the ruler of Kuwait stands motionless and seemingly unaware of the devotion being lavished upon him. His mournful brown eyes rarely focus on the crush. No sound leaves his lips. His face is a mask. Abdullah as-Salim is not being rude—just realistic. He deplores protocol and harbors few illusions about the motives of the milling concourse that has come to welcome him home. The ritual performances that he must endure have been multiplied by his great wealth to the point where they now fill many of his waking hours, and his abhorrence of them has intensified correspondingly. His kinsmen have built ornate palaces on three continents, but Abdullah as-Salim has been content with the unpretentious one he has long occupied at home, and it has remained almost unchanged since the days when the sheikdom was an unknown backwater.

AT the time Abdullah as-Salim became ruler of Kuwait—eleven years ago, and four years after oil was discovered in this previously worthless patch of desert, which is about the size of Connecticut—the sheikdom's capital

"Let us drink, gentlemen, to that never-to-be-forgotten moment in history, the shining victory of General Pierre Gustave Toutant de Beauregard over the forces of tyranny at the Battle of Bull Run."

• •

and only city, a seaport also bearing the name of Kuwait, was a depressing cluster of mud houses roofed with palm fronds. It was surrounded by barren, stony terrain inhabited only by a few Bedouins, camels, and goats, and it was without running water, electricity, street lamps, paved roads, a sewage-disposal system, or schools. A donkey was a luxury. Kuwaiti pearl divers, who could look forward to a working life of about seven years before diving proved too debilitating for them, regularly put out from the capital into the upper waters of the Persian Gulf, willingly crippling their bodies for the equivalent of a few cents a day. They and a waterfront fraternity of skilled dhow builders—master craftsmen who, working without blueprints or machinery, fashioned Indian teak into baggalas and sambuks, the sailing vessels in which Kuwaiti seafarers roamed the Indian Ocean—accounted for practically all of Kuwait's commercial life. But neither the pearl divers nor the dhow builders benefited from their labors, for they were quasi-serfs, bound to their employers by generations of debt. In the summer, the whole torrid sheikdom of Kuwait was so unbearable that even the locusts kept their distance.

While the locusts, being unable to share the blessings of air-conditioning, which many Kuwaitis now enjoy, may still shun the sheikdom in hot weather, they are about the only living things in the region whose habits have not changed during the regime of Abdullah as-Salim. Over the past decade, this little principality—fifty-eight hundred square miles, bordered on the north by Iraq, on the west by Saudi Arabia (a hundred and seventy-two thousand square miles and eight hundred and seventy thousand, respectively), on the south by a sliver of territory called the Kuwait-Saudi Arabia Neutral Zone, and on the east by the Persian Gulf—has become, in its peculiarly sheikly way, the most comprehensive welfare state on earth. Since 1946, when its first wells went into production, its output of oil has increased seventy times, and although Abdullah as-Salim has been generous with his relatives, he has also been spending proportionately larger sums for public welfare—in the last couple of years almost seventy-five per cent of his total oil revenue. Medical care has been socialized, and more than a hundred school buildings have been put up or are under construction, to provide free education for all the children in Kuwait. The capital's most squalid bazaar district is being progressively renovated; a number of sleek modernistic green-and-white public latrines are already in place as the first and most urgently needed step. Several modern office buildings are being erected on Sheik Fahad Street, the city's main thoroughfare, and, by official decree, not one is less than four stories high; a few years ago there wasn't a building of more than two stories anywhere in the realm. Three public cinemas, the first in the sheikdom, have been opened—great, hulking structures, each with its own café and restaurant. Sewers have been dug and water mains laid. More important, a supply of fresh water has been provided to feed into the mains. The sheikdom's only natural sources of fresh water are foully brackish, and for centuries the only potable water to be had was imported from Iraq, first down a river by dhow and then, in goatskin bags, on the backs of water bearers. The government has now built the world's largest sea-water-distillation plant, and at the moment this is being enlarged in order to furnish the public with six million gallons of drinking water daily. One possibly fanciful foreigner has estimated that it would cost less to import the same quantity of the best English gin.

An indication of Kuwait's present

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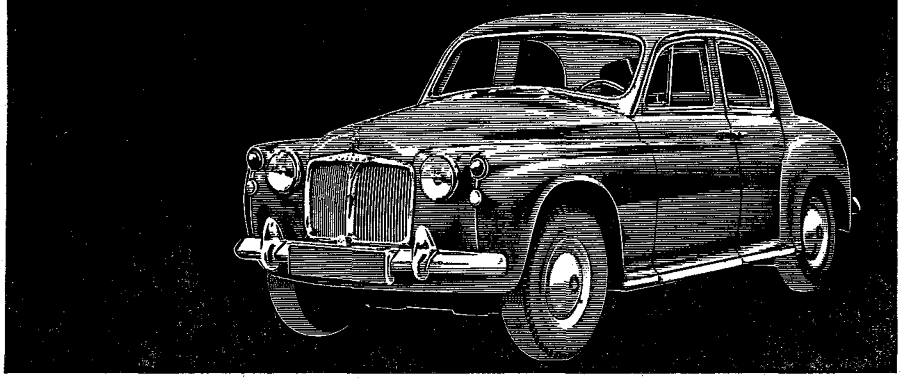

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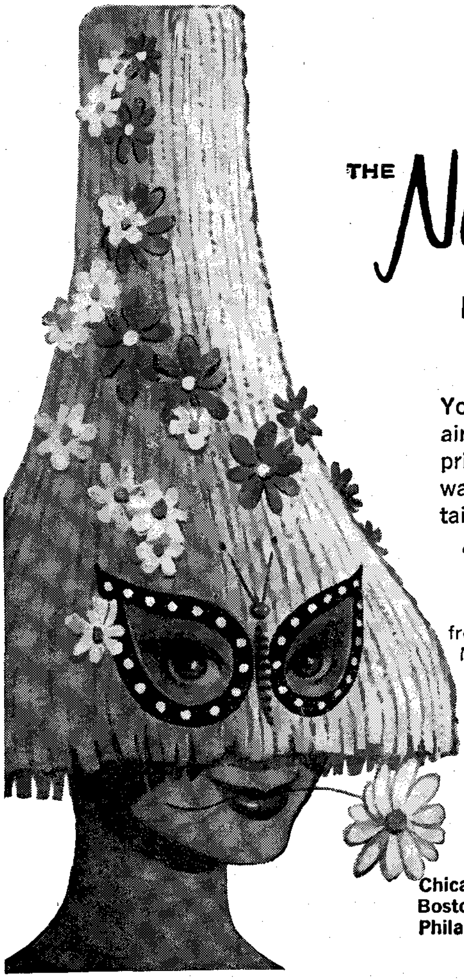

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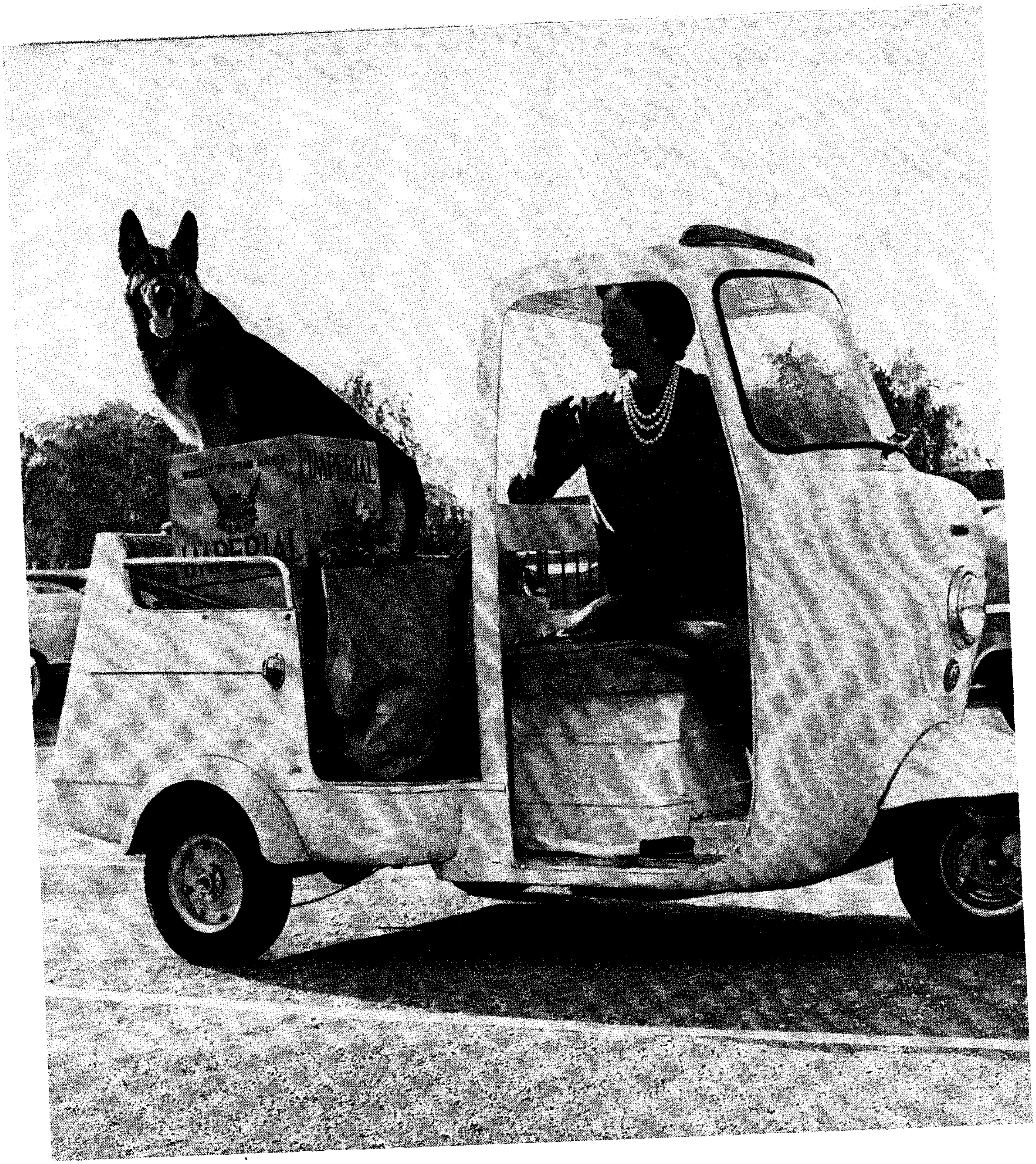
prosperity is etched against the desert sky by television aerials, a number of which are beginning to protrude expectantly from nomad tents in readiness for the day when a promised state-run television station begins operating. The per-capita income of Kuwait's hundred thousand native-born inhabitants (a minority, since there are a hundred and thirty thousand foreigners living in the sheikdom, most of them laborers from nearby Arab countries) is higher than that of any other people on the globe today—more than three thousand dollars a year, compared to a little over two thousand in the continental United States, which ranks second. Actually, of course, the lordly share of the national income that Abdullah as-Salim appropriates for himself and doles out to his kinsmen makes such a comparison lopsided, for only a few Kuwaitis who are not related to the sheik have an income of anything like three thousand dollars a year; indeed, many of them are still poor, by Western standards, although none are beggars. Still, the money is there; Abdullah as-Salim's civic-improvement program has been spreading much of it around; and, in ever-increasing numbers, Kuwaitis outside the royal circle are going after and getting some of it, with such success that they have already created a class of citizens new to this country—that of merchant millionaires.

Of some six hundred pearling ships that used to put out from Kuwait's harbor every summer, only a handful remain, and the ways of the dhow builders lie empty. Pearl divers and dhow builders alike have turned their backs on the sea to find jobs in the oil fields or to join the ranks of the merchants. The donkey is no longer a symbol of riches to the average Kuwaiti, who now, as likely as not, is either driving a car of his own or hopes to be able to do so in the near future; at present there are about fifty thousand privately owned automobiles in the country—an indication of almost incredible material gain, even after allowance is made for the substantial fleets in the garages of the sheiks. In the desert not far from the capital, the city's ancient camel *suq*, or market, has been supplanted by an automobile *suq*, where models of every make are auctioned off in an atmosphere of frenzy. All over Kuwait, indeed, the turnover is so brisk that most of the local car dealers have no need to maintain showrooms. Purchasers insist on hopping right in and driving off at once with the most extravagant tail fins and the brightest chrome to be had. Car registration is a neglected formality. The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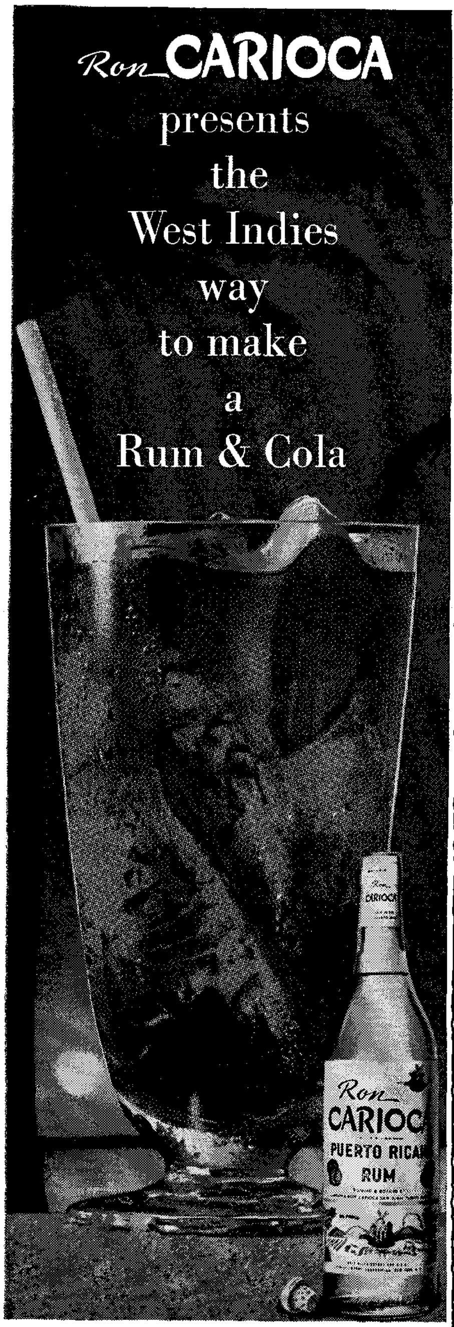

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Kuwaiti Bedouin regards a DeSoto convertible as a suitable adornment to his tent or packing-case shanty. As it happens, such modest dwellings are not necessarily a sign of poverty; more often they reflect the deep-seated Arab instinct for trade, which leads some Kuwaitis to prefer to dwell in their traditional surroundings while they accumulate a fortune by speculating, as often as not in the real-estate market.

Something of a prevailing American view—that the more elaborate a school's setting, the better the schooling—seems to have rubbed off on Abdullah as-Salim. One secondary school, in the suburb of Shuwaikh, where thirteen hundred and fifty boys, from seventeen Arab countries, are now enrolled, boasts a campus that few American universities can equal—complete with four sports stadiums, separate dormitories for living and study, sixty thousand ornamental acacia and eucalyptus trees (burgeoning where not even a weed grew before), and a yacht club, which is equipped with an open-air dance floor for use when, or if, the ruler decides to permit mixed dancing. The Shuwaikh school will become the University of Kuwait as soon as the country's present educational facilities produce enough secondary-school graduates to make up a freshman class. This should not be long, for the school system as a whole—primary and secondary—now serves more than forty thousand pupils. (Each pupil is entitled to a free lunch, and all forty thousand of these meals are prepared in a cavernous central kitchen, where the ovens are heated by natural gas from the oil wells in the desert.) For the present, the government is encouraging its more promising high-school graduates to attend universities of their choice anywhere in the world—except within the Communist orbit—by offering to provide as much as two hundred and fifty dollars a month toward the costs. About four hundred and fifty Kuwaiti boys and—an innovation for this Moslem country—about twenty Kuwaiti girls are now studying abroad at government expense.

When these young scholars return to Kuwait, they are apt to be dissatisfied with the country's educational pace—impressive as it may seem to an outsider. "It's a pity that our ruling family is actually one of the least educated families in the country," one Kuwaiti graduate of an American college told me. "None of the sheiks have ever finished secondary school, let alone gone on to a university. But it helps that, thanks to their travels abroad, the younger sheiks have become painfully aware of their educational deficiencies. And,

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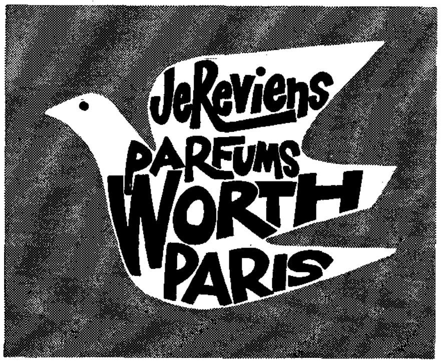

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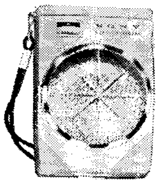

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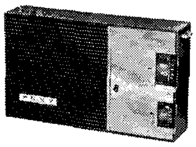

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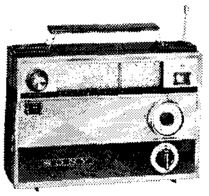

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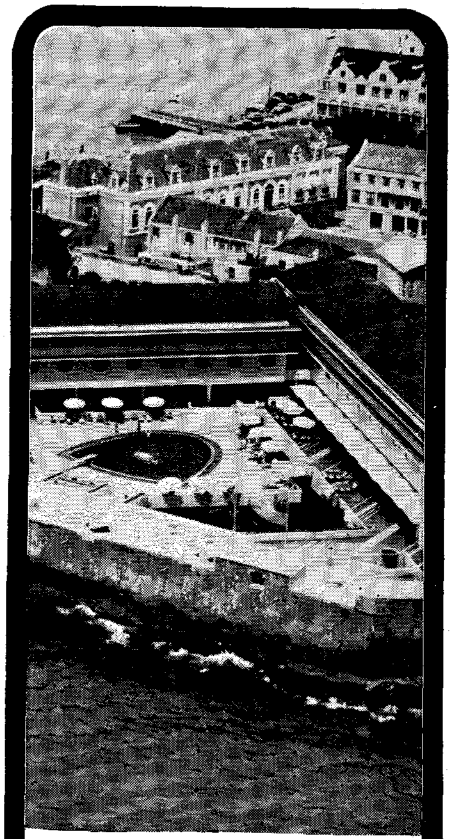

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happily, Abdullah as-Salim, an avid reader of Arabic literature and history, has overruled various members of his family who think Kuwait is spending too much money on education. The important thing is that people here are open to change and eager for it. For example, not long ago my seventy-year-old mother, who had counted the hours by Arab sun time all her life, began using the Western method of telling time."

Even Kuwait's socialized medicine reflects the boom atmosphere. New hospitals are no sooner opened, staffed with the best Arab doctors that money can buy, and outfitted with the very latest in expensive medical equipment than they are overflowing with patients—and not always with the patients who need their facilities most. A foreign resident of the capital who has observed these developments closely is Dr. Louis Skudder, Jr., the Indian-born son of a family of American medical missionaries. He arrived in Kuwait in 1939, when the only hospital in the country was a small one run by an American mission, and he has treated a broad cross-section of the people, from the humblest water carrier right up to Abdullah as-Salim himself. "Kuwaitis never used to come near the hospital unless they were on the point of death," Dr. Skudder says. "If they pulled through, they'd usually pay me in old rugs, bags of dates, and real gratitude. That was what meant most to me. But everything is different now. Today, they come with a cold or a sore throat, and insist on occupying a private room with bath. When we built our first mission hospital, we thought two private rooms would be ample. Now many of our beds are unused because a wealthy Kuwaiti will insist on taking a whole ward for himself."

UNTIL the middle of the eighteenth century, Kuwait (the name means "little fort") was no more than a tiny, isolated fishing village, whose allegiance, if any, was to the Ottoman Sultan, in Constantinople. Its emergence from the obscurity of the ages occurred at about the time of the American Revolution, when the British East India Company chose it as the site of the terminal of an overland mail route to the Mediterranean, thereby establishing a relationship between Kuwait and England that, while it has often been tenuous, has survived to this day. Some two generations before the East India Company moved in, the founders of the as-Sabah dynasty had quietly started pitching their tents and grazing their camels on the desert outside the village, in a region roughly correspond-

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ing to the present sheikdom of Kuwait. These nomads, like some other ruling families of the contemporary Arab world, had spent many decades wandering through the interior fastnesses of the Arabian peninsula before they settled down in their adopted homeland, and since they were peaceful—indeed, were rarely seen—neither the fishermen nor the British at the mail terminal had any objection to their being there. In time, though, the as-Sabahs imposed their own form of local government on the country. They made no attempt to get rid of the British.

Throughout the nineteenth century, the as-Sabah family itself owed more or less nominal allegiance to the Ottoman Sultan, but the British kept men-of-war patrolling Kuwait Bay to protect their mail pouches against freebooters, for whom the Persian Gulf was a paradise. In 1899, an agreement was reached whereby the reigning Sheik of Kuwait, in exchange for British protection against his Ottoman overlord, promised never to cede or lease any portion of his territory to any nation but Britain. For the next two decades, until the end of the First World War, Kuwait had an odd political status. In theory—Ottoman theory, anyway—it was part of the Ottoman Empire. In practice, it was a British protectorate, with Britain guaranteeing its defense and handling its foreign affairs. After the collapse of the Ottoman Empire, in 1918, Kuwait became a British protectorate in theory and practice, and so it remained until June 19th of this year, when the British, riding the current wave of anti-imperialism, formally pulled out.

The hoary agreement of 1899 was the sole legal basis for Britain's imperial position in Kuwait and for the assertion, often heard before June 19th, that while there were no British troops in the country, Britain would swiftly send some if the sheikdom should be endangered by aggression from without or subversion from within. (As it happened, of course, Britain did sign a treaty just after June 19th to help Kuwait defend herself, and, as I write, British Marine commandos are sweltering in Kuwait, just in case Iraq makes a move.) If, during Kuwait's unproductive years, the British ever had any doubts as to the wisdom of being associated with the sheikdom, they must have subsided in time—at least in business quarters. The old bond between the two countries entitled British prospectors to priority in the Kuwait desert, and after they struck oil there, British interests dominated the oil fields. With

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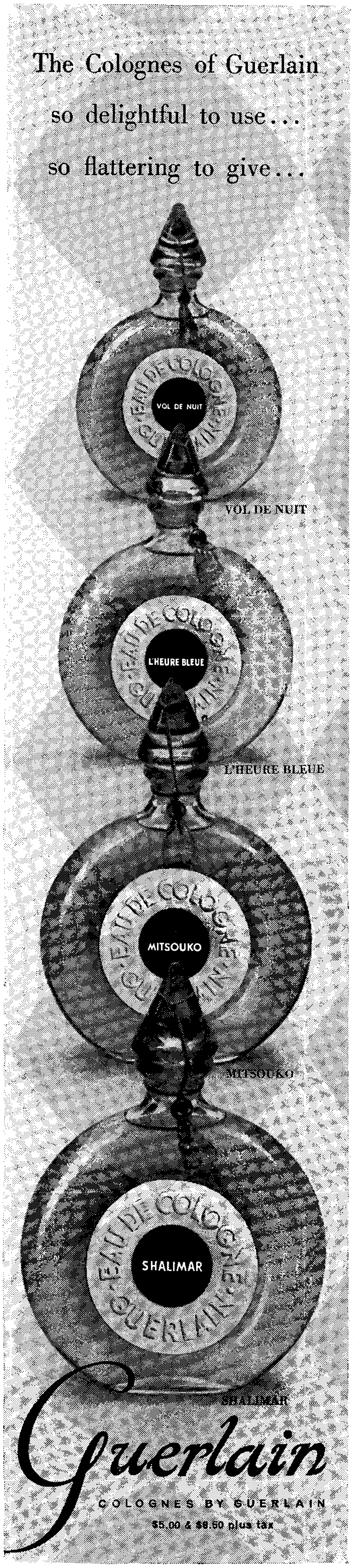

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fifty-per-cent American backing, the British organized the Kuwait Oil Company, and contracted to split its profits with the sheik. (The company's hegemony does not extend to the Kuwait-Saudi Arabia Neutral Zone, where oilmen of several nationalities, including Japanese, have been drilling, with the blessing of the Kuwaitis and the Saudi Arabians.) Kuwait now supplies forty per cent of Britain's total crude-oil imports, as well as all the needs of a score of less economically powerful countries in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Because Abdullah as-Salim has adopted a policy of investing a third of his revenue abroad, some of it in other Arab countries but most of it in Europe, his sheikdom has become a bulwark of the London Stock Exchange. The Kuwait oil strike was no flash in the pan; at the present rate of production—six hundred and fifty million barrels a year—the country's known reserves will last more than a century.

Kuwaiti businessmen are being encouraged to put money into the recently organized Kuwait Tanker Company, which represents the first local investment in the oil industry. Lately, efforts have been made to broaden the base of Kuwait's economy by developing other domestic industries—a sand-lime-brick mill, a pre-cast-concrete factory, fourteen soft-drink plants, and a cinema company, which runs the capital's three theatres. But despite such examples of productive investment, most Kuwaitis with capital to invest at home put it into real estate. Their reluctance to branch out is understandable, for industry in Kuwait is hampered by the circumstance that everything except oil must be imported—even filter sand for swimming pools (from Britain). The simplest meal in the Kuwaiti Army mess is the product of several continents and months of logistic maneuvering. Two American-style supermarkets in the capital sell Australian beef, Danish butter, German caviar, Swiss chocolate, Norwegian cheese, American coffee, English tea, French mineral water, Lebanese oranges (wrapped in cellophane), Egyptian eggplant, Syrian carrots, Iraqi dates, Jordanian beans, Iranian lettuce, and Bahrein newspapers.

Newly rich Kuwaitis rarely order homes built these days without specifying that the plans must include Hollywood-style swimming pools and indoor cinemas. The idea is to measure up to the standard set by the sheiks' palaces, but even the most prosperous of the parvenus can hardly hope to create another Mishraf, the dwelling of Sheik Abdullah al-Mubarak as-Sabah, who is an uncle of Abdullah as-Salim's and the former boss of Kuwait's Army and police. Built on a slight rise just outside the capital, Mishraf has faithfully superimposed its master's personality upon the best efforts of a German designer. Guards at the main entrance sprawl in Empire chairs, their muskets resting on inlaid occasional tables. The huge dining hall, illuminated by five exquisite crystal chandeliers, can accommodate two hundred and ten guests at a ponderous marble table imported from Germany. Just outside the dining hall is a long row of gleaming white washbasins, topped by a wall mirror, for the convenience of Arab diners who prefer fingers to forks. To the right of the basins are doors leading to Abdullah al-Mubarak's private theatre—a precise replica of Le Théâtre Louis XV at Versailles, with reclining red plush seats for men and a separate balcony for ladies. Those who don't care to attend a performance in person may watch it over the palace's closed-circuit television hookup. Abdullah al-Mubarak has a television set in his oak-panelled office on which he can observe arrivals at the palace entrance. The residence of Bader al-Mulla, Kuwait's twenty-three-year-old Secretary of State, offers refinements of another sort. Filled with the latest American "video furniture" and festooned with night-club photographs commemorating the Secretary's forays into Hollywood and Las Vegas, it is a kind of rock-'n'-roll-era palace. On the wall over a photoelectrically operated, spigotless washstand in the guests' lavatory are pasted a number of prankish men's-room signs, in English. While mixing a visitor a dry Martini in his darkened, New York-style bar, Bader al-Mulla (whose duties in his hereditary job were, of course, not overly taxing under the protectorate) sighs for the delights of America.

TO a Westerner, political life in Kuwait seems the most obviously laggard phase of the principality's program of overnight modernization. The state is a Socialist-style welfare society run on eighth-century tribal lines. It is governed by the Sheiks' Council, and the Council is governed by Abdullah as-Salim. Members of the ruling house head every government department. The sheiks' sway is personal, patriarchal, and conservative, though not necessarily reactionary or despotic. Several half-hearted experiments with advisory councils elected by limited franchise have

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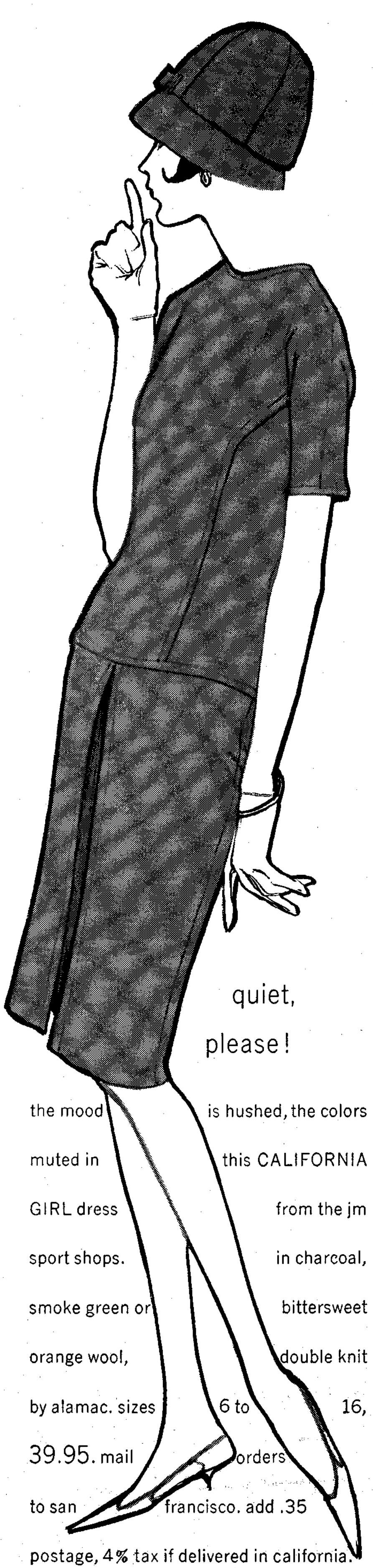
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been made since the war, but they have all proved abortive, largely because the sheiks have been afraid of losing their unchallenged authority. Consequently, Kuwait has no parliament, no elected council of any sort, no organized political parties. Indeed, Kuwaitis have no political rights—or even legal rights. The country's archaic judicial system, based on ancient Moslem law, provides almost no safeguards for any ordinary Kuwaiti or foreigner in the sheikdom. Such principles as equality before the law and security of person and property are not recognized by the courts, and the fact that violations of these principles occur less frequently than they once did is not likely to be much compensation for the feeling of insecurity experienced by an educated people who are subject to government by caprice. For example, a Kuwaiti oilworker who is sufficiently skilled to put in an eight-hour day applying modern cathodic protection to a pipeline may be thrashed with bamboo staves if on his way home his donkey collides with a sheik's Cadillac. Or a Kuwaiti Army private, who at a wage of a hundred and twenty dollars a month prides himself on being one of the best-paid foot soldiers in the world, can be flogged into unconsciousness for a careless glance at a sheik's wife. And anyone who lands in jail, whether for good reason or bad, may languish there indefinitely unless he has an influential friend.

Now, however, reforms are being put into effect that offer hope of at least elementary protection against disregard of individual rights. An Egyptian legal expert, commissioned by Abdullah as-Salim, has drawn up a penal code for Kuwait modelled partly on legislation in the more Westernized Arab countries and partly on the Indian code. If this is adopted—and the indications are that Abdullah as-Salim is well disposed toward it—such penalties as the cutting off of a hand or foot, prescribed by Moslem law but long ignored in Kuwait, will be formally done away with. The Egyptian authority has also prepared a code of criminal procedure for Kuwait and is working on commercial and maritime legislation, all with the object of transforming the country's religious courts into modern tribunals. When I was in Kuwait, jurisdiction over Westerners and other non-Moslems was being progressively transferred from a British court, presided over by Her Majesty's Political Agent, to local Kuwaiti courts; since February, 1960, traffic, labor, maritime, and residence legislation, previously the province of the British judges, has been administered exclusively by

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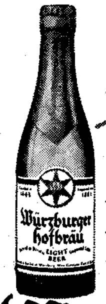

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Kuwaiti tribunals. This was a major step forward for Kuwait. In fact, it made Kuwait the first Persian Gulf sheikdom to exercise legal jurisdiction over Westerners. The problem has been to draft Kuwaiti laws fast enough to replace the Orders in Council applied by the British court.

A nationality law that was recently drafted by the Sheiks' Council does not, unfortunately, have a very liberal ring. It stipulates that just fifty persons a year may be granted Kuwaiti citizenship, provided they have committed no "dishonorable crime" and are approved by a special commission of bureaucrats. This means that Kuwait's foreigners—a majority of the country's population—continue to have no permanent stake in the sheikdom and no feeling of allegiance to its ruler. Iraqis, Iranians, Indians, Pakistanis, Baluchis, Omanis, Palestinians, Saudis, Syrians, and Egyptians resident in Kuwait continue to regard themselves as second-class citizens, with a tendency to behave accordingly. The British had pleaded for a liberalized naturalization law, but, on the advice of Kuwaiti merchants, who fear competition more than sedition, Abdullah as-Salim rejected it.

Kuwait would be a complete political vacuum if it were not for a number of clubs organized under various innocuous pretexts by groups of discontented young men with nationalist and reformist views. Even these have been banned for the last two years, but if their members no longer publish newspapers, as they used to, they were still gathering up to a few months ago in well-lit rooms around town, where they advocated Kuwaiti sovereignty and complained of police surveillance without appearing to dread it. Something less dramatic, and perhaps more insidious, than fear of the police was afflicting the clubs when I was in Kuwait, and that was the growing indifference of their members. I talked with one young scientist, who then belonged—and probably still belongs—to a club that met at night in a room furnished with floor mats and cushions in the traditional Arab style. Here the members brewed endless cups of bitter Arab coffee on a low charcoal brazier, and castigated the sheiks and their profligacy. But the flame of revolt flickered low when, after a meeting broke up, each angry young man set out for home in his Buick Roadmaster or Lincoln Continental. To make matters worse, the ranks of the rebels were constantly being thinned by desertion to the ranks of Kuwait's millionaire merchants. The scientists respected the merchants, point-

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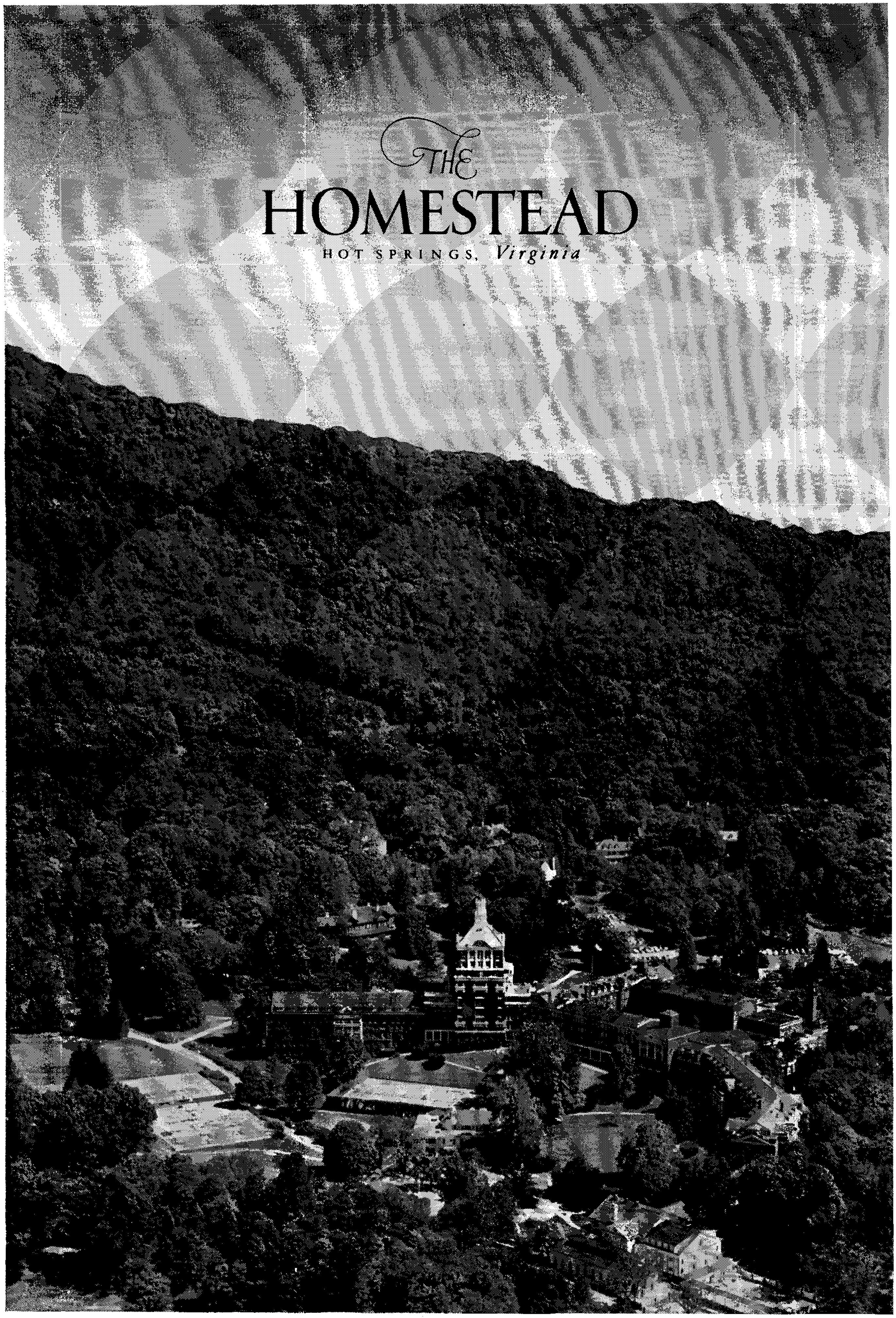
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ing out that "they have not made themselves a class apart from the people," but he was saddened to see his fellow club members drop out. "The attrition of affluence poses the gravest threat to our nationalist reform movement," he told me. "In Kuwait, as elsewhere in the world, it is difficult to be both angry and opulent."

The clubs, and their newspapers, had been officially dissolved on February 22, 1959, the day after a mob celebration of the first anniversary of the United Arab Republic, during which a few cries of "Down with the as-Sabah family!" were heard. While the clubs were outlawed on a charge of having incited these outbursts, the general feeling was that this was merely a handy excuse, and that Abdullah as-Salim's real objection to them was that they were making increasingly vitriolic attacks on Communism and, specifically, on General Abdul Karim Kassem, the Premier of Iraq. Abdullah as-Salim was eager not to provoke Kassem, for he and the other sheiks had long feared an invasion by Iraq (the Iraqis have traditionally claimed that Kuwait belongs to Iraq, the claim being based on the fact that under the Ottomans the sheikdom was part of the Iraqi province of Basra), and in recent times political freedom in Kuwait has fluctuated in inverse proportion to the rise of the sheiks' blood pressure as they pondered the chances of such a disaster. At the moment, presumably, blood pressure is high and freedom low.

If the young intellectuals I met in Kuwait had no use for Kassem, they idolized Gamal Abdel Nasser, the unchallenged idol of nationalist youth throughout the Persian Gulf. In the eyes of these young men, Nasser's defiance of the West put an end to an era of Arab subservience to foreigners. By the time I reached Kuwait, this emotional allegiance had had to survive a degree of disenchantment resulting from Nasser's faltering progress toward unifying the Arab world, his failure to liberalize his own regime, and the excesses of his propaganda machine. Even so, criticizing him publicly in Kuwait was unthinkable. Kuwaiti merchants, who in every other respect are as politically neutral as Zurich bankers, had his picture on the walls of their shops; it was good business, being, for one thing, the best and cheapest kind of riot insurance. As for Nasser, he has for a long time refrained from stirring up trouble in Kuwait. A few years ago, in fact, Cairo issued what appeared to be strict orders to its citizens in Kuwait—there are some fifteen hundred of them in all, including

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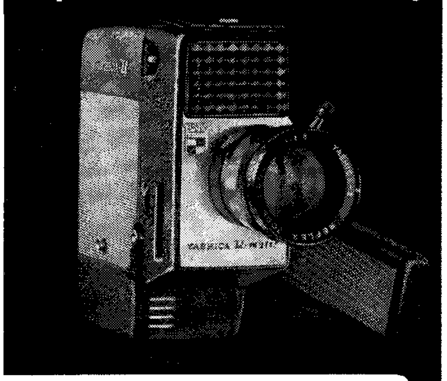

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many doctors and teachers—to avoid meddling in local politics, and the orders have probably been obeyed, for, whatever their political sympathies, these Egyptian specialists, who draw generous salaries from the Kuwaiti government, are not eager to risk losing their jobs and being sent back to the penury of the home bureaucracy.

When I was in Kuwait, the sheiks and, on the whole, the merchants had no perceptible desire to change the order of things. They had misgivings about assuming the responsibilities of full independence—misgivings that were, of course, quickly justified when, just a few days after the British relinquished their last powers of control, Iraq forced Kuwait into the most menacing crisis in its history. Abdullah as-Salim and his supporters distrusted all their Arab neighbors and had no interest in joining the Arab League. Their policy was to maintain correct relations with all Arab countries, to preserve strict neutrality, and to placate Egypt, Iraq, and the rest of their poorer but more powerful neighbors by making judicious investments in those countries, with the promise of more to come. The idea, or so it seemed, was to make Kuwait the Switzerland of the Middle East—affluent, aloof, and amiable to all who can pay their way. Typical of the new Kuwaiti commercial aristocracy is Khalifa Khaled al-Ghunaim, deputy president of the Kuwait Tanker Company, vice-chairman of the Kuwait National Bank, and agent for several dozen large Western firms. A few months ago, sipping a Scotch-and-soda and speaking English with a cultivated American accent, al-Ghunaim casually told me about his latest business trip to New York, and then, turning to the situation at home, said, "We want to be friends with everyone. We're willing to help finance Arab development, provided it's a sound investment and not mixed up with some political scheme." At that moment, Kuwait seemed to be the fortunate multimillionaire who casts a small political shadow. At this moment, Kuwait seems to be a multimillionaire who can retain the millions only with outside help—from Britain, or the Arab League, or the United Nations, or all three. A multimillionaire who casts a long political shadow indeed.

—WELLES HANGEN

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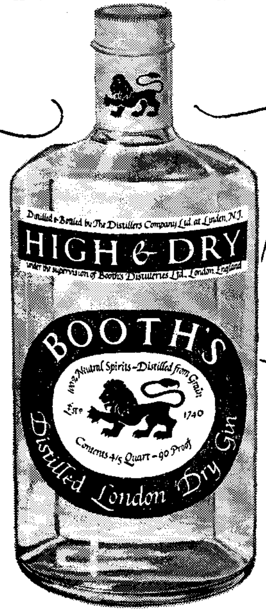
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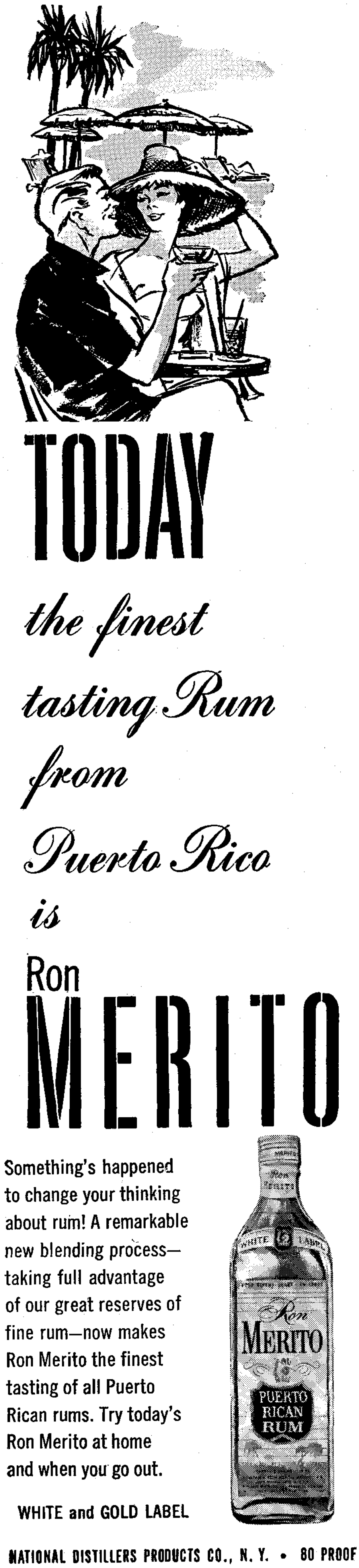

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Family Matters

INGMAR BERGMAN'S "Secrets of Women" is a very pleasant picture indeed. The great man wrote and directed it back in 1952, which makes it a historically important specimen of early, uncelebrated Bergman, and all the more interesting on that account. A study in comic terms of the hidden spring guns of marriage and of how they go off at unexpected moments to wound hunter and hunted alike, it reflects a modesty of intention and execution that has probably lost its attraction for Mr. Bergman. (I suspect him of being one of those puritanical artists who feel ashamed of succeeding at tasks that haven't pushed them to the limit.) Today, he would no doubt discover and exploit in the domestic situations he devised for "Secrets of Women" innumerable subtle overtones of irony that ur-Bergman scarcely glances at; this would make the picture a lot more ambitious but, almost certainly, less charming, and I'm perfectly content with it as it is. The one note repeatedly struck in it—that, because we are human beings, we behave like human beings even when we know better—is a rueful truth well worth having dinned into us, especially if we're encouraged to laugh a little along the way.

The picture is set in a curiously old-fashioned frame. Four sisters-in-law are passing a summer holiday in the family's big country house. Having packed their assorted children off to bed, they sit awaiting the arrival from town of their husbands, from whom they have been separated for some time. To while away the hours, they begin an exchange of confidences. Three of these confidences lengthen into Decameronic tales and occupy most of the picture. In one, a dissatisfied wife deliberately deceives her husband with a childhood friend, confesses her infidelity, and, still dissatisfied, ends by upbraiding both lover and husband. The latter is egged on toward a suicide he has no intention of committing and, in a climax of hilarious disorder, takes his wife back, on the immensely practical ground that "an unfaithful wife is better than no wife at all." The second episode concerns the youngest of the sisters-in-law, who, as a schoolgirl in Paris, falls in love with a young Swedish artist and has a child by him but refuses at first to marry him. I had difficulty making out why—my Swedish is as rusty as my Swahili, and the subtitles didn't help much—but it appeared that she found marriage a fairly trivial matter compared to falling in love and bearing a child. In the third episode, which is depicted largely in slapstick terms, a business magnate of overpowering self-assurance is trapped one evening in an apartment elevator with his wife. She is a warmhearted, still desirable woman; he is a cold fish for whom all sex, in or out of marriage, is just another form of competition. Their impromptu imprisonment gives her the chance of her life to pick away at the hard wall of inattention he has built up between them over the years, and by morning, when their adventure ends in rescue, she has done the work of demolition so well that, perhaps for the first time, they have spent a truly amorous (and wonderfully dishevelled) night of it.

Mr. Bergman has, as usual, the benefit of a marvellous cast, including such now familiar figures in his little repertory group as Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Anita Björk, and Birger Malmsten. Mr. Björnstrand, as the magnate, gives an exceptionally brilliant performance—I could have gone on watching him, and rejoicing in his discomfiture, for many a merry hour.

JAMES GOULD COZZENS' "By Love Possessed" is one of my favorite novels, and I approached the movie version of it with trepidation, wondering how on earth that long and complex work could undergo the necessary reduction in scale without being reduced in other respects as well. The answer is, of course, that it couldn't—nearly all the moral, ethical, religious, racial, political, and legal questions that preoccupied Mr. Cozzens have been solicitously excised, and only a bony plot, loosely based on the original, remains. As everyone in Hollywood has known for years, good novels are almost sure to make bad movies (and vice versa; Mr. Bergman's good movie would have made a wretched novel), and though everyone concerned with "By Love Possessed" appears to have been honorably determined to do his best, the result is a mere dogged vulgarization of a work that contained few traces of naturally filmable material. Not to vulgarize a vulgarization, but I fear that the picture comes close to being the story of a father and son who want to love each other and darned near fail ("We talk to each other, Dad, but we don't communicate"), and the happy ending comes closer still to being a clinch between Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., as the father, and George Hamilton, as the son—a movie milestone from which I was getting ready to avert my eyes when Barbara Bel Geddes, as the dutiful wife, mother, and decoy, slipped between the two and accepted their joint embrace.

Also starring in the picture are Lana Turner, Jason Robards, Jr., Susan Kohner, and Thomas Mitchell. John Dennis wrote the screenplay, John Sturges directed it, and Walter Mirisch was the producer. The color is by De Luxe, and is.

CLAUDE CHABROL, who gave us "The Cousins," has made an oddly indecisive mishmash of a picture called "Leda." It is about an unhappy family in Provence, but, unlike "By Love Possessed," the conflict here is only partly between father and son; it is also between husband and wife, mother and son, mother and kitchenmaid, kitchenmaid and gardener, mother and daughter, daughter and fiancé, fiancé and prospective mother-in-law, and between practically all of the above and the beautiful young outsider who gives her name to the picture. Leda is an exotic girl—too exotic even for Provence, because somebody does her in under mysterious circumstances, and much of the picture is devoted to revealing who and how and why. But M. Chabrol never quite makes up his mind what sort of picture he is aiming at—it's neither a family tragedy nor a study of contemporary manners nor a whodunit—and the best efforts of Madeleine Robinson, Jacques Dacqmine, Antonella Lualdi, and Jean-Paul Belmondo all go for nothing. Too bad, because Provence never looked prettier.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

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LETTER FROM GENEVA

JULY 7

IN the past year, the atmosphere at the three-power conference on the banning of nuclear tests—since October 31, 1958, there have been three-hundred-odd sessions at the Palais des Nations here, attended by representatives of the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union—has altered considerably. A year ago, as one member of our delegation put it to me quite unofficially the other day, "the United States was dragging its feet." At that point, as nearly everyone connected with the talks realized, it was the Russians who were pushing the conference forward, providing ideas, granting concessions, and displaying a certain restraint in making propaganda capital of an opponent's singularly wavering conduct. (On one unresolved issue of importance, for example, instructions from Washington took the better part of a year in reaching Geneva, to the chagrin of our delegation and that of Great Britain.) At present, though, thanks to a thorough overhauling of our position by President Kennedy and his advisers, it is the Americans who are forcing the action at the Conference on the Discontinuance of Nuclear Weapons Tests, as the conclave is formally known. In contrast to a year ago, British diplomats here are delighted with our burst of initiative, and no longer chafing at the faltering ways of their mighty partner. It is the Russians who now appear to be dragging their feet, and Western representatives here are quick to offer evidence that this is not their view alone. It was pointed out to me that organizations given to demonstrating publicly against any use of nuclear arms have recently made the Soviet Union the target of critical remarks; sections of the Japanese press that were formerly hostile toward us are writing appreciatively of our new policies; and a similar shift of sentiment has occurred in India, Sweden, and neutral African countries.

These favorable notices, so to speak, are not crowed about—certainly not by the more thoughtful of the Western negotiators with whom I have talked. These men are not particularly interested in so fleeting a prize as a propaganda victory. The stakes that have kept the conference going nearly three years strike them as too momentous for that. Each time they sit down at their long conference table of inlaid maple, they know that they are discussing weapons whose destructiveness can be calculated in units of "overkill"—multiples of the ability to exterminate an enemy's entire population. And they know that the treaty over which they have been wrangling so long could, if it were ever ratified, affect the very origins of power as they are currently understood. The treaty provides, for example, that foreigners be permanently posted on the soil of just about every country in the world to guard against the testing of nuclear weapons. This unprecedented, worldwide invasion, they say, might well de-fuse the antagonisms of both national sovereignties and political ideologies. The treaty, too, it is asserted, could mark the first time the principle of control had ever been effectively applied in the realm of armaments.

"I think this conference of ours stands a better chance of being remembered if it fails than if it succeeds," a Western delegate told me over dinner at a café near the Rhone. "If it succeeds, it'll very likely lead to other conferences—more sweeping ones that will deal with actual disarming, not merely the halting of explosions. But if it fails—well, we may look back on these talks of ours as a magnificent chance that went by the board. Anyway," he added, shrugging, "one thing that hasn't changed in the past year is the suspicion at the Palais. It's still present at every session, like a virus. Of course, I'm glad we look better this year than we did last, but I sometimes wonder what we'd do if the Russians suddenly took a reasonable line with us. Maybe we'd pull back, we'd get so suspicious. It's probably no accident that we and they haven't been in equally conceding moods at one and the same time."

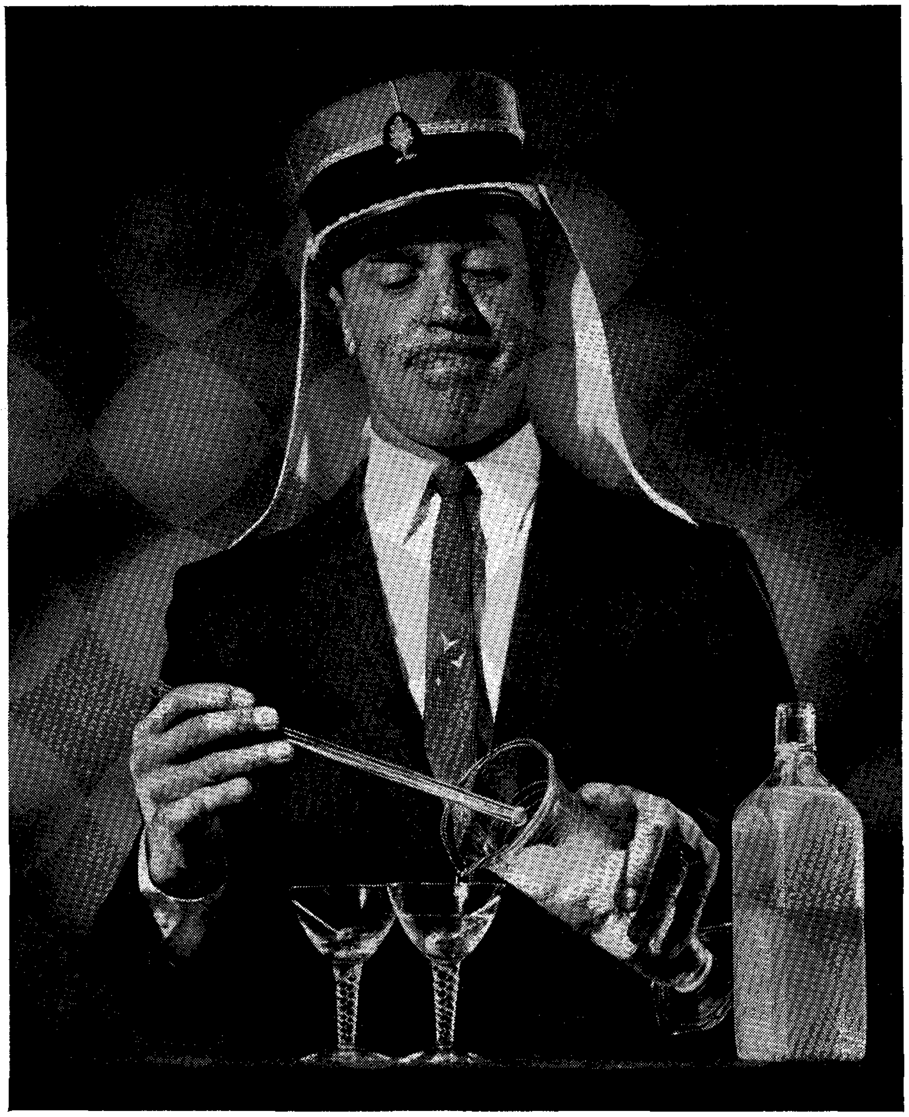
The initiative that we have gained at the Palais is owed in part to long overdue clarifications of our position and in part to concessions. Among the latter, we are now prepared, with the consent of the British, to let the Russians have a voice in the workings of the treaty that would be equal to that of the United States and Great Britain combined. Thus, the two Western countries, halving their ballots, would be unable to outvote the Soviet Union on the control commission, the policy-making agency contemplated by the treaty. The com-

"Tell me again how many living rooms I'm going into tonight."

mission's directives, issued from a headquarters in Vienna, would guide the actions of a vast detection system, including laboratories where data would be processed to determine whether a seismic shock somewhere in the world was an earthquake or a sneak nuclear test; a network of a hundred and eighty data-supplying control posts (ten of them at sea) that would be established in earthquake areas and equipped with apparatus that could pick up seismic and acoustic signals; and, finally, inspection teams that would be rushed to the site of a "suspicious event," its members ready to collect samples of radioactive dust by airplane and trained in the use of geophones—sensitive microphones that can indicate whether settling earth has been disturbed by nature or man. As a further blandishment to the Russians, the United States and Britain are willing to unmerge themselves and contribute as separate countries to the cost of the detection system, which would be expensive. Its construction, it is estimated, will come to close to two billion dollars, and its annual maintenance to something like three hundred million.

Accommodating though these and other moves might seem, the Russians have their objections. They want the heads of control posts on their soil to be nationals of their own, which, in the view of the United States and England, might make for skulduggery in the relaying of accurate information to the Viennese headquarters. Western sources here are aware that the Soviets want Russians in charge of the posts as a hedge against possible espionage, but any such spies, these same sources add, would have poor working conditions. "The spies wouldn't see much," a British official told me. "These posts have to be in isolated areas, because their equipment is so delicate. The noise of a passing truck, you see, or the pounding of sea waves could mask the readings of the instruments. As far as we're concerned, we don't care if the Russians surround each post with a division of M.V.D. men. We wouldn't be on a very good wicket, though, would we, if we had to think twice about the man who's sending the data?"

One of the knottiest and oldest disagreements at the Palais concerns the number of annual "on-site inspections," which would be made when a seismic event was suspicious enough to warrant a trip from Vienna by an inspection team. The Soviet Union is willing to have its domain visited three times for this purpose. We and the British consider this paltry. Depending on the num-



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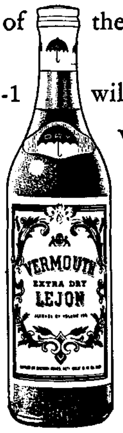

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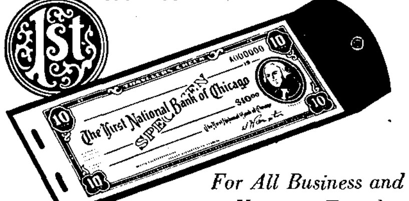

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ber of seismic events, we want to be able to send inspection teams from twelve to twenty times, in return for which the Russians could have twice as many inspections of American and British territory. The makeup of the inspection teams is another obstacle. The Soviet Union insists that half the members be Russian. The West is equally insistent that this would compromise the very point of an inspection. "Inspection is inspection, not self-inspection," an American diplomat here told me. "The entire team must be composed of men who are not nationals of the country they're investigating. It's that Russian suspicion again. Of course, the teams would have to fly over the Soviet Union to catch up with a radioactive cloud, perhaps, or to sight collapsed ground, but it's all right with us for the pilot to be Russian, for the routes to be laid out by Russians, and for the plane to be full of Russians observing the observers. And there'd certainly be very little land surveyed. Why, it would take the teams four hundred and fifty years to visit one-tenth of the Soviet Union."

There are snarls, too, over administrative matters, the most serious of them being the *troika* issue, which was injected here by Ambassador Semyon K. Tsarapkin. As applied to the treaty, *troika* would cost the proposed organization its single impartial administrator—who was, indeed, long ago approved by the Russians. His duties would be parcelled out to a trio of managers, each of them beholden to a particular bloc of states and empowered to countermand the most routine decisions. A few weeks ago at a dinner, I learned from a witness to the incident that Tsarapkin recently told the head of the American delegation, Ambassador Arthur H. Dean, "If you and I put this treaty through, they'll erect marble columns to us."

"And if you yield on *troika*," Dean replied, "your name can go on the columns all by itself—and I'll pay for the gold leaf."

SPECULATING on the causes of Communist suspicion is an almost compulsive guessing game here; any number can play, and it distracts Western delegates from wondering whether the Russians are testing clandestinely. The U-2 incident is sometimes offered as a reason for Soviet mistrust, but this is generally dismissed as superficial. Perhaps, it is guessed, popular discontent inside the Soviet Union is back of Tsarapkin's haggling over control posts and inspection visits, the thought being that outlanders, poking their noses into remote, untour-

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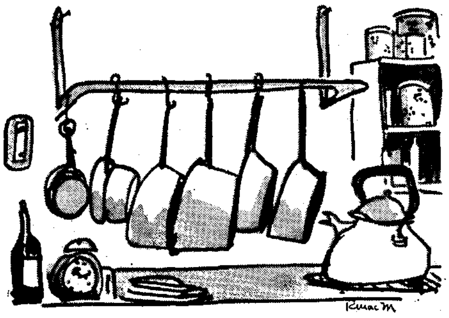
istic places, might foment further unrest. Then there is the "pair-of-shoes" theory, which suggests that the sight of a well-made pair of shoes and other apparel on a foreign control-post technician might give a muzhik subversive ideas. "He who gains power conspiratorially sees the world through a conspirator's eyes," an official said to me. Khrushchev's xenophobia, it is also ventured, may represent a simple desire to conceal the rampant inefficiency of his subjects. And, as might be expected, China's relations with the Soviet Union figure in the guessing game. The thinking here—and it is rather widely held—is that the Chinese have urged the Soviet Union to scuttle a test-ban agreement, because it would prevent them from developing nuclear weapons of their own. "This presupposes that the Russians won't give the Chinese bombs," an English conjecturer told me. "I don't believe it." Ambassador Dean thinks that the southeasterly course of Russia's main rivers has something to do with the way the Soviets act. Lecturing before the International Law Commission here on May 15th, he declared that the rivers kept Russia from experiencing "the development of concepts of international law, which flowed from the interrelationships of Western European kingdoms and principalities within the Western Christian family under the theoretical all-embracing supremacy of the Papacy and under the influence of Roman law, of Greco-Roman civilization, and of trade."

Needless to say, the delegates are not assembled in Geneva to await the coming of universal trust. The same national interests that originally brought them here continue to hold them here—a major interest, of course, being to keep the so-called "Nuclear Club" as exclusive as possible. (If there is no treaty, the potential membership is estimated at twelve within the next decade; Japan is usually included.) The members of the delegations, however, know as well as most newspaper readers that their conference is at present in a languishing state, and their air of weariness and discouragement is plain to see, from



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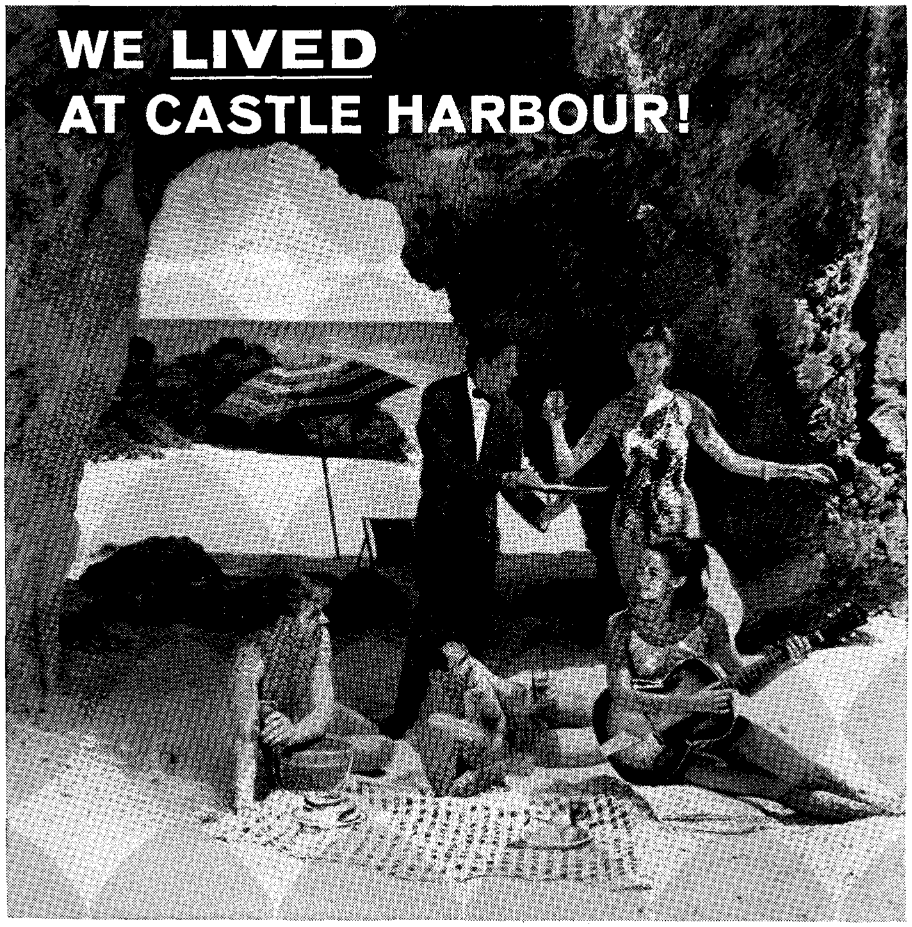

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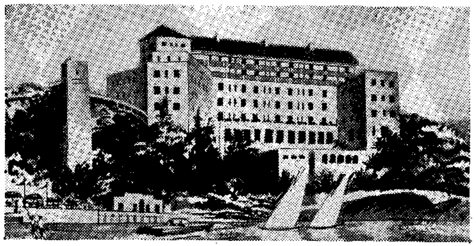

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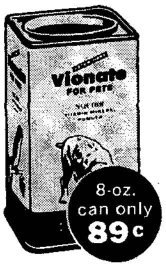

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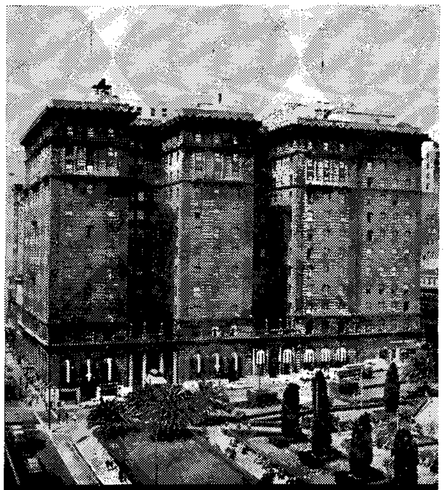
the most junior of them on up to the three Ambassadors—all of whom, incidentally, I talked with at length, catching Mr. Dean just before he left for Washington for "consultations." Some of the delegates, I noticed, have begun to speak of the conference in the past tense. Occasionally, one hears an isolated bit of exhortation, but the voice that utters it is not buoyant. "As long as this conference goes on, it means—if I may paraphrase Sir Edward Grey—that the lights of Europe have not yet gone out," a British negotiator told me. "Who knows?" I was rhetorically asked by an American. "The Russians may come to the Palais tomorrow prepared to take up an issue they've ducked for months. They do that kind of thing, you know, and for no rhyme or reason." Detachment comes hard for the negotiators these days, dismayed as they are at the prospect of their marathon labors' coming to naught. One senior British diplomat, a man of great correctness who had arranged to see me at his villa directly after a Palais session, apologetically turned me over to an aide soon after I arrived. "He's rather upset," the aide explained, after the senior diplomat had left the room. "Tsarapkin has started using Cold War language of late, and he did it again this afternoon. It's a sign of death, my chief reckons, and this conference may well be one of his last posts."

TSARAPKIN, too, is weary. It shows in his eyes—narrow, slanting ones that are nevertheless capable of warmth and spirit. His other features admit of no fatigue, his face being a massive crescent of prognathous jaw and thick lips and nose, topped by a great head of iron-gray hair—a face, I have been told, that is often the subject of idle portraiture on note pads at the conference table. I talked with him at his quarters in the modest hotel to which he had recently moved. We sat opposite each other at a light-blue kitchen table. He was flanked by his second, P. F. Shakhov, and his press attaché, Y. M. Vorontsov, who doubles as chauffeur of the delegation car. Curtained off from the small room in which we sat was the kitchenette whose facilities had enticed Tsarapkin from the more elegant hotel in which he had previously lived; he had wanted to be able to have tea and a snack at night without the fuss of room service. We were together an hour, during which he smiled, frowned, looked pensive, and, in relaxed moments, spoke of his family. His voice was as earnest and sincere as those of Dean



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and Sir Michael Wright, the British Ambassador. It demanded an effort at times to recall that it had sounded the same a year ago—back in pre-*troika* days, when he was all for a single administrator.

"What have you to say about the *troika* proposal?" I asked.

"*Troika* is for horses," he answered pleasantly. "And would you like to know who is the real papa and mama of our compromise proposal for tripartite control? The Western powers. The Soviet Union in the U.N. voted for the Congo resolution to maintain the central national government there, and what happened? The Western powers controlled Hammarskjöld. He implemented the resolution in such a way that Lumumba was killed. Chairman Khrushchev is right," Tsarapkin went on, after nodding several times. "He says that it is possible for there to be neutral states but that there can be no such thing as neutral men."

"But don't such states include men?" I asked.

"States have objective interests. Their governments can be very careful not to be involved in disputes between great countries that might smash them. But an individual—how can there be a man who is impartial to the Soviets, to the United States, and to the uncommitted countries? Of course, you know that those are the three groups of states that make up the world today. Your Mr. Dean acts as though he does not wish to wake up to this fact. He is like Rip van Winkle, as I have said to him."

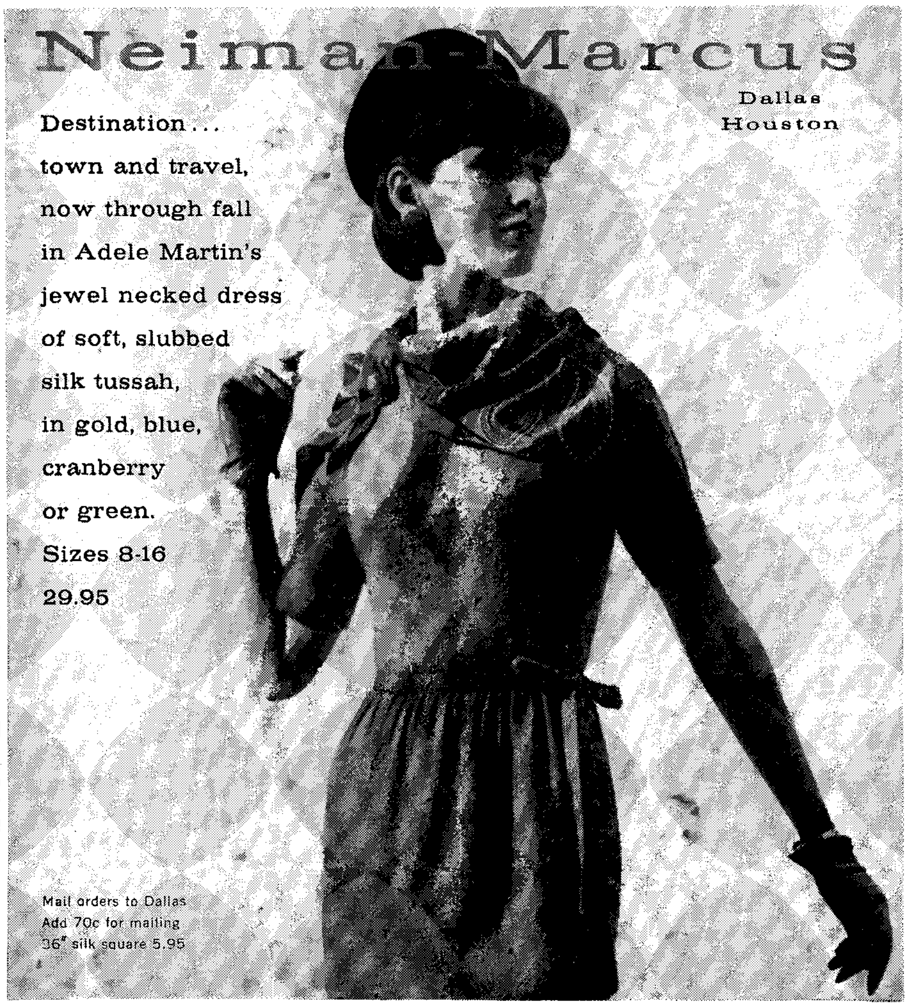
"People in the West," Shakhov said, "think that it is only the Soviet Union that is looking for the veto, but the United States also has the veto—a hidden veto. You are able to make enough countries vote with you, so that today it looks as though you would never dream of using a veto yourself."

I asked Tsarapkin how he thought the conference was going.

"The prospects are not bright, but we will do our best to come to an agreement with our partners. One cannot say, as your press does, that the United States has changed and that all of a sudden the Soviet Union is stubborn. The conference did not begin with your new proposals. It goes back years. We have made more concessions than you. But let us not bury the test-ban conference. Let us consider it within the broad framework of disarmament."

"And what about controls?" I asked.

"You wish to speak of inspections," Tsarapkin said resignedly. "That num-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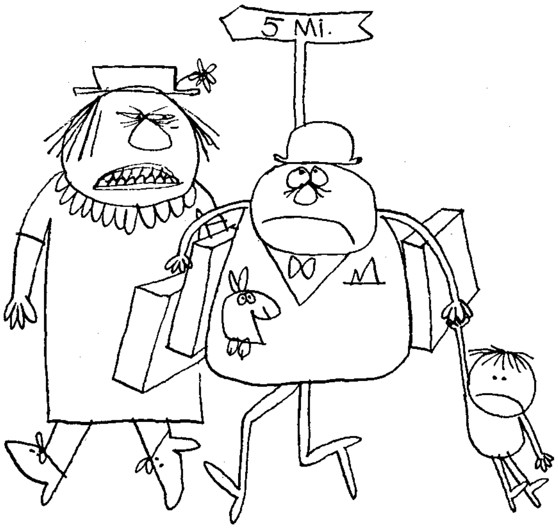

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ber twenty! It means hundreds of millions of dollars. Why? Three inspections are enough. Your government is always suspicious. Is it possible that a great country like yours or mine would seek to make clandestine tests? From the military point of view, the profit would be negligible, and in terms of prestige the country that was caught doing such a thing would lose forever. People all over the world would make an uproar like Jericho—the walls would come tumbling down. No," Tsarapkin said, shaking his head, "do not be so suspicious. Let us simply have an observed peace—a *pactis servans usum*."

"It is Latin," Vorontsov said.

I asked Tsarapkin if he thought that inspection teams should include citizens of the country that was being inspected.

"Of course," he replied. "Otherwise, who will believe the report if both sides are not represented?"

A year ago, I reminded the Ambassador, he had said that he was receiving a good deal of mail from Soviet citizens who were anxious about the test-ban conference. Was this still the case?

"The letters are not so much now," Tsarapkin said. "I do not know why." He looked puzzled a moment. "Perhaps people have become used to no more explosions. Perhaps they have begun to think that such things cannot happen again."

WHATEVER its outcome, the conference seems to have laid to rest the idea that the presence of scientists at a political meeting brings a peerless objectivity to bear in disposing of the agenda. It was an unfair idea, to begin with, but it arose here because the conference followed hard on the heels of a report issued by a group of American, British, Soviet, and other scientists who had been designated by their governments to determine whether a test-ban system of detection was technically feasible. It was only after this group, known as the Committee of Experts to Study the Possibility of Detecting Violations of a Possible Agreement on the Suspension of Nuclear Tests, came in with an affirmative conclusion that the Conference on the Discontinuance of Nuclear Weapons Tests was called. The new conference seemed rigged for success, particularly since scientists would be sitting in on its sessions here as well as at policy-making discussions in Washington, London, and Moscow. A posse of answer men, it was widely thought at the time, had come to the rescue with their sense of method,

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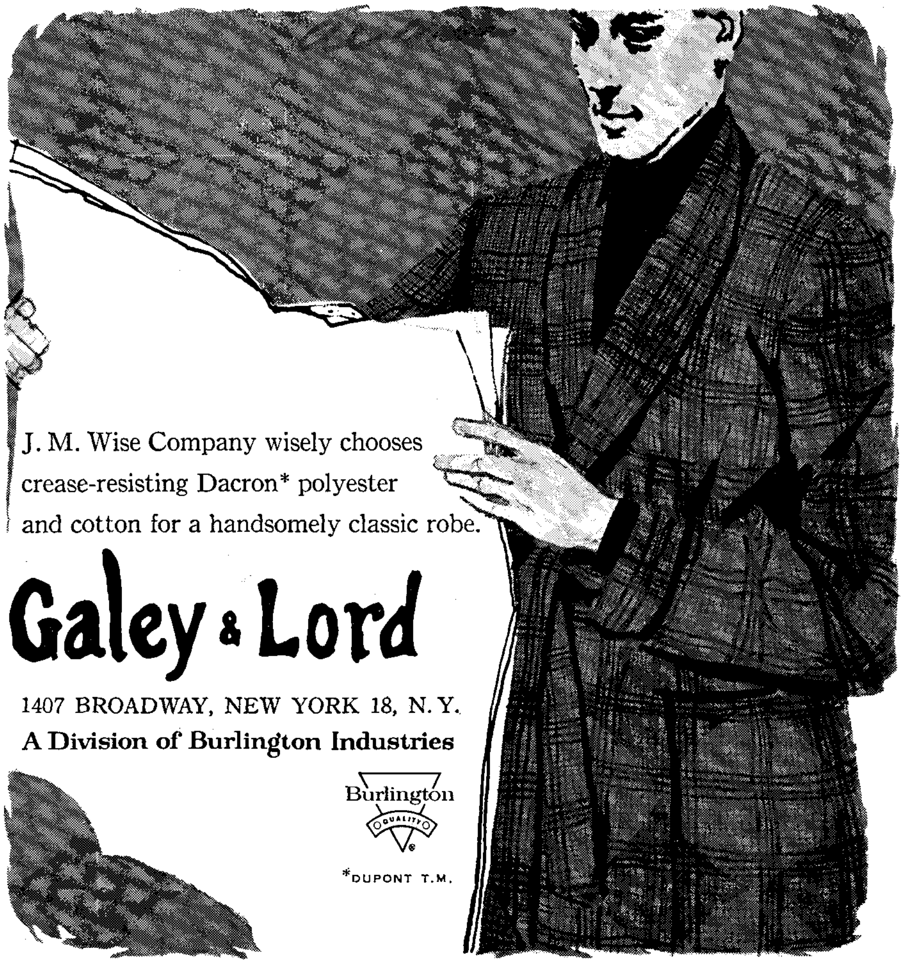
their data, their aversion to politicking.

Things haven't quite worked out that way. This has not come about because the scientists associated—officially or unofficially—with the conference have failed to emerge as answer men. The difficulty, it appears, has been that they provide too many answers, none of them final. "Scientists like to say that they deal strictly in hard facts," a British diplomat told me somewhat irritatedly. "Well, it's been my experience that they have a distinct talent for softening facts. You listen to them one day about space testing or seismology or whatnot, and the next day they've got hold of some new data and have changed their minds. Or else, hard facts or no, they're in complete disagreement with each other, like doctors arguing about whether to operate on a patient. It's simply not the sort of advice on which to base a political treaty."

"It's in the nature of science to guess," a physicist here informed me cheerfully, "and it doesn't matter if you guess wrong. You think nothing of it. But it's different with politicians. They want to guess correctly all the time, which seems odd, since they negotiate with people, who, thank goodness, don't behave like inanimate matter. Scientists go into science to escape people," he added, guessing intrepidly. "Now we find ourselves stuck with them."

By now, it is perfectly clear—as it should have been in 1958—that scientists are not destined to take the gamble out of politics. That remains intact—a conglomerate of suspicion, fast dealing, power plays, and wary idealism. But since 1958 the scientists, I gathered from some of them here, have come to perceive, for better or worse, their expected role at the Palais. It calls on them to recognize the conference as a thoroughly political event—almost as though nucleonics were of little moment to its proceedings. While they may have political notions—because, like diplo-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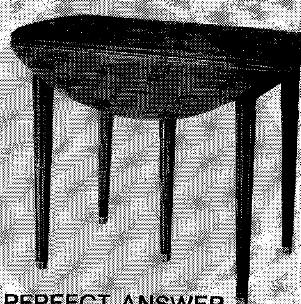

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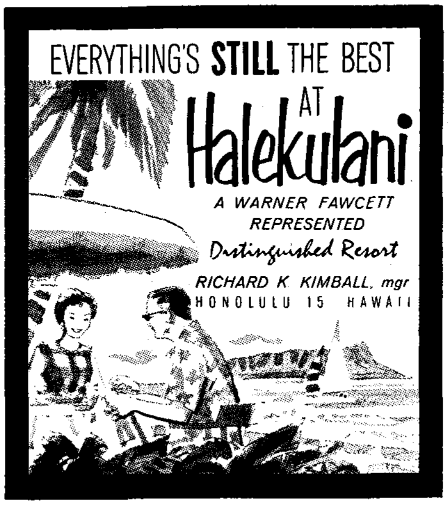

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mats, they possess such inexact attributes as interest, intelligence, and ingenuity—the political culmination of their technical education lies in providing data (subject to change) with which diplomats may evaluate risks. "Political questions are our department," a U.S. Foreign Service man here told me. "Such questions have to do with a willingness to take risks. Three inspections or twenty in Russia? How many control posts there—fifteen or nineteen? It's the scientists who tell us the dimensions of these risks, but when it comes to decisions—unscientific guesses, if you will—that's where we negotiators, and perhaps the governments we represent, stand or fall."

As of this writing, the prognosis for the conference is poor, but its end is uncertain. Only its leaders can see to that, and they appear to be as dilatory in dispatching their child as they have been in keeping it alive. It is not too surprising that this should be so, for the conference is as charged with dilemma today as it was in the first minute of its opening session at the Palais. The same essential questions that spawned it remain unanswered—the degree of trust possible between nations, the strings attached to self-preservation in the face of conflicting ideologies. Indeed, these questions seem forgotten here, lost in the fortunes of tactical maneuvering. One may come upon them, to be sure, in combing the minutes of the sessions—billions of words in bound volumes—but they are not raised in any meaningful, encompassing sense. Nor are confidential talks with high-ranking officials particularly enlightening in this regard. The tenor of their remarks is always the same: the reasonableness of their position and the wrongheadedness, and worse, of the opponent's. It would be remiss of these emissaries to speak otherwise, and yet, given the existence of nuclear weapons, their partisanship at times sounds curiously old-fashioned and leisurely, like some echo of Metternich's day. Specifically, many people here believe, it is public opinion that is probably delaying the conference's obsequies. "The Scandinavians would be extremely upset if testing were resumed," a British diplomat informed me. "The Russians, you know, aren't planning to test underground, as we've said we would, and much of the fallout from Soviet bombs, which are particularly 'dirty,' comes down on Scandinavian territory. Neutrals in Africa and Asia would feel resentful, and I needn't speculate on Japanese reaction. For that

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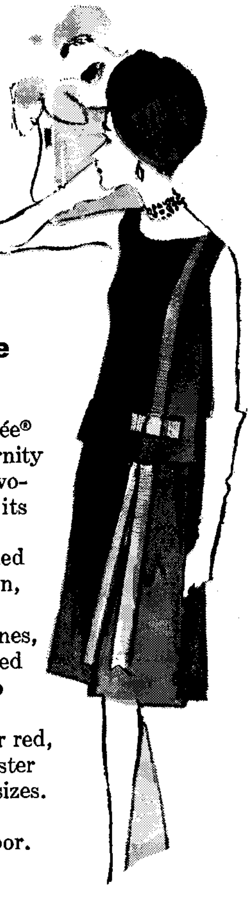

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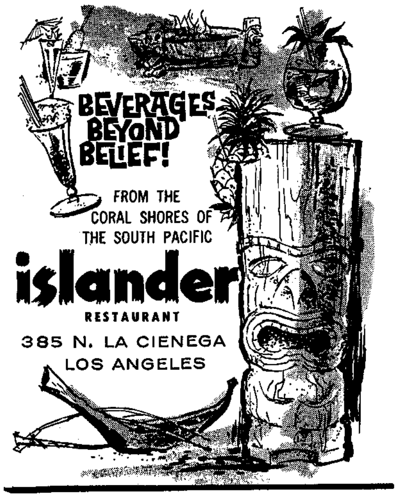

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matter, testing might have serious repercussions in my own country. In fact, looking at the whole picture, I can think of one or two governments that might even fall if this conference ends in failure."

Another possible consequence, I was told, is that the West's current propaganda edge might be dissipated. While the general public, it is maintained here, sympathizes with our insistence on a treaty with teeth, it might feel differently if we were to quit the conference and resume testing, as American political figures have frequently urged. The Russians say that they are against testing by anyone anywhere forever. It is a simple line that might sound even simpler if the United States should be the first to go back to testing; the Soviet Union, it is conjectured, might then claim that it had no alternative but to follow suit, and the United States might be branded the villain of the piece. In such circumstances, according to Western sources here, it would not matter if we held our tests underground, which is supposed to minimize the fallout hazard, or if we announced that the tests were for "peaceful uses"—a phrase that long ago, alas, lost its lustre. "People are frightened," I was told by an official who has been here since 1958. "It's probably this fear that has kept the conference going so long. It's certainly had a good deal to do with as much agreement as we have reached, which is considerable."

On May 30th, at the conference's three hundred and twelfth meeting, Ambassador Dean, addressing his Soviet counterpart, likened a test-ban agreement to "anticipatory disarmament." He pressed home the idea that thermonuclear weapons would never have been developed had there been a test-ban treaty ten years ago. "Our situation today is very similar," Dean told Tsarapkin. "We at this table today do not actually know what new advanced developments in nuclear weaponry might be prevented if we three countries were to conclude a nuclear test-ban treaty. . . . Without it, or some other disarmament agreement, there will undoubtedly be even more serious disarmament problems ten years hence."

The Ambassador's thought implies a limit to human wisdom in dealing with its own inventions. The proceedings at the Palais thus far would seem to lend it plausibility.

—DANIEL LANG

• •

THE HABITS OF CHILDHOOD

"All-ee-all-ee-in-free!" children call
From rows of summer evenings in my town.
Mothers turn the lids of blankets down,
Bath water chuckles, moths begin to fall
Ticking against the screen. I stand inside
Remembering how I hid where children hide:

Remembering how I hid in a heart with a hundred compartments,
under the baby grand in a snug hutch next to the chimney;
in window seats under the bay that smelled of the raw wood growing,
that smelled of the yellow concertos my mother knew how to rule.
I curled in a wicker hamper under the sour clothing,
tasting the Hong Kong sweat of a long-gone stowaway coolie;
I knew all of the closets and closets built into closets
that opened on plumbing or air shafts that opened on gas jets or ash pits.
I hid under beds when beds were a formal appliance intended
to stand off the floor with their four posts holding up actors.
I leaned at the curve of the stairs with my legs lapped over the newel
to pull up the pieces of whispers, the dangerous lore of the grownups.
Under the attic dormers, past boxes of knickers and jodhpurs,
I courted the laces of spiders, the dust buds of dead grandparents.
There in the dawdle of childhood I hid in the gardener's tool shed;
I hid on an island of leafplates under the copper-beech tree

And "All-ee-all-ee-in-free!" they called then
While parents called from porches, and the night
Fell up the summer sky where I sat tight
In the skin of my secret, last out, when,
Eyes shut behind my fingers, I could sense
The seekers, come to find out my defense.

—MAXINE W. KUMIN

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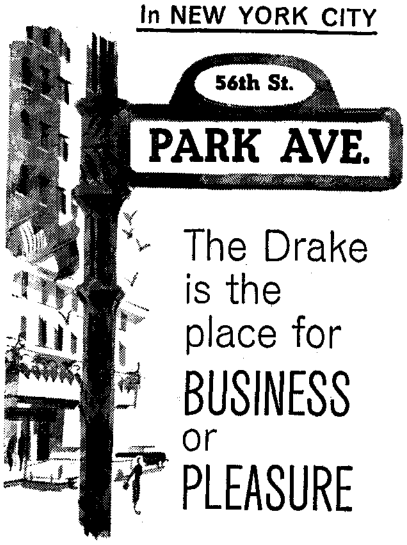
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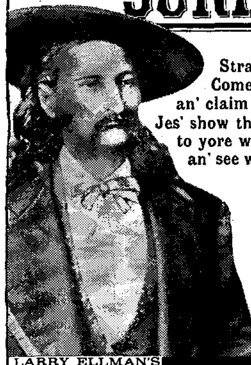

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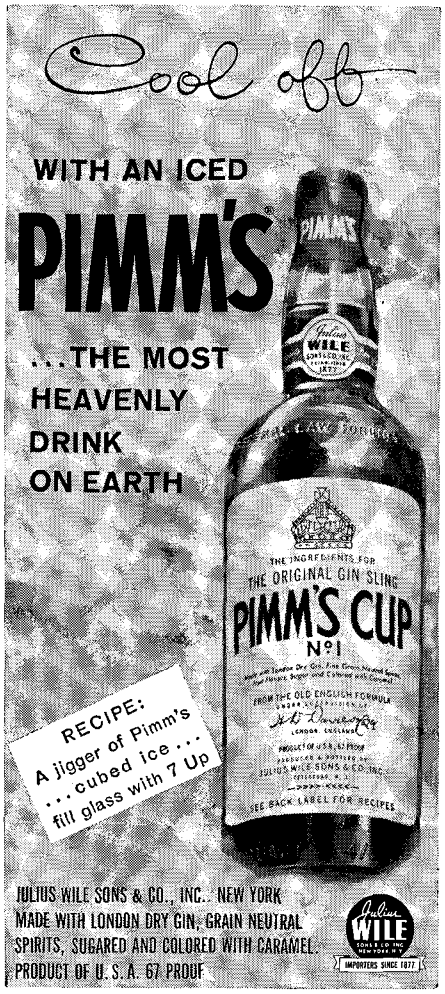
THE RACE TRACK

Nine Straight

THOUGH it was touch and go, Primonetta managed to preserve her unbeaten record by a plucky victory in the Delaware Oaks at Delaware Park last weekend. After leading for more than a mile, she tired, and Mighty Fair overtook her about fifty yards from home. For a moment, it seemed that she was beaten, but then, making a game effort, she came on again, and won by a short nose. Funloving was third, four lengths behind. I was surprised to hear boos from the crowd when the numbers went up, for Primonetta was odds-on and Mighty Fair was nearly 8–1. You can never tell what's going to vex horseplayers; maybe it was because Primonetta was making it nine straight.

Only six three-year-olds came out for the Oaks, which is the first of Delaware Park's big series of stakes for fillies and mares. (The others are the New Castle, this weekend, and the Delaware Handicap, a week from Saturday.) As usual, Primonetta was a picture—cool, calm, and well turned out. Funloving also looked particularly fit. So did Mighty Fair, who was first out of the gate. Primonetta headed her quickly, however, and appeared to be going easily, though Funloving forced the pace for more than six furlongs. Turning into the stretch, Funloving gave up the chase and Primonetta began to bear away from the rail—a sign that she was tiring. At this point, Mighty Fair moved up fast and got her head in front, but couldn't hold her advantage. Despite the fact that Primonetta swerved badly after going a mile, I wouldn't sell her short. I don't think she liked the track. Since it was resurfaced this year, it has been deep and soft, and, what with the recent rains, it was far from the kind of footing she's been accustomed to. Anyhow, it was a big week for Jim Conway, who trains her and the other John Galbreath horses. On Monday, at Aqueduct, he saddled Mrs. Galbreath's Clover Leaf, who won the Tremont Stakes for two-year-olds and paid a $44.20 mutuel. This also was an exciting scamper, with Clover Leaf coming up along the rail in the last furlong to beat I'm for More, a fast but flighty colt. Stevward, who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had skimpy racing room, was third. Three days later, Conway saddled Up Scope, who beat seven other useful three-year-olds in the Clearview Purse at Aqueduct. The stable is hitting its stride.

FOR reasons that would be tiresome to go into, I hadn't been to Delaware Park since the grandstand was enlarged and the new clubhouse built. Now, after my visit last weekend, I'd like to give the management full marks. Too often, an old track gets what is loosely called a face lifting and comes out of it just another mutuel race track. Delaware Park, I'm pleased to say, still has the charm and atmosphere it had when people used to speak of it as "that nice little country race track." The clubhouse is especially well done, with escalators, air-conditioned lounges, closed-circuit TV, and whatnot. I liked best the three balconies overlooking the paddock. The paddock itself is a dandy. It's cool and shady, and has two walking rings—a small one the horses go around before they're saddled and a large one they circle several times before they start their parade to the post. Everybody can have a good look at all the runners.

THERE'S little need for extended comment on the Dwyer Handicap at Aqueduct last weekend. It was run in the rain over a very sloppy track and Hitting Away, who is either first or nowhere, ran one of his good races to win it. Baldpate, a long shot, led until Hitting Away wore him down in the stretch. Beau Prince, of whom much better was expected, was third. Sherluck, the Belmont winner, was last. Globemaster was scratched. It seems that he has foot and knee trouble, and his stable feared that he might do himself further harm in the slippery footing. He could do with a bit of rest, too.

FOR the record, Don Poggio apparently liked the muddy going at Monmouth, for he won the Monmouth Handicap as he pleased last weekend. . . . And my choice for the Brooklyn Handicap this weekend is Kelso. Any takers? —AUDAX MINOR

•

37. SAN ANTONIO:
The New "Alamo"—A multimillion dollar replica of the Alamo, built on vast Shahan ranch and used in recent film is now open to tourists. Visitors can also see the original Alamo.—*From a list of American travel marvels in This Week.*

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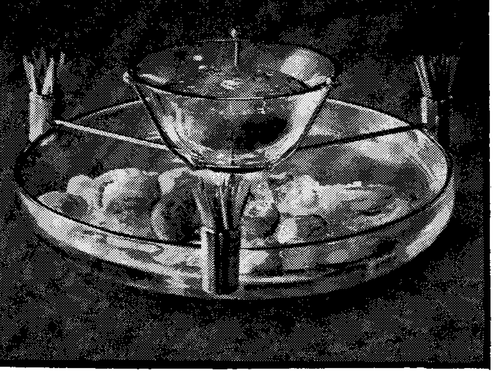

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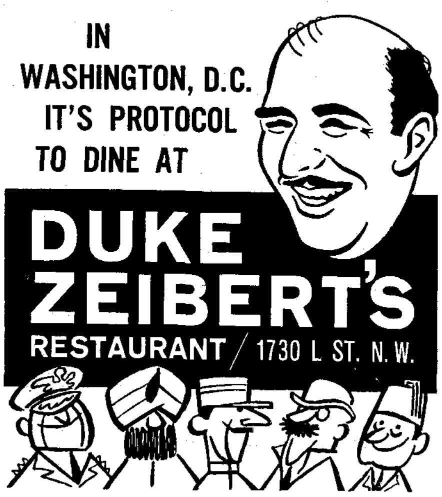

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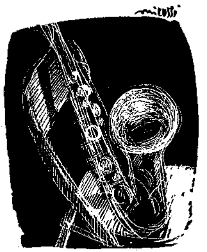
MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz



SEVERAL weeks back, I pointed out that Hollywood's undying attempts to dilute the arts (the films included) had failed only where jazz is concerned. Indeed, the West Coast has, if anything, been of invaluable service to jazz by preserving generous chunks of it in countless obscure shorts (never mind those embarrassing full-length fairy tales about the music) made largely between 1928 and 1950. To be sure, many of these shorts—those still in existence, that is; unknown quantities have been lost or destroyed, or have fallen to dust—are decked out with silly costumes, minstrelsy, and shameless Uncle Tomming. But that doesn't matter. Visible through the hokum are the faces and forms of great musicians long since gone, and audible are bits and pieces of music that occasionally equal anything set down on recordings. This happy fact was reaffirmed last week at Freedom House, where Ernest R. Smith, a collector of jazz films, collaborated with the Jazz Arts Society in the second of a series of programs devoted to the subject. All but two of the fifteen or so films, which included shorts, sequences from shorts and full-length pictures, and soundies (three-minute films made in the early forties for jukeboxlike machines), were from Smith's collection. Despite the length of the program (just under three hours), Smith's expansive and sometimes inaccurate remarks, the fragmentary nature of many of the items, and an atmospheric condition that suggested the inside of a kiln, it was a memorable evening.

The best things were often the most tantalizing. In an excerpt from "After Seven," a short done in 1928 with Chick Webb's band, there was a single, fleeting glimpse of Webb himself—peering, tiny and spidery, over the top of his drums—and a great deal of James Barton, singing and dancing in blackface. A Count Basie short, made in 1939 by the greatest of the Basie bands, was centered on the Delta Rhythm Boys and on let's-get-it-over-with footage of the band doing three lightning numbers that included solos—and good shots—of Harry Edison, Buck Clayton, Jo Jones, Walter Page, Don Byas, and Basie, dressed in a Glen-plaid horse

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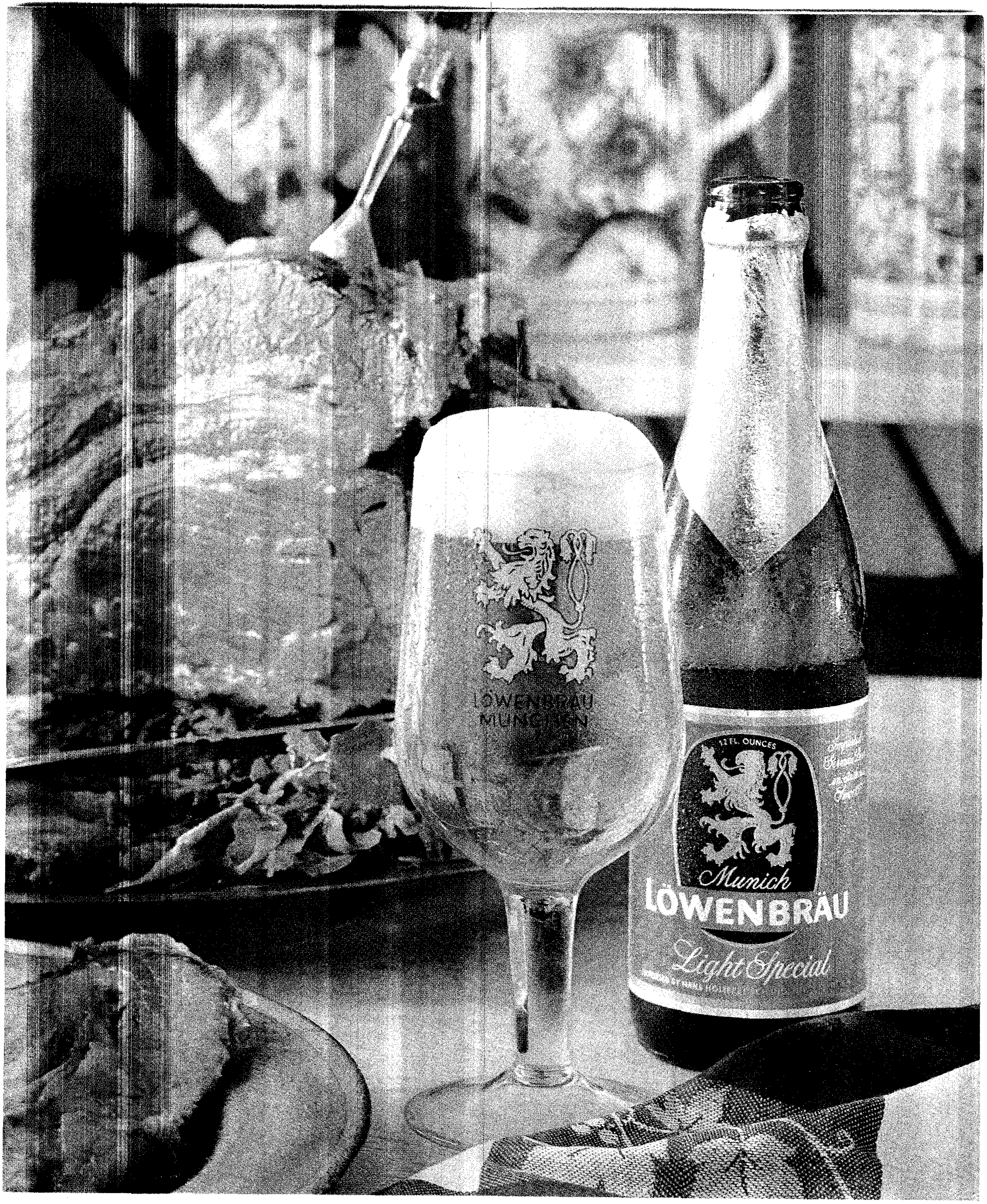

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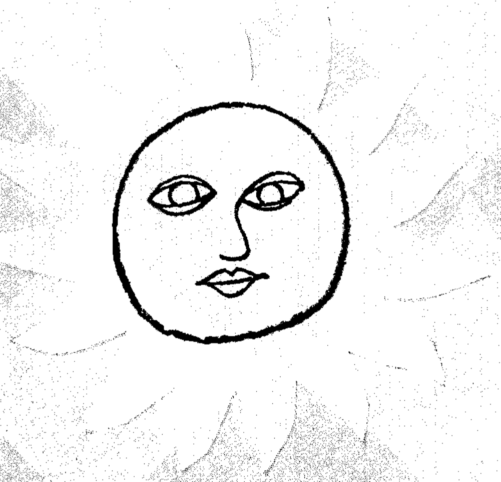

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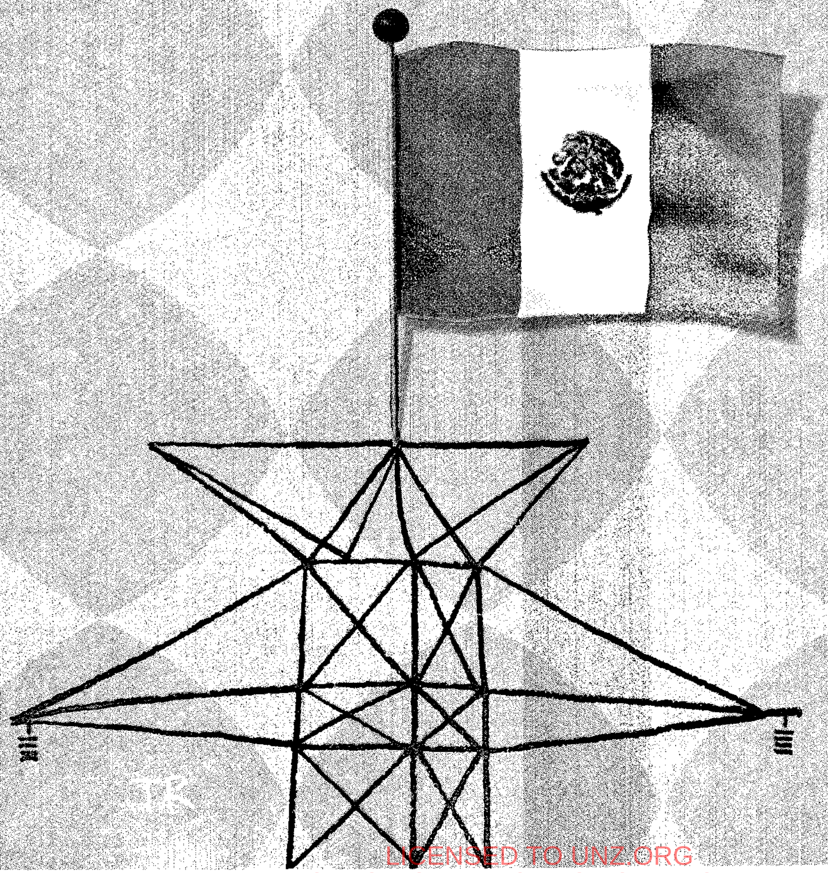

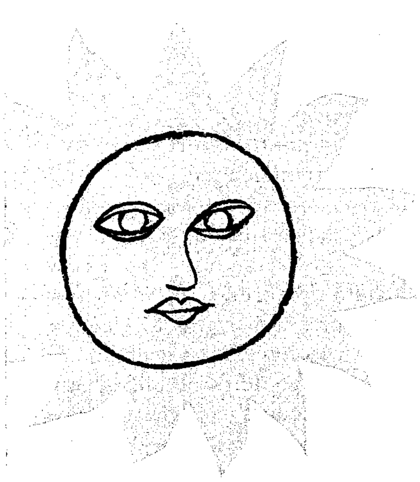

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blanket. "Bundle of Blues," a 1933 Ellington short, was less frustrating. Although most of the film was taken up with poetic shots of a rain-streaked window, an axe stuck in a wet stump, a slave cabin in the rain, rain on leaves, and rain on a pond, while an invisible Ivie Anderson sang "Stormy Weather" (what a good singer she was!), there were satisfying closeups and statements from Cootie Williams, Tricky Sam Nanton, Freddy Guy, and Sonny Greer. Best of all was a 1940 short, filmed in the vanished Café Society Uptown. Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson buffaloed their way through "Boogie Woogie Dream," Lena Horne sang a blues, exhibiting the finest teeth ever owned by a human being, and Teddy Wilson's small band (Emmett Berry, Benny Morton, Jimmy Hamilton, and J. C. Heard) got off an exemplary medium-tempo blues.

The rest of the evening was either square and funny or given over to maddening snippets. The squarest moments came during shorts by Artie Shaw (1939) and Stan Kenton (1945). In the first a commentator anatomized swing ("a pounding, ensenuating rhythm") while Shaw and Buddy Rich, looking barely hatched, did a duet, and in the second a leviathan Kenton ensemble (six trumpets, four trombones, five saxophones, four rhythm) demonstrated how to play for the millennium. The snippets were sometimes dazzling: Cab Calloway shouting and shimmying "Minnie the Moocher" while Cozy Cole, Jonah Jones, Mousie Randolph, and Danny Barker graced the background; Jack Teagarden singing and playing "Basin Street Blues" in 1938 (shots of the Mississippi and the Mardi Gras); part of a 1946 "March of Time," showing the Art Tatum Trio on Fifty-second Street and an Eddie Condon group with Dave Tough, his face cavernous and haunted, his arms like thongs; and another Basie short, made by his sextet in 1950, that included two superb selections by Billie Holiday ("God Bless the Child" and a blues), and half a dozen boogie-woogie numbers by Sugar Chile Robinson, a ten-year-old prodigy whom Basie treated as if Sugar Chile were Charlie McCarthy and he were W. C. Fields.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

Plans for the new First Methodist Church sanctuary are ready and construction isn't far from a start.

The spire will be taller than the Baptist spire which is taller than the First Presbyterian spire.—*Orlando (Fla.) Sentinel.*

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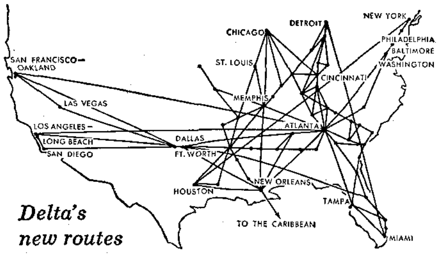

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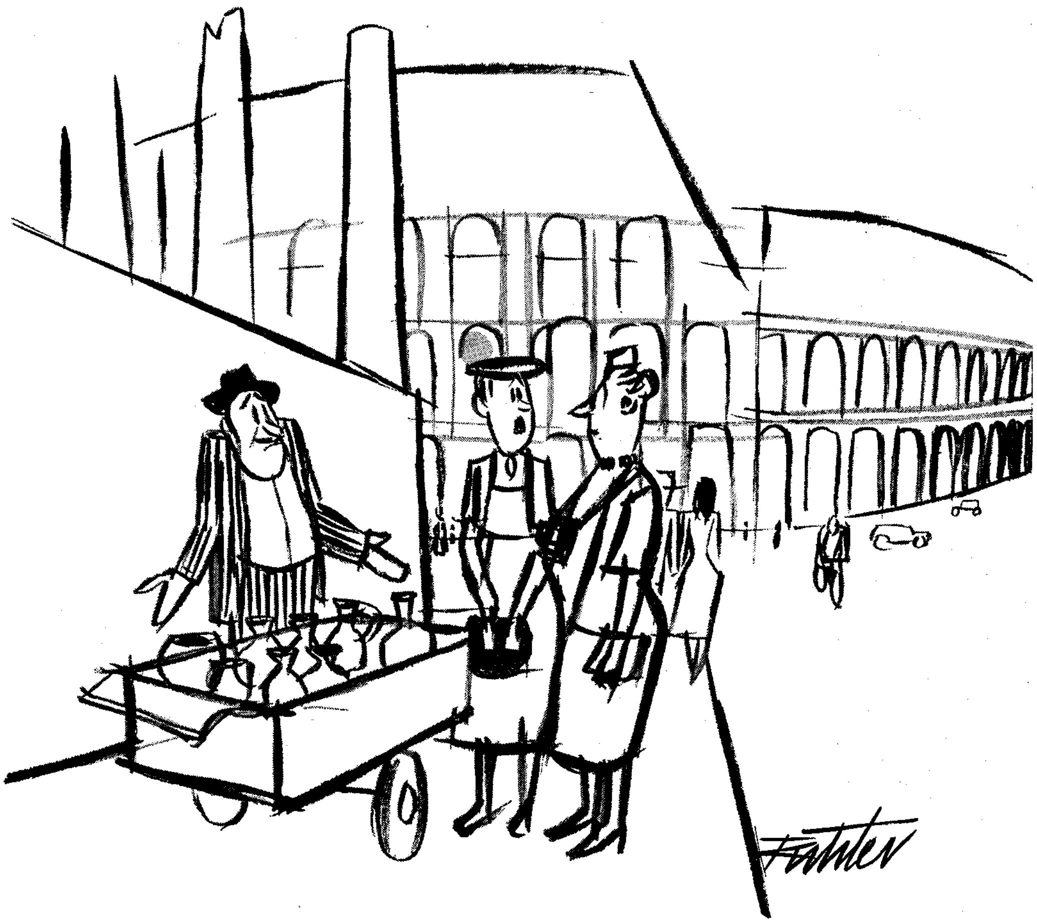
BOOKS

Thrice Removed and Over the Shoulder

SHERMAN ADAMS' "Firsthand Report" (Harper) is a heavy book of slight weight. Most of it is not first-hand at all, but second- or third-hand. Adams recounts at length crucial events in which he had little or no part—the Suez crisis, Dienbienphu, the Bermuda Conference of 1953, the Geneva Conference of 1955, and the recurrent alarms over Quemoy and Matsu—and his reports appear to benefit very little from his intimacy with the President. Much of the book could have been turned out by anyone with access to a file of the *Times*. It seems, on first thought anyway, odd that this man, whose talent was narrowly executive and whose competence, so far as is known, was limited to insular affairs, should now be so preoccupied with matters of high policy abroad. But perhaps it is not so odd: these were the memorable affairs, and it may well be that if he had stuck to matters he knew intimately, he would have been writing almost exclusively about trivialities. Even in those days when everyone in Washington spoke of him as the power behind the throne and the closest thing to a deputy President in American history, it was difficult to learn or even to imagine exactly what he *did* with his time. Here and there, the suspicion grew that his work might not be as demanding and as important as it was said to be. The Goldfine affair and the other difficulties that led to his departure, in 1958, strengthened this suspicion. A power behind the throne who had time to stop by the Carlton in midafternoon; who was frequently on the telephone discussing the affairs of nonscheduled airlines, textile manufacturers, and television operators in provincial cities; and who ran up sizable bills at the Sheraton-Plaza, in Boston, obviously wasn't burning himself out as a Richelieu. Adams' book is not of much help in explaining his role. In a chapter called "At Work in the White House," he remarks that he couldn't sit in on many of the discussions of policy "that Eisenhower wanted me to attend" because "I had too many telephone calls, too much paperwork, and too many appointments at my own office, as well as a White House staff to supervise." He goes on to say, "Somebody who made a count of such things once estimated that my outgoing and incoming telephone calls were usually 250 a day and that figure was probably not far from right." It sounds quite far from right. At two minutes a call, with no rest at all for voice and ears, he would have been on the phone for more than eight hours and would never have made the Carlton or got much paperwork done. Still, the record does show that he was on the telephone quite a bit. But the importance of it all is another matter. Adams couldn't have thought it altogether vital to the welfare of the administration, for he says that after a year at the White House he was offered a job that paid better money and was eager to take it. "I talked to the President about it, reminding him that he had often urged us to speak up if any opportunity came along that we felt, for our own economic security, ought not to be turned down." Eisenhower remembered, and was ready to let Adams go if Henry Cabot Lodge could be persuaded to stop arguing with Vishinsky and become the new power behind the throne. Adams knew then what Eisenhower was to learn—that Lodge was having a great time in New York and couldn't be talked into helping the President run the country from Washington. "I was sure," Adams writes, "that Lodge, if he could help it, would have nothing to do with scrubbing the administrative and political backstairs as I was doing at the White House."

Adams' memoir is rough going most of the way. Its length is excessive, its tone is flat, its detail is boring and mostly insignificant, its revelations are depressing. Still, it does contain revelations—most of them, one suspects, unintentional. Adams says of Eisenhower that "temperamentally, he was the ideal President." But Adams plainly understands that temperament isn't everything. Even what Adams considers an ideal one was no defense against naïveté and lack of firmness. Adams knew that



"I wish I had more confidence in my irregular verbs."

the President was kidding himself in thinking for a moment that Lodge would go backstairs in the White House *pro bono publico*, and he knew that the President was naïve about many other things. So did others in the administration. When it was pointed out that restrictions sought by business in our trade arrangements with the Japanese might drive the Japanese into deals with Peking, Eisenhower (according to Adams) asked George Humphrey if American businessmen might "make some sacrifices in such a situation in the interests of world peace." "No," Humphrey replied. "The American businessman believes in getting as much as he can while the getting is good." The President accepted this judgment but said—"seriously," according to Adams—"Maybe that's the trouble with businessmen, George." Adams' Eisenhower is an almost hopeless idealist surrounded by men with a superior knowledge of the world. Senators Taft, Knowland, and Bridges, the Secretary of Defense, the Secretary of State, and half the rest of the Cabinet were always setting him straight about the realities of life and about the impossibility of fulfilling his pleasant hopes. Adams speaks of Everett Dirksen, the last of Eisenhower's three leaders in the Senate, who had "with considerable political gallantry come around to accept more and more of Eisenhower's views and solutions to major foreign problems." When such considerable gallantry was lacking, as it was most of the time, Eisenhower did nothing. "Before I worked for him," Adams writes, "I assumed Eisenhower would be a hard taskmaster. . . . But he seldom called anybody down when he was displeased with his work and I never knew him to punish anybody. . . . Though contrary to his nature, a tougher . . . line would have brought better results." Adams mentions only two cases in which Eisenhower took a real stand with Congress. One was in backing up his Secretary of Agriculture. "If I can't stick with Benson," Adams reports the President said, "I'll have to find some way of turning in my own suit, or I'll just be known as a damned coward." The other was his announcement of his intention to prevent any Democratic attempt to enlarge the Tennessee Valley Authority. "It's time to stop being bulldozed!" he said. The President felt no call to valor in the matter of Senator McCarthy's bulldozing, and Adams says that, as a matter of principle, Eisenhower "did not make a decision, or take a public stand on an issue, when it was not necessary." It was on this account

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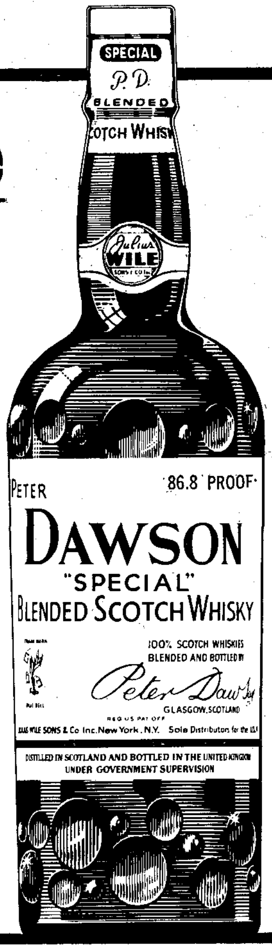

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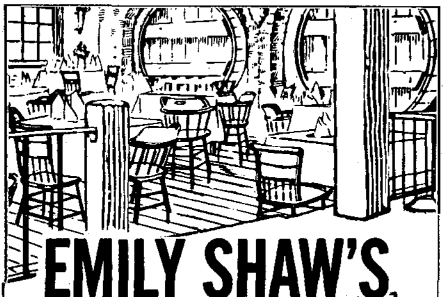

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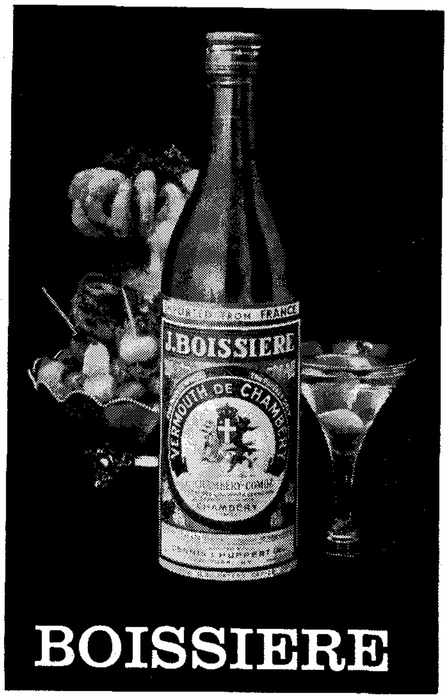

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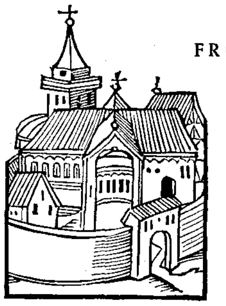

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that he did not make firm statements on several aspects of racial integration. The President was intermittently aware of the pain he gave his Party comrades by the positions he chose to defend and by those he chose to leave undefended, and he could be hurt by the lack of respect accorded his judgment. Adams recalls Eisenhower's reactions after a Republican strategy meeting in Denver in 1952: "When Humphreys [Robert Humphreys, a National Committee public-relations man] finished with the presentation, Eisenhower said nothing. I could see that beneath his usual outward composure something had annoyed and upset him. I asked him later what had bothered him. 'All they talked about was how they would win on my popularity,' he said. 'Nobody said I had a brain in my head.' "

The most interesting sections of the memoir are those on the President and his first Secretary of State. "In the quiet of Eisenhower's home," Adams writes, without saying how he knew what went on there, "Dulles had talked about [their] *relationship before they* had begun their official association. 'With my understanding of the intricate relationships between the peoples of the world and your sensitiveness to the political considerations involved, we will make the most successful team in history.' " It is hard to believe that Dulles actually dared to put it this way (it was close to saying "with my brains and your popularity"), but it is easy to believe that he thought of it this way. By Adams' account, Eisenhower feared the consequences of Dulles but hesitated to restrain "the best Secretary of State he ever knew." "Eisenhower, of course, was well aware that his own approach to foreign problems was far more conciliatory than Dulles's. . . . Dulles was readier to fight for Quemoy and Matsu than Eisenhower was." Eisenhower tried to assert his own views through other people. He had C. D. Jackson, Harold Stassen, and Nelson Rockefeller working on psychological warfare and disarmament. Dulles couldn't abide any of them and eventually got the President to drop them. At Geneva in 1955, while Eisenhower was talking up Nelson Rockefeller's "open skies" scheme, Dulles "passed the word to his staff that he wanted disarmament talks 'closed out quietly.' " Dulles, of course, wished that Eisenhower himself would stay out of diplomacy. Adams writes, "When Eisenhower's Paris summit conference with Khrushchev collapsed in 1960, I could hear Dulles saying, 'Now do you see what I mean?' " Not long after the

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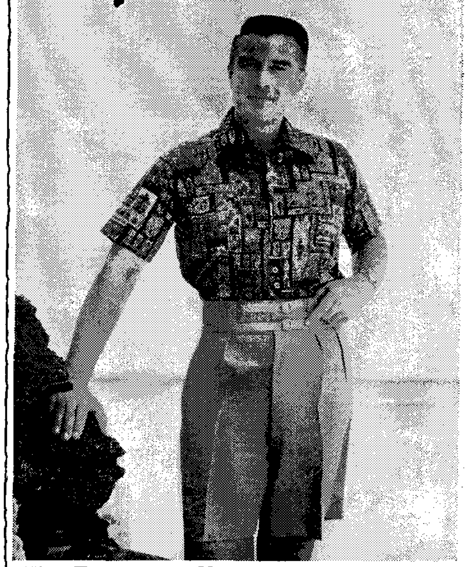

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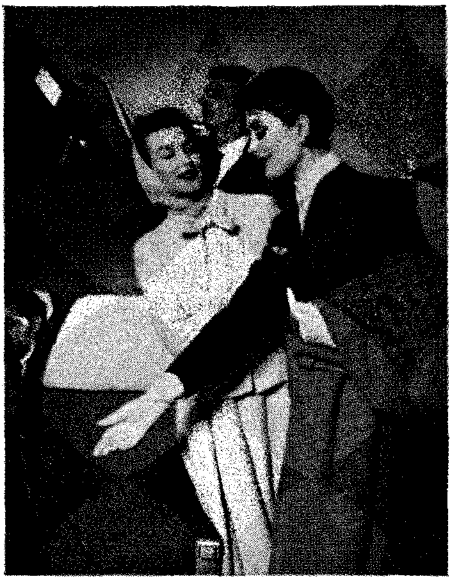

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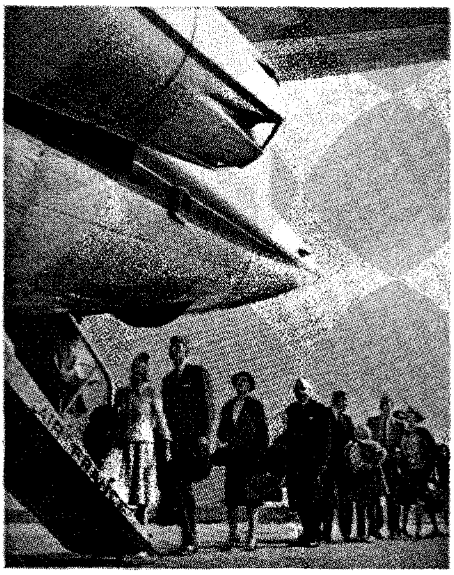

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Paris disaster, Adams came down from Franconia Notch for a reunion with Eisenhower at Newport, Rhode Island. "Foster Dulles's opposition to what he regarded as foredoomed summit conferences now takes on more aspects of wisdom," he observed to Eisenhower. "Foster Dulles was a great man," the President said. "Foster had one great quality—somebody could disagree with him violently but he never bore any ill feeling after the argument was over." It is doubtful if this really was Dulles's most striking or most admirable quality, but it was one that the most amiable of Presidents rated highly indeed.

"THE transaction in power by which a President is chosen," Theodore H. White writes in "The Making of the President 1960" (Atheneum), "is so vastly complicated that even those most intimately involved in it . . . can never know more than a fragment of it." White's report on John F. Kennedy's ascent through 1959 and 1960 presents a staggering number of fragments—more, perhaps, than any other account of a Presidential campaign. It is certainly the most ambitious book of its sort in recent years, and it may well be the most successful. To gather his fragments, White himself became "intimately involved [in the] transaction in power." He followed all the leading aspirants, Democratic and Republican, throughout their pre-convention ordeals. During the Democratic convention in Los Angeles last July, he slept in a room giving on the victorious candidate's suite. He was in the Kennedy home in Hyannisport on Election Night, and no one went to the icebox without White's noting the fact. One has the feeling that he put in the entire campaign peering over Kennedy's shoulder or standing no farther from Nixon than the arm's length upon which Nixon insisted. It would be pleasant to report that all this enterprise had led to a masterpiece in its genre. "The Making of the President" is not quite that. It is a great, sprawling book that contains a huge amount of fresh and interesting information, a good many sharp insights, and some embarrassingly lush writing about nothing of consequence. ("As soon as one crossed the Missouri the corn greeted the eye, two weeks from ripening, darkening from the top down. The tassels had already browned, and the leaves were yellowing but still rich green as the stalk reached to the earth. Corn as far as the eye could see rolled and billowed.") It is marred by a rhetorical extravagance that seems to come

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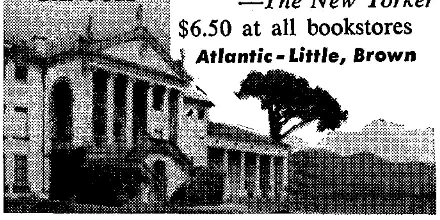

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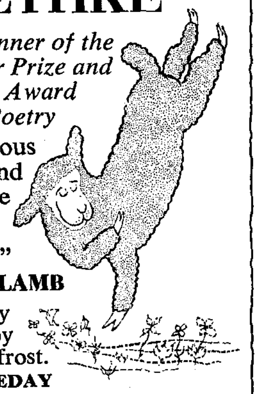

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from overexposure to politicians ("Tom Finney, the extraordinarily able and articulate executive assistant to Senator Monroney") and from early bondage to Henry Luce ("For 1960 was a year of national concern—but vague, shapeless, unsettling, undefinable national concern. It was a year in which the Congress of the United States saw fit for the first time to . . ."). Still, the book has its splendid moments, many of them. Its accounts of the 1960 Presidential primaries are surely the best we have had of these lunatic rituals. Its discussion of the impact of religion on politics is instructive, dispassionate, and just about exhaustive. Kennedy gave White far more time than Nixon did, but White's portrait of Nixon is the sharpest and most plausible one in the book. Nobody else has caught so well the unexpected restlessness and inwardness of the former Vice-President. White has also made of Lyndon Johnson a more sympathetic figure than anyone else ever has. In the sections that fail, as well as in those that succeed, he has managed to impart a sense of the vast complexity and mystery of the "transaction in power" of which he has chosen to write.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WEB OF HATE, by Frederick Mayer (Whittier). Mr. Mayer describes the irresponsible and evasive mentality of an ex-Nazi with extraordinary realism, but he never forgets that the man he is dealing with is a peculiarly limited and helpless human being. The villain is the Nazi machine, and Mr. Mayer gives a dreadful illustration of its power, whether it is gaining in strength or declining in strength or in the process of resurrecting itself. The ex-Nazi, now forty-four years old and a successful manufacturer in postwar Germany, tells about his life, which has been dominated by fears of all kinds—fear of hunger, fear of his father and of his teachers, fear of all authority, fear of disagreeing with the majority, and, above all, fear of knowing any disagreeable truths about himself, or of having to admit that he himself ever did anything wrong or even improper. The writing is crude but vigorous and impressively honest.

THE MOVIEGOER, by Walker Percy (Knopf). A parable, of sorts, about a young, well-to-do New Orleans stockbroker, Binx Bolling, who hides

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from reality by living in a quiet, unfashionable suburb, conscientiously seducing his secretaries during leisurely rides along the Gulf, and attending innumerable movies, against which he measures his everyday life. For some reason, Mr. Percy, whose prose needs oil and a good checkup, cannot let Bolling be, and by the end of the book he has pried him loose from his aerie, married him to a mentally unstable cousin, and packed him off to medical college. Poor Bolling.

THE BALL, by Christine Lambert (Atheneum). A pleasant, cozy book about an extremely rich, handsome, and celebrated woman who finds she has not long to live and makes up her mind to give as much happiness as she can in the time she has left to the people she knows. The woman, Emma Fleury, finds that her attempts to play God are not really fortunate, but the surroundings in which she lives are so beautifully colored, and she is so insulated from reality, that we cannot take even the most distressing developments too much to heart. The setting is the French Riviera.

A TALENT FOR LOVING, by Richard Condon (McGraw-Hill). Mr. Condon, a master, when he wants to be, of plot and characterization, has chosen to try to write a humorous novel about nymphomania. Its framework is a grotesque and gigantic parody in the established mock-Western manner. The time is the middle of the nineteenth century, and the setting is on and between big cattle ranches. It is unfair of Mr. Condon to deal at this length with creatures he has no respect for, but it is downright foolish of him not to at least try to conceal the contempt he has for his readers.

GENERAL

MY FATHER, LLOYD GEORGE, by Richard Lloyd George (Crown). A warts-and-all portrait of the great Liberal Prime Minister and grandfather of the welfare state. Lloyd George most certainly had his flaws, and they were of a size to match his enormous gifts as an orator, a statesman, and a man of good will. The biggest was his almost lifelong willingness (and capacity) to go to bed with any woman at any time at any place. "My father . . . was a man it was impossible not to admire, almost impossible not to love, barely possible not to forgive, with qualities and gifts

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None of these 24 pieces has ever before been in book form. Some, but by no means all, have appeared in The New Yorker.

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Remember the summer of 1936, when the craze was for a game that went like this:

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Sarah.
Sarah who?
Sarah doctor in the house?

Incurable punsters took it to their hearts, ran it into the ground, and alienated friends by the dozen.

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that would have graced a dozen men," his eldest son sadly but justly concludes, "but the selfishness and egotism which fed on every form of earthly success and flattery in the end diminished him until he was small indeed." A haunting, harrowing, invaluable memoir. Photographs.

BETWEEN PAST AND FUTURE: SIX EXERCISES IN POLITICAL THOUGHT, by Hannah Arendt (Viking). Dr. Arendt, along with a good many other observers, believes that the political problems of the Western world are particularly acute; she also regards them as radically different from the problems of the past. In these essays, she continues the work she began in her earlier books—"Origins of Totalitarianism" and "The Human Condition"—of investigating and defining the nature and newness of current philosophical and political difficulties. Her argument is a closely reasoned tissue; she combines her interpretations of the social philosophies of the past with her original ideas about the present. Her thought processes provoke respect, and her ideas provoke thought. If the clarity of her prose matched the clarity of her intelligence, this book would be an example of perfect philosophical writing.

•

Morelli, who also has originated and presented to this community the Christmas Concerts, will include as another highlight of the program Pierre Gynt's "Peter and the Wolf."—*Las Vegas Sun.*

You're thinking of Peter Gynt's "Pierre and the Wolf." Keep things straight.

•

The first step to be taken, Leven said, is to determine what constitutes economic health for the region, what goals are to be sought. Second is to measure the relationship of goals and means of attaining them.

"Bombs dropped on Seattle would increase employment," the speaker said, "but it would not be economically healthy."
—*Seattle Times.*

Aw, these Hamlets! Go ahead and drop the bombs.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Chaska (Minn.) Valley Herald*]

John H. Wellens returned home with a two month vacation in St. Petersburg, Fla. They have beautiful climate, scenery, flowers and white sand beaches, parks, large fishing, sightseeing cruises, boats, he visited other points of interest like the Tarpon Springs. Those are the wonderful trips that make you glad to come back to Minnesota.

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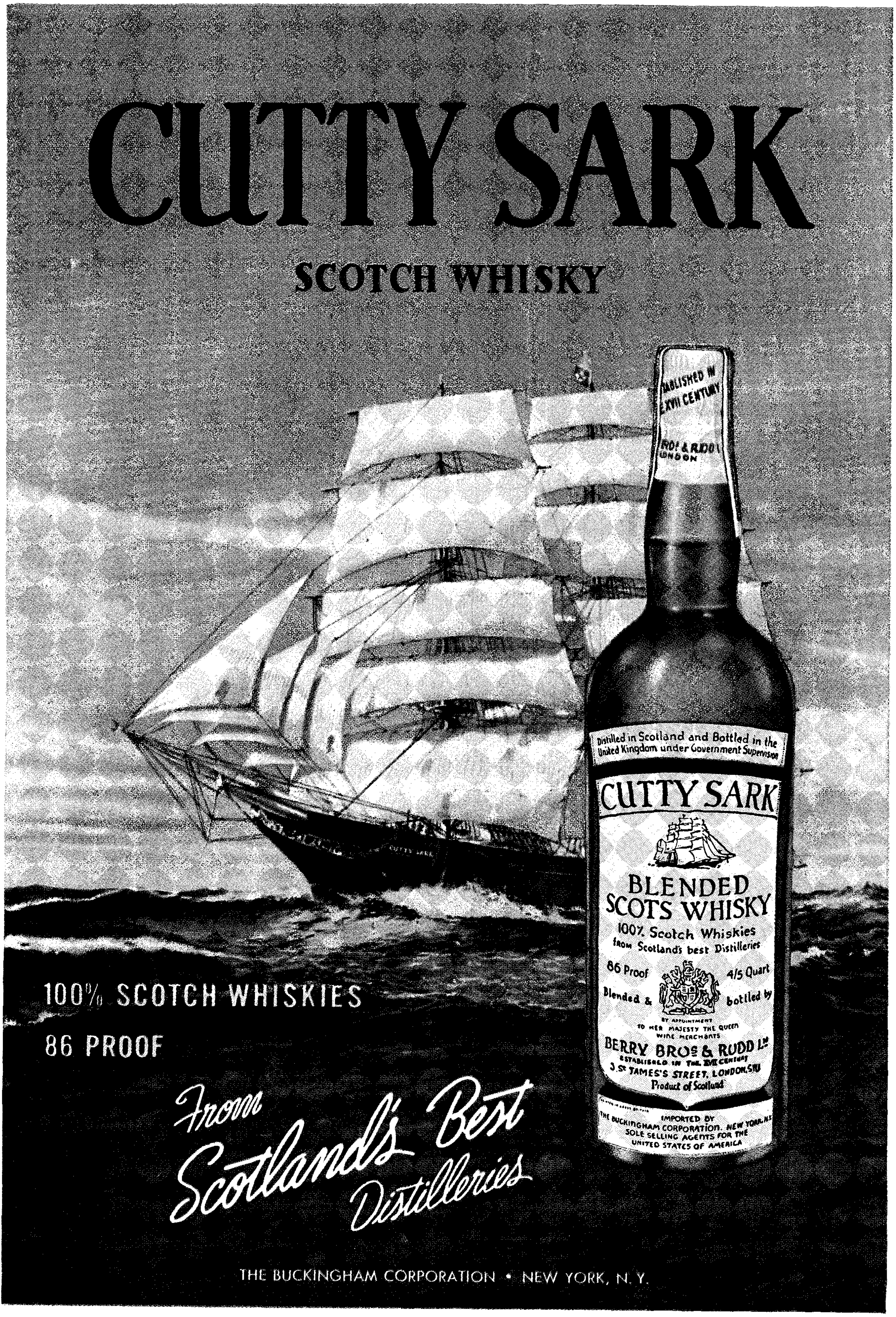
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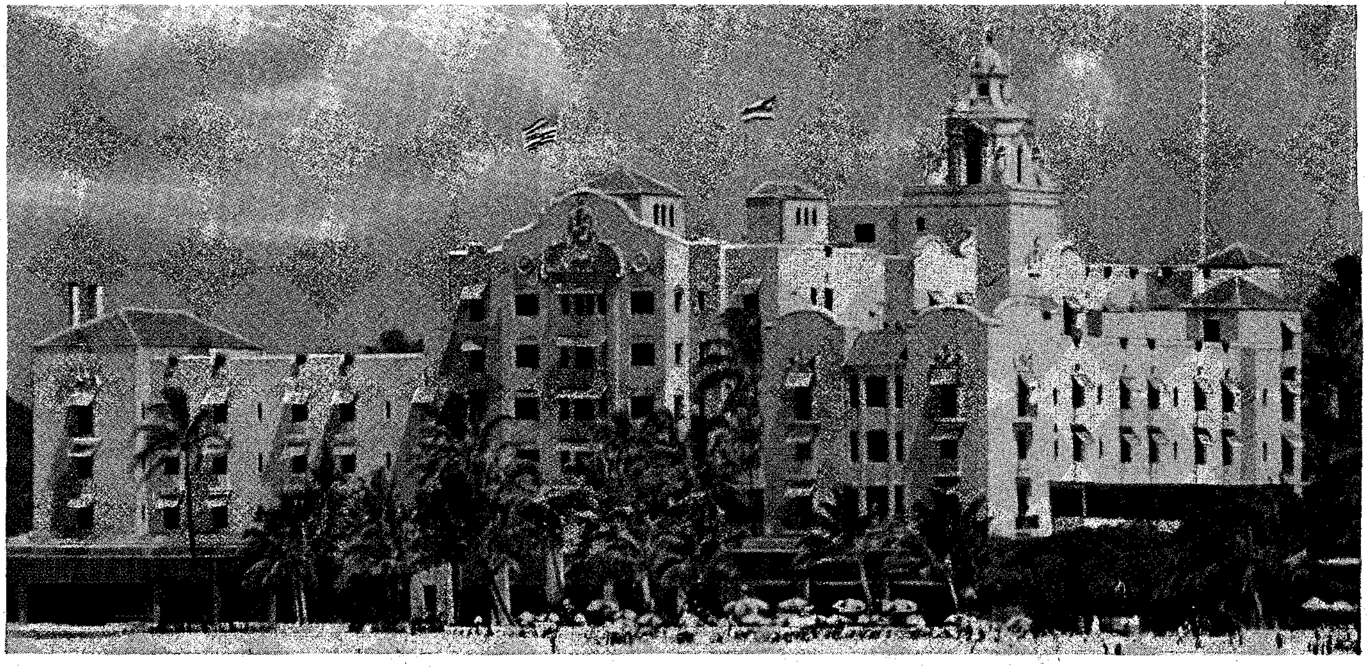

at Sheraton's Royal Hawaiian

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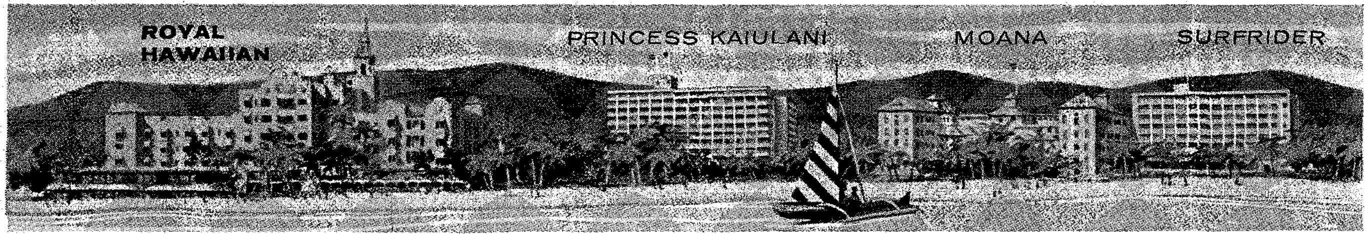
Photos from "Gidget Goes Hawaiian," a Jerry Bresler production, starring James Darren, Michael Callen, Deborah Walley, Carl Reiner, Peggy Cass, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Jeff Donnell.



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